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FRANCES NEWMAN'S LETTERS

Frances Newman

FRANCES NEWMAN'S LETTERS

Edited by
HANSELL BAUGH

With a
Prefatory Note
by James Branch Cabell

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A NOTE ON FRANCES NEWMAN

by

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Now that I come to read quite through this volume of letters, in its entirety, I find myself to be more or less puzzled by the number of my contributings to the printed pages which follow. In affording to Mr. Baugh a free hand to use such of my letters to Frances Newman as might seem needed, I, very certainly, had not foreseen that his needs would prove thus extensive. I begin in fact to be a little uncertain whether or not my own literary remains have been collected hereinafter.

Yet a thing done has an end. This book, howsoever awkward may seem the ratio of its contents, perpetuates even so a cause which I take to be, although a lost cause, yet a cause of some importance. And besides, it was, after all, about dead Frances Newman that I had proposed here to speak.

And in the attempt at any surmise as to how much was lost to American letters through the premature swift death of Frances Newman, all guesswork must of course become an act of faith. As a fixed fact we know only that no career has sped more brilliantly than did her career through its brief season. The corrosive and sparkling essays in literary criticism, followed by the

glittering periods of *The Short Story's Mutations,* and capped with that shining minor masterpiece, flawless in all save only in its most abominable title, *The Hard-Boiled Virgin,* — here is a progression as clear, and as bright, and as unwavering, as is the ascent of a rocket. Then, just as is the way of rockets, this soaring burst into the multi-colored and dazzling and diffused and unordered and slowly descending scintillations of *Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers.* And that was all.

The analogue appears complete: but the few of us who knew Frances Newman are as yet not quick to be consoled by the trimness of a rhetorical figure.

I may with some reason declare myself to have been one of those not over many persons who did know her, with at any rate that tempered intimacy which is permitted between human beings. Each line which she had published I had read. She had told me, in some detail, of her plans against that future which chance was to deny. Since 1920, when her neat attacks upon my uninventiveness, and upon my literary methods in general, first charmed me in the Atlanta *Constitution,* I had been convinced of her acumen and of her ability and of the ultimate perfection of her fine art. The upshot is that I to-day believe, simply and quite surely, that had some five years more of living been accorded to Frances Newman she would have stayed remembered, not merely as unique, but as supreme, among the women writers of America. Yet — as I must here repeat, — this belief is now, as it must now forevermore remain, an act of faith unbuttressed by valid material evidence. This woman of unmistakable genius has left, in the disorderly cemetery of all the talents which is American Literature, not any memorial which is worthy of that genius.

It is equally true she has left no peers. Ellen Glasgow

alone, in an arena more wide and more humane and a thought less restrainedly "literary," continues to demonstrate that women, at least now and then, may write far better than do their appointed prey. But in that more intimately personal and — since I can here contrive no escape from the defaced and tawdry word, — in that more sophisticated field wherein Frances Newman very lovingly reared what she described as "the ripe olives" of literature, there appears no feminine successor.

THE letters which have been collected in this book reveal to a sufficing degree her personality. Even so, they do not reveal, to my finding, that rather timid, that somehow rebuffed, and that yet pre-eminently headstrong child who seemed to me to survive always in Frances Newman, and to play, in a kind of enforced braggadocio seasoned everywhere with a bit of uneasiness, at being grown up. It was this child who, throughout the woman's career as a writer, upon every hand acquired enemies with a pertinacity and a large unreason which I have not before nor since observed in any other human living.

I do not mean only that a hyper-sensitive South objected, as a matter of course, to her truth-speaking. I allude, rather, to that somewhat incomplete affection which was felt for Frances Newman by the most of her fellow writers. It can perhaps be best described by saying that, among the wild tribes who barter printed words for bread and beverages, her book reviews had very soon acquired for her such cherishing as men accord to the rattlesnake.

The trouble here was that as a literary critic Frances Newman had no dislikes: instead, at the first wakening of distaste, she passed forthwith into a derisory shrill

loathing. Her standards were too exigent — and, I sometimes thought, a little too painstakingly "civilized,"— ever to have been applied to the mild merits of her more prominent contemporaries. She none the less applied them, ruthlessly, with the unavoidable outcome. And there was thenceforward, in so far as she was concerned, no touch of virtue in the condemned. All to her eyes was vile, save only that which lay open to the much more dreadful charge of being naïve.

It followed that, when she had spoken her fill, the excoriated did not love her. It followed, too, that the news of her death was a cordial and a very scantly disguised relief to many of the most dependable contributors to the lists of the best selling books.

To the other side, I have known of no more amiable companion, nor, upon the whole, of a critic more fair, more finely discriminating, or more richly sympathetic, in all literary matters wherein was engaged some whit of her personal liking. She truly loved sound literature, with an appreciativeness that remained, always, sound. She was, in fact, one of the very few, she was one of the perhaps half-dozen, known persons writing in America during the last ten years who could at all distinguish between good writing and extremely bad writing.

Here her wide erudition in some seven literatures came into play; and presented in Frances Newman the odd and indeed unique spectacle of a most legible and lively reviewer of books who had read several books published before 1900, and who did not settle all literary values by the touchstones of illimitable ignorance. She displayed, to the contrary, in her so numerous book reviews much of the solid and the soundly based scholarship of a Stuart Pratt Sherman, or of a Henry Seidel

Canby, without the alkaline flat flavor of the pedagogue's smugness, and with the agreeable additions of mental independence and of a sense of humor. It followed that, here also, she left no successor.

MEANWHILE, through all the acrimonies of her book-reviewing, the loyalties of Frances Newman remained firm, to a degree very far beyond the normal reach of the auctorial temperament. Such was a foible which often caused her, even in that vast battue which is the body of her critical writings, to award vexed, civil amnesties to books that her high and her quite adamantean standards had found to be, in point of fact, regrettable missteps. As to this matter, I find that Mr. Baugh has hereinafter charitably suppressed a large deal of evidence. Yet I may at least record that the attempts of Frances Newman to conceal — in print — her actual sentiments toward a romance entitled *Something About Eve* appeared to this novel's author rather more than heroic. And for the rest — although I shall, of course, in a polite and prudent emulation of Mr. Baugh here name no names,— I could tell very much the same story as to some dozens of other books by writers of whose writings she, in the main, approved.

Her eyes remained clear, her judgment stayed unbiased: it was merely that in such instances her disappointment kept an official silence. I do not mean, as heaven well knows, that the offender was spared in her private conversation. I mean only that, as went her published comments, the disliked book was chillily laid out in state under a pall of nicely embroidered phrases, instead of being massacred in type with the distinctive and so neatly murderous Newman touch. . . . "Frances, not the Cardinal," as she delighted to quote.

I LOOK back upon the eight years wherein we two were familiar. I recall many moments, between the afternoon that she first appeared at Dumbarton Grange with a list of the questions she wished to ask,—all written out, upon a folded sheet of purple paper, so that not any question might be forgotten,— and the last afternoon in Richmond when, after we had said good-by, she ran back up the porch steps, so completely radiant and so completely clothed in purple, to the end that she might embarrass me with an anecdote which with especial care had been saved up for my confusion, and which I came thus near to not ever hearing. For not ever again was I to hear the small and the inexpressibly tired voice of Frances Newman speaking in shrewd malice very plaintively.

I recall, I say, many moments. I can recall, though, no moment in which Frances Newman was not flaringly alive and most deeply interested, if but with disapproving and hard violence, in one or another human happening. And I cannot wholly believe that so much of unresting animation is now forever quieted, nor that so much of vivid genius has gone out of our world without leaving any memorial of that genius which can appear quite worthy to those of us who, in any important sense, knew Frances Newman.

Yet her adroit books, her cool and gay and perverse and yet wistful books, remain. It is my guess that these books, and in particular *The Hard-Boiled Virgin*, will remain for a long while. . . . And these letters remain, also, if but as a shadow of that strange and ever-ardent personality, yet as a shadow very vitally shaped. So I elect to end, as I began, with a simile. It appears to me that, whatsoever may be lacking hereinafter of the quick opulence of glitter and color which those who knew the

living woman are not likely ever to put quite out of mind, these letters yet disclose a peculiarly just pen-and-ink sketch of Frances Newman, wherein the drawing is wholly frank and unstudiedly true.

Richmond-in-Virginia
September 1929

NOTE

In order not to deface this book with the footnotes and the elliptical dots which Miss Newman so cordially detested, the editor has indicated no omissions and has enclosed in brackets the explanatory interpolations that the text seemed, to him, to require. His best thanks are due to all correspondents who contributed letters and information. Special acknowledgements are gratefully made to the correspondents whose letters to Miss Newman have — by their permission — been included; and, for other particular reasons, to Miss Newman's sister, Mrs. John L. Patterson, to Henry A. Newman, to Louis Rucker and Miss Margaret Patterson, and to Mammy Susan Long.

I

FRANCES NEWMAN was the fifth-born of a father and a mother whose English and Scotch ancestries had been joined to endow their children with a descent from military, diplomatic, and — more numerously — legal forebears. She once remarked, in giving some small account of herself for biographical uses: "All those lawyers have left a good deal of their quality in my writing"; but only one member of an earlier generation in either her mother's or her father's family seems ever to have written even one book. That single work was a memoir of one ancestor who "ran" indeed for president of his country: he was the Hugh Lawson White who lost to Martin Van Buren the election of 1836 — along with Daniel Webster and William Henry Harrison, two other unsuccessful candidates for office in that year: he and his father, late in the 1780's, had crossed the mountains of North Carolina into the land that had not yet become east Tennessee, and had founded a settlement which was first called White's Fort, and which afterwards became the city now called Knoxville; his great-granddaughter was Frances Percy Alexander, the charming lady who was to become Frances Newman's mother, and who was to give her fourth daughter "a great deal more than her name."

Her father, too,— William Truslow Newman — had been born in Knoxville; and it was there that he chose

to interrupt his education, when he was seventeen years old, so that he might enter the ranks of the second Tennessee cavalry and might fight in the war between the states. When he was nineteen, he was wearing the insignia of the cavalry's lieutenants; and from his twenty-first year, he carried an empty right sleeve in evidence of his allegiance to the lost cause of the Confederacy. This last of his wounds was received during the summer of 1864 in the course of an engagement between troops stationed in Georgia. At the end of the war, then, he went to Atlanta; learned there anew to write, with his left hand; and began to read the laws of his lately invincible country and of his newly adopted state. He became a member of the bar when he was twenty-three; and in the year of his marriage, when he was twenty-eight, he became city attorney of Atlanta. He continued in that appointment for more than twelve years before he set his youngest daughter a final example for the unfolding and the exercise of her judicial faculties: by remaining, until he died, the United States District Judge for Northern Georgia that he became not long after she was born.

It happened that the thirteenth day of that September was a Thursday; and when Mammy Susan Long presided over the birth of Mrs. Newman's fifth child, she observed those omens and interpreted them according to a different lore from the lore of an horoscopist whose syndicated observations upon that day (slipped, on some later day, between two pages of a big book filled with dance cards and opera bills and baseball scores) gave out the astronomical information that the day was under the sign of Virgo, and the astrological information that it was a day on which "to push business affairs, but to avoid sentiment," and that it was a birthday

which brought danger of illness to healthy babies and certain misunderstanding to faithful lovers.

Very early it became apparent that this youngest daughter felt an especial fondness for that room in Judge Newman's house "which had some reason for being called a library"; but its splendors were for a time all but outshone by the impressive sun of her elders, in whose reflected glory she basked through all her childhood. A sharp little picture of these times is supplied in a passage from a biographical study written by Miss Margaret Patterson, a young niece of Frances Newman's — a study which was read with outspoken satisfaction by its subject:

"She was an unattractive child, and she knew it. Only too often had she stood before her mother's mirror and compared the image of the pallid girl with stringy black hair and stringy black-stockinged legs with the visions of grace and beauty which were her three older sisters. And she realized that even in the remote distance when she would be grown up, she would never look as they did. So, with remarkable intelligence, she decided that her only alternative was to cultivate her cleverness.

"At the age of ten she began to read Shakespeare's plays, not in the least because she understood them, but because she thought it sounded terribly well to say she had read this and that in Shakespeare. With this famous gentleman as a good start, she read during her schooldays many and varied types of literature, which set her active brain to thinking many and varied types of thoughts. These she often repeated to her conservative and scandalized family. Yet the family was wise, and did not attempt to curb this passion for promiscuous reading."

Upon the heels of Shakespeare followed the small girl's

own first essay in fiction. A fragment of autobiography, written into one of her last articles for the Atlanta Journal's Sunday magazine, affords an amusing account of this earliest literary episode in Frances Newman's life:

"Like nearly all other human beings who learn to read and write at the age of six or seven, I wrote a novel when I was about ten years old. Of course, since I wrote it, I hope that if it had been preserved it would have been an American 'Young Visiters.' But it wouldn't have been, because American children aren't Daisy Ashfords, and American life is not often supplied with early cups of tea in bed, and it is never supplied with royal levees, in or out of Crystal Palaces. But I didn't realize, then, that I had not been born into a literary environment, and my literary activities were not interrupted by a conviction of inadequacy — they were interrupted by one of those occasions when listeners hear no good of themselves. To be specific, they were interrupted by a Sunday afternoon when my literary temperament made me lurk in a dark hall where I hoped to hear the conversation of one of my considerably older sisters and of a young gentleman who was then city editor of the Journal, and who became my brother-in-law a year or two afterward. In that dark hall, I heard that young gentleman reading a chapter I had carelessly left around, and, without any trouble, I gathered that he and my sister found it very comical. And after I had wept for a few minutes on a bed of mint in my family's garden, I gave up literature."

The fatally offending chapter was one of three whose names alone have survived: In the Depths, In Deeper Depths, The Clouds Lifted.

For this loss of literature, the following years brought her only the inadequate compensations of day school and

Sunday school texts. They seemed to bear no painful relation to literature — only a possibly helpful relation to something very different, something much less satisfactory, which the serious dark child was perhaps beginning to think of as "life." In the final outcome of all her years of schooling, she had not taken to herself — as she later wrote to an eminent correspondent — "the advantages of a college education." But after the customary number of years at the Calhoun Street School, and after the required number of years at the Girls' High School, she was graduated from Atlanta's Washington Seminary, where her scholastic career was crowned by an honor unparalleled in her later years: she was elected to write for the young ladies of the institution their "class poem," and she acquitted herself in several couplets of iambic tetrameters that really rhymed. For one year, she attended classes at Agnes Scott College, near Atlanta. For another year, she attended other classes at Miss McVeagh's school for young ladies, in Washington, and shared with other young ladies the benefits of unchaperoned visits to the Senate and the House of Representatives. For a final year, she attended her last classes at Mrs. Semple's school in one of New York's brown stone buildings which looked to the East across Central Park; and, during that year, she attended "hops" at West Point, in one of its gray stone buildings which also looked to the East — across the Hudson River. Thereafter, the advantages of scholastic education were abandoned in favor of the more liberal advantages of foreign travel; and a journal in which she made faithful entries from April to July, 1910, records her youthful encounter with the European capitals that had for her then — and once again, four years later — the splendor of cities seen through a magic casement.

[*On board the steamship America*]

"The first land we saw was Cape St. Vincent, and it wasn't really land — only the light. The next morning we passed through the Strait of Gibraltar, and with Africa on one side and Spain on the other, we had a busy time. Through the doctor's glasses that we had, we could see lovely little Spanish villages, castles, and even people. Gibraltar increased my respect for England enormously. That night the sunset was glorious — really what that abused word used to mean. Mable and I flew out of the dining room in spite of approaching ice-cream and 'Missy' Goodman flew out *with* hers. The water was smooth as molten glass and absolutely every color — wonderful gold, an exquisite lavender, and lots of other colors that no one has ever named. And behind it all, the snow-capped Sierras and a glorious Spanish sky. We thought nothing could be more beautiful, but as soon as it was dark we suddenly saw phosphorus in the water. Up at the front, under the bridge, it was a torrent of white foam edged with that living green fire. Angelo took us down in the bow, where it was even more beautiful, and then up on the 'roof of the world.' From four in the morning until late that night it was a wonderful day with a new thrill every minute. The next morning, I was up at four, and on deck before half-past. Very much bored to have A. remark that if I had only come ten minutes sooner I could have seen the moon set. Just before colazione, I went into the engine room personally conducted by A. I was rather afraid, but was more afraid to say so.

"From Capri we went back to Sorrento by boat and took a drive to Amalfi — 'awful, but awfully nice.' It was marvellously beautiful, but overpoweringly, tragically so, and as I wasn't feeling exactly sprightly anyway, I almost died of melancholia. It might have been bearable by day, but not with the moonlight shining now on a waterfall and now on a glimpse of the sea through a rocky arch. After dinner, we went up to the Cappuccini — a fearful climb, but a lovely place. All that is left of the old monastery is a colonnaded

chapel and the refectory, still used as the hotel dining room. I have no idea how it looks. I flew from that terrible kitchen odor which is the curse of Italy to me — but probably the joy of the Italians."

At Paestum — "the ruins were so perfect that it seems hardly right to call them ruins. Neptune's temple is the most beautiful — enormous marble columns rain-worn in beautiful frost-like patterns, and in the inner colonnade, short upper columns. A lovely little glimpse of the blue bay of Salerno through the perfect inter-column curves is beautifully appropriate to Neptune's temple."

In Naples — "the statues to various apparently celebrated Italians convinced us that Signor Polese was right about Americans being ignorant of Italian history. He said we only knew about Garibaldi, which was no more remarkable than having heard of 'le bon Dieu.' We went to the Museum, where I finally found the Bacchante I had searched Pompeii for — a lovely little flying blue-draped figure. I was almost as much charmed with Narcissus as he was himself, and I was overjoyed at finding a Botticelli. The next day, we searched for the Duomo and finally found the back door. Saw very aerial tomb and the remnants of a banner — about three inches — of the Marquis of Pescara, who seems about the first of many unfortunate gentlemen who were merely their wives' husbands."

On the first night in Rome — "we began our Italian lessons. We had suffered so much from not knowing Italian that we decided it was absolutely necessary to learn a little. The next day, we took a car to St. John Lateran. Saw Giotto's Madonna and Corsini Chapel. Went in the Corsini Crypt to see Pietà, were terrified, and came up very promptly. Pietà very theatrical and undoubtedly Bernini. The Coliseum looked exactly like itself — wonderful, and dreadful, too, when one thinks of the horrors that amused Rome there. We both heard a lion roar most distinctly as we started in, and I had a rather shivery feeling all the time. Out at San Paoli, which gives a much more spacious impression than St. Peter's, I

searched the Popes' Portraits for the Boy Pope, and finally was impolite enough to ask an old priest about it. He shut one eye, tapped it, and said, 'Oh, non, non,' so the poor little boy is evidently a skeleton that is shut in very firmly. The Protestant cemetery, where we stopped on our way home, would be interesting even without Keats and Shelley. There is a beautiful angel by W. W. Story — his last work. Tuesday we went to the Vatican picture gallery. The Transfiguration we didn't like, but then I'm not crazy about Raphael anyway, and Mable seems to be the only other person who doesn't like him. We went back the next day to see the Sistine Chapel, where we spent most of the morning. The first impression was very confused and remarkably un-beautiful as a whole, considering the wonderful beauty of the individual figures. Adam's creation is the most magnificent thing one can conceive of — perfectly formed, but not yet quite strong and vital. But my real love was one of the so-called decorative figures — a beautiful sun-warmed Greek Prince. It isn't really necessary to write about it if the object of this little masterpiece is to remind me of things I am going to forget."

On the first morning in Florence — "we went to the Uffizi. I looked at the other pictures conscientiously before I allowed myself to see the Botticellis, and found a very interesting portrait of a man by my friend Piero di Cosimo, whose comparative failure I blame Savonarola for. This, by the way, is the anniversary of Savonarola's execution, May 23. We went by the place in the Signoria to see all the flowers that are put there according to the custom. It can't be a very old custom, since our little picture-store man says it took Florence four hundred years to appreciate Savonarola's merits. I don't know that I quite do yet. The room full of Botticellis is the center of the gallery to us instead of the Tribuna. So far I like most the Pallas, which we saw Thursday and again yesterday, and next I like Spring, with its lovely Graces, wicked Flora, exquisite little wind-blown Spring. We think Mercury is Botticelli's portrait — very like the face in Filippino's Martyrdom of Peter. Mable's heart was broken by

Michael Angelo's horrible Vasari tomb — and it is horrible. So far as I have seen, Vasari did more damage than any other plague Florence ever had. We were delighted afterward to find how beautiful his monument on the Piazza Michael Angelo is. The Piazza is very high up, just across the Arno, and gives one the most charming view of Florence and its valleys and mountains. The David is beautiful in bronze and one can really enjoy him out-doors where he belongs — in the Accademia he is quite out of place, but he is a wonder anywhere. One of the loveliest things in S. Spirito is the Corbinelli tomb by Sansovino — one of those Renaissance tombs that make one long to be a Cardinal dead at least five hundred years. Across the front was a Cenacolo in relief — almost exactly the conventional fresco grouping. It is a long jump from Cenacolos to Bacchus, but both are equally perfect in feeling. Sansovino's Bacchus is much more the real god than the Greeks who conceived him could ever make. He probably drives lots of people to drink — he is going to have such a beautiful time with his cup of wine that Mable and I, at least, immediately yearned to go and do likewise. Florence is wonderful, and though it had only its one century of perfect bloom, it has cherished and tenderly preserved that marvel."

In Venice — "we spent Sunday morning in the Academy in spite of the guide, who went to church and thought we ought to go. I had to get 'habited' to the Venetian school after Florence. I enjoyed it immensely, but I can never love it like the tender graceful Botticellis, Lippis, Ghirlandajos and the lovely Andreas of Florence — one doesn't exactly love Michael Angelo and Leonardo. As far as I am concerned, no painters but the Tuscans need have troubled to be born. I admire parts of Venice immensely, but I can't adore Venice, just Venice, as people do. I think the sense for the picturesque was left out of me — though I have, certainly, a love of beautiful things and a horror of ugly, painful ones. But what people call picturesque often seems both of the last to me. The gondolas and the water smell made me almost ill,

and the flat-faced, much-ornamented houses didn't have the slightest appeal for me. Very sad, but there seems nothing to do about it. After investing in a few dozen hat-pins, we left for Milan, which I liked immensely.

"After being almost roasted in the Simplon, we finally reached Paris. The Louvre has a very scrappy look after Italy — sort of plume borrowed here and there air. There are nearly all the Leonardos, though, and one — a so-called Bacchus — that no one ever seems to speak of, and that looks rather like the Saint John. The Salon was very large, and very full of the flood and of Venice. We were crazy over Maxim's, and the Bal Tabarin was giddier, but pretty common. After being rained on for two weeks, we went to our dear château country and had perfect weather and a perfect time. We saw Blois, Chambord, Amboise, the most beautifully situated of all, rising airily above its heavy defences which in turn rise above the Loire; Chenonceaux, a real water lily, unlike anything else in the world; Azay-le-Rideau, Langeais, severe and feudal, Plessis-les-Tours; and, last of all, the huge fortress, château, town, and donjon that make up grim Loches."

In London — "I saw the Greek marbles and the Egyptian rooms of the Museum and found them vastly more interesting than Westminster Abbey — the worst arranged church in the world, full of horrible tombs of very nice people — or than St. Paul's, which is very dirty and not very beautiful."

At Stratford — "we reviewed Shakespeare's various residences, present and past, in a deluge. Our umbrella had begun the demise which it accomplished in Chester the next day, so we rushed to 'the Birthplace' between showers. It certainly looks old enough for Homer to have been born there. An old lady with the air of having invented Shakespeare all by her little self told us a few things, principally what a decadent age we live in. I can't believe Anne could have lived in such a love of a little brown cot and have been the spitfire that history relates. Perhaps her biographer was another Vasari. We entered the church by a lovely but dripping avenue of trees, and my ideas of propriety were outraged for the second

time by the charge of sixpence to go in a church. Shakespeare showed his usual good sense by preferring it as a permanent abode to the Abbey.

"As we drove along the piously shut city of Dublin Sunday morning, we were entranced with the nice American names. Guinness's factory seems the most important place there.

"In Cork we made the sad error of going to the Metropole — a temperance hotel. After a blighted night, we went out to Blarney Castle. We were in such a hurry to kiss the glorious stone before the ever impending rain came down that we could not pause to look at the castle. We went through the ceremony with some slight risk of sudden death, and from our subsequent politeness on the boat we think there is something in it. After crossing Cork in a ja'nting car, we took the train to Queenstown.

"We had a very quiet passage. The sea was quiet and we were too. We decided that the Captain would have been very nice if he had had the good fortune to be born a gentleman. But in spite of this little drawback, he *was* very nice about taking us up on the bridge, and the last night he even let us sit on a life boat for a few delicious moments. And here we are almost home, and rather cheerful, owing to Scotch, memories, and — Thank God — hopes.

July 19, 1910."

The further history of that summer and the three ensuing seasons has been recorded, if at all, inaccessibly. Most of her earlier summers had been spent with her family in a cottage of happy memories at Arden, in the mountains of North Carolina, where her parents were accustomed to enjoy their season of rest from the judicial and domestic routines of bench and of hearth. But in the summer of 1911, she visited her parents' former home in Tennessee; and in Knoxville, making leisure an occasion for industry, she completed courses in Italian and in "Greek IV" at the Summer School of the South

— in other seasons, the University of Tennessee. In the autumn of that year, she entered the school of Atlanta's Carnegie Library, from which she was graduated on June 1, 1912, with tears and ceremony. There was then a year of bondage in a strange land, the while that she performed the duties which were proper to the librarian of the Florida State College for Women, in Tallahassee, on a flight of whose stairs she was seen to sit and weep: perhaps for Tuscany; certainly for Atlanta. A more splendid liberation than either was the sailing, with her sister Isabel, for Algiers, Egypt, and Greece, with Tuscany generously thrown into the itinerary besides: on March 17, 1914, they boarded the steamship Caronia; and before the pilot had climbed down the ship's side into his own convoy, they had written upon a sheet of the Cunard line's stationery:

"Mother, Margaret, Julia Collier Harris, Mrs. Heywood, Eunice Coston, Howard Cook, and Dr. Hyde were waving to us as we left with bands playing and sun shining *to beat the band*.— Belle."

"We made such a fine start that we should have a magnificent trip. Of course I wept bitterly.— Frances."

[*On board, S.S. Caronia*]
Saturday, March 21 [*1914*]

Most beautiful and dear family

This is the first day I've been to dinner since the day we sailed. I haven't been violently ill but quite wretched, and I've sworn I'd never even look at the ocean again — and I never will. But to-night I'm all well and happy — dressed up in my lavender crêpe and going at least to look on at the dance to-night. It has been like the traditional mill pond for two days, so I had to get well. We are getting changed to-night into a nice outside stateroom, with two lowers and nice little pink flowered curtains, so Henry can be at rest about us.

Every one we have met is very nice except one man from Hartford, who asked us the minute he was introduced if we knew "his friend W—— of the Atlanta University." He was quite cross with us but every one else is very nice, though they are largely retired merchants from Pittsburgh, etc., as I predicted.

There never was so calm and beautiful a passage. I should have been ashamed to have been sick a minute. Being so well trained by Mother, we spend half our time listening to other people's tales about their former trips. They enjoy our silences so much that I think some of them may go to Egypt with us.

We dock at Madeira to-morrow at nine A.M., and don't sail until five; we've bought a ticket to go up a funicular railway and slide down — eat lunch up there. So we can't go astray, being with half the boat.

Lots and lots of love — and I would rather see you all than Madeira.

FRANCES

TO HER SISTER

March 24, 1914

Dearest Margaret

Madeira was certainly something quite new, though in a way it reminded us of Capri. But it's much bigger, much higher, much, much more primitive. You should have seen Belle making some little sketches with all the street clustered sniffing about our feet — and, as you remember Mable used to say, "Nobody can enjoy a cold around Belle," — you know how she suffered. They knew all about colds but nothing useful about handkerchiefs. The real thrill was the slide down — two thousand feet. The road is paved in tiny cobblestones like very shallow steps. You sit in a thing like a buggy with no wheels, and two men push or pull according to your avoirdupois — of course ours pushed. It was certainly a new sensation.

Just after we got off we passed a lovely balcony all overhung with wisteria. A black-haired woman in a lavender blouse was sitting under it, holding a tiny baby. It was such a pretty picture that I was showing it to Belle, when the woman saw me in my wisteria outfit and pulled a great spray and motioned me to come over and catch it. I was very much pleased, and they smell divine. The typical Madeira sight is the bullock car — a sledge with a gaily cushioned and curtained top, and drawn by two stout bullocks. We bought you some house-wifely Madeira embroidery for your birthday, which we'll send you if it seems safe or bring you if not.

It has been absolutely perfect weather so far, but I was seasick a day or so, and Belle was *very* sick a few minutes.

Love to you all.

F.

March 27 [1914]

Dearest Henry

It has been so smooth that even I can eat candy, and your box bountiful has occupied us in many a dull hour and added greatly to our popularity. Belle is intimately acquainted with about three hundred out of the four hundred passengers and I am quite friendly with one girl — which is what might be expected. It was the smoothest crossing the sea-sickest person could ask, and we've had perfect weather at all three stops so far. Belle and I have wished so much that you were along — we think you would like this boat very much, and of course we know the boat would be mad about you. There is a youth of about eighteen who is what Arnold Bennett calls a "natural rosette" — that is, he runs all the dances and is the leader in all the sports. He is grieving his mama and papa deeply by having a desperate affair with a flossy little thing on board, when his mama would prefer Margaret Grant for him, but Margaret rather scorns the youths. They asked us to be their guests for the day at Gibraltar, which we were most pleased to be. Mr. Grant got a guide whom they had on their wedding trip and had the time of his life reminiscing. We went over on a boat to Algeciras (in Spain) — drove all around — saw a bull-ring (without any bull) and had lunch at a most beautiful hotel — the Reina Cristina. I was much pleased with the bull-ring, which looks like a cross between a coliseum and a baseball park, and the guide gave a very illuminating imitation of a matador. When we went back to Gib, we drove around to the fortifications and the "neutral ground." I wish they would have a war just to see

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whether a dreadnaught could knock down Gibraltar or be knocked down by it.

In the afternoon, we sighted Algiers, which looks very white and very dainty between the blue sky and the blue Mediterranean. When we landed, we found it still white, but not at all dainty. The Arab quarter is the queerest looking thing you ever saw — all the streets are stairs and the houses are about four feet wide — and that's wider than the streets. It did not remind me in the least of the "Arabian Nights"; there is probably no reason why it should. It was just like an exposition Midway to me — one couldn't believe it went on when no American eye was there to see. We went with a crowd — nine of us — from the boat, and got a guide one of the ladies has had twice before, so even I felt safe. But as I wrote Mr. Adams, I know John Eagan and Chief Beavers would close it up and write a bulletin about it if it were in Atlanta. And, as I also wrote him, Belle is taking to drink and becoming a real sport.

The dressing bugle is just sounding, so I will descend and let Belle write one of her famous writings to help this out. Love to you all.

F.

Three small red notebooks, filled with probably the smallest characters ever formed in Frances Newman's generous chirography, supply the four months' narrative of her second encounter with the remains of ancient civilizations. That narrative is richly packed with evidences of her growing concern for the word and the phrase and the period, and it contains many more wayside sayings indicative of her maturing wit than can be included here.

"The houses in the Arab quarter [Algiers] are of no width that could be counted in anything longer than centimetres. All along the narrow streets were tiny shops lit by little braziers. In the dim light, strange bearded and turbaned heads bent over their shoe-making or wood-carving. Long lines of closely crowded Arabs sat on benches in little cafés, gambling furiously away at a game which the men in our party said was of the same family as poker. Veiled Moslem women glided — although it may be difficult to glide up steep stairs, they achieved it — and peeped at us immodest bare-faced females.

"And then we came to the streets of the unveiled ladies. Their faces are so well covered with paint as to make further veiling seem unnecessary, and on their elaborate coiffures are gaudy scarfs. Very thin is their corsage and very full their skirts or trousers. They sit in gay groups on what New Englanders would call 'the stoop' and call — but not like the sirens — for custom. They positively seize the passers-by, lovingly and forcibly. We went into one doubtless most disreputable house to see the danse de ventre. We think their profession could scarcely be dancing — each seemed to want some one else to dance, and a baby ran round among them to add a domestic touch. Two dim little lamps were the only things that made darkness visible. We went through a small court into a smaller room with cushions around one end, upon which the danseuses reclined. One young girl played a Streets of Cairo tum-tum on what appeared to be a vase and sang a monotonous Streets of Cairo wail. And then one trousered and one skirted damsel took courage, tied scarfs around their very stout ventres — and danced. For all the space that dancing required, the small room was unnecessarily large — they could have done it on the franc we each paid to see the performance. Afterward, we went down to the quiet French quarter and had an Amer Picon on the sidewalk in true Parisian fashion. It is a lovely contrast to see bare-legged Arabs sit in Oriental immobility at gay little café tables next to the gesticulatory dominant race.

"The Strait of Messina was most diverting. I was very

much pleased at seeing Scylla and Charybdis, which I would never have done without the glasses and the guidance of the same amiable officer who showed me Etna. Charybdis was just a few darker blue ripples yesterday, but the chief officer — who doubtless has a name, though I am most ignorant of it — said that he had seen it turn steamers straight about and that the skeleton of one sleeps on the sand there now. So Odysseus had some grounds for his misadventures. I had never quite realized by what a very circuitous route he proceeded from Troy to Ithaka.

"We landed at Alexandria on Saturday, April fourth, and after a frightful struggle with Arabic tongued and Arabic natured customs we took the train for Cairo. It was a wonderfully interesting ride through the Delta. The fellaheen in their blue robes were almost sacrilegiously Biblical — apparently their 'standard of living' has not changed in several thousand years.

"Sunday morning, our guide, Abdul (whom we selected because he wore trousers — I objected to one in a skirt), took us first to the University. Thousands of male creatures, from little boys to oldish men, sit in groups in the hot sun, rocking back and forth as they repeat the Koran — quite in parrot fashion, apparently. In one room the teachers were listening to the Sheikh of Islam — at least our guide said it was he. He was an impressive old man with a white beard and he looked sufficiently as he should look to make it credible. We visited the much damaged and much sketched mosque of Sultan Hassan. The guide gave the credit for its dilapidation to 'the Napoleon,' but we are told it was done by the Mamelukes. Sultan Hassan's beautifully inlaid reading desk and chair combined showed plainly just how he must have sat cross-legged and what a very large book he must have been in the habit of reading.

"At three o'clock, we went in state to the Pyramids, attended by a gorgeously embroidered person. I found myself so wretchedly hot and uncomfortable at the Pyramids, and so beset by donkey-boys wishing to tell my fortune because their

fathers came from Algiers (if I had not just seen the crowded condition of Algiers I should think it depopulated) that I can not truthfully say I enjoyed them at all. I was able, however, to look with reasonable calm upon the Sphinx. I suppose that originally it had no more expression than the other sphinxes of Egypt, but it certainly has now a remarkable look — over the desert and far away. I was restored by lemon squash at Mina House and was able to look at the great Pyramid with calmness and admiration from that comfortable haven. I was never very hot before that, and have never been since.

"Monday morning we spent in the Egyptian Museum. Mr. Arnold took us in to meet Sir Gaston Maspero, who seemed a nice, amiable, plump little man, and rather vague, just as a scholar should be. The royal mummies are scarcely so well preserved as I had supposed, but it is a sensation to look at the actual body of Rameses the Great, and certainly a shock to see the placid form of Menephthah, whom one had always supposed to be resting in serious lack of repair at the bottom of the Red Sea. One must either believe that the savants are mistaken or that Pharaoh and some of his army were washed ashore after the Israelites were out of range.

"Starting for Luxor at half-past eight, we had a lovely view of the country and the black shadows which were the Pyramids by moonlight. We went to a hotel on the Nile — in a garden full of oleanders and hibiscus, with a little pergola overlooking the river. We found a guide, Abdul Mahommed, who wore the native garment — pongee robe, white turban, green stockings, and red shoes. He took us promptly to the Temple, and we began our successful initiation into the mysteries of hieroglyphics. Key of life was perhaps our favorite, but sacred eye was almost as easy and nearly as delightful. I was overcome by the fatuousness of a monarch who had no shame in setting up six colossi of his own royal person and by the lack of sense of humor of his lowly subjects. Think what the Sun would say if Mr. Woolworth dared to put even one statue of himself in front of his monumental building.

If one wishes to set up a statue of himself nowadays, the cemetery is the only spot he dare do it.

"In the afternoon, we drove to Karnak, past the graceful (probably decadent) gate of the Ptolemies, between many ruined sphinxes and many still ram-headed sphinxes, to the great temple of Amon-Re. We went first into a funeral hall — all the great figures had arms folded and legs bound like mummies, which Abdul Mahommed says is the certain sign of a funeral chamber. And then quite suddenly I found myself a tiny pigmy in a forest of enormous columns — and I was in the Great Hypostyle Hall. It is not only vast — it is vast in a way one can see and feel. I think even the old English woman in the absurd purple plumed hat who was making a sweet pale blue sketch of the hall perhaps had some idea that she was in the greatest ruin of the ancient world.

"After two wretched days of mal de mer, we landed at the Piraeus early on the morning of the Greek Palm Sunday. Driving was, in consequence, very expensive, but we bravely hanged the expense and drove up in state to the exceedingly German pension. As soon as we were settled in the drawing-room with a chaise longue and a sofa for our prospective beds, we hurried out to the service at the Metropole. And with the tourist's propensity for seeing the pièce de résistance first so as to be bored with everything else in a town, we went to the Acropolis in the afternoon. I was surprised to see it carefully enclosed in a tall iron fence and guarded by many custodians. I should have expected to see sheep wandering unhindered on the slopes, but, instead, we entered decorously by a gate. One walks along a curving road to the steps up to the Propylaea, where even the king has to begin to climb — there is no royal road to the Parthenon. There is a flight of marble steps better adapted to the climber in a chiton than in a modern skirt, and at its top one passes through the great columned hall, with scarcely a glance at the little temple of Athena Nike — one can not wait another moment to see the Parthenon face to face. I had always wanted to know just

the color that time had given the columns, and no writer had ever told me.

"Monday we walked down to the bank of the Ilissus — which was very small. It was difficult to imagine Socrates and Phaedrus walking through it to the shade of the plane tree, but I managed to imagine it.

"Wednesday afternoon, we climbed the Areopagus, and we went again to the theatre of Dionysos. The marble chairs are not only very beautiful, but remarkably comfortable. Afterward, we had another hour on the Acropolis, went to a little place on the Place de la Constitution for tea, and, in a last effort, apparently, to put an end to ourselves, we climbed Lycabettos. The monks in the little blue-domed church were having their vesper service, and as we went down, one old man was hanging a light high up above.

"The day before all this, which I have calmly skipped, was one of our most delightful days. We went to Marathon. It was a beautiful drive through olive groves, between Pentelikon and Hymettus, and with many more trees than we have seen anywhere else in Greece. When we came suddenly to the blue gulf, I thought of thalassa, thalassa. I can understand after two weeks in Greece how a Greek who had marched many days through a hostile land would feel when he sighted his native horizon — the sea. We felt a hesitation in climbing over the bodies of a hundred and sixty heroes, but of course we looked at the mountains looking on Marathon and at Marathon looking on the sea, and then we walked down to the sea across Marathon.

"Saturday afternoon, we went again to the Areopagus, particularly to see the caves of the Erinyes. We found them thrillingly appropriate, and that they had left their fury behind them in the form of fiery nettles. I was convinced that the Areopagus was really the setting of St. Paul's famous sermon and that there he acquired the thorn in the flesh.

"At Argos, two little girls pursued us with flowers and remarks; it was very funny to hear them shout at us as if

we were quite deaf and very stupid, just as people do with Greek fruit-sellers at home."

In Mycenae — "we encountered two English ladies at the first beehive tomb and the guide conducted us all about together. It made me quite cross to have them call each larger and more magnificent sight 'rather nice' or 'rather fine,' although Galsworthy's strictures on the subject prevented any surprise. The lion gate I thought, myself, quite 'fine,' though an old English professor whom we met on Acro-Corinth thinks it distressingly decadent. My archaeology does not yet stress the first syllable to such an extent."

At Delphi — "we climbed the sacred way very early in the morning, and it was easy to picture Creusa going up to her meeting with Ion as he happily performed his service in the temple of the just arisen Sun-god."

On the second morning in Olympia — "we carefully looked at the very interesting museum before we trusted ourselves with Hermes again. When we first went past the temple pediments and the Nike to the entrance of his room, it was a 'markèd moment,' as Belle's Frenchman says, and I was quite a minute in getting up my courage to go in.

"After a most distressing wait at Patras, we boarded a sad little Greek boat full of h-dropping English. We rode fourteen long hours to Rome, with a constant succession of officers and priests. The last priest untied a poor little newspaper parcel and revealed a bundle with a few garments. He took off his black alpaca robe and, to my great surprise, stood in a white cloth robe which, with the addition of a white-hooded black cloak, suddenly turned him into a Dominican monk. It was like a sudden vision of Savonarola. Saturday we lay late abed in preparation for lunching at the Embassy. The Palazzo Drago is a veritable palace. We met Mr. Page and Norval Richardson just going in, so we all went in together. Mrs. Page — a charming woman, grande dame but very animated, and also very pretty — received us in a handsome salon done in red brocade with the Drago crest. She told us it had been ripped off the salon walls below, where one of the princesses lives."

At Perugia — "in the elaborately frescoed Palazzo del Cambio, the-Perugino heroes who represent the virtues are adorable. Anything more Renaissance in their charming disregard for history can not be imagined. They are as untrue to life and as delightful as the Elizabethan dramas. Leonidas in particular was such a pretty knight, and so very un-Spartan. It was a coincidence that I happened the next day to be looking over the book given us at the American Academy in Rome, wherein was a reproduction of a 'frieze of heroes' which is a shocking plagiarism from Perugino's fresco. One is quite discouraged with the art of one's countrymen if they digest their Italy so poorly."

In Florence — "we went to the Royal Apartments and told the guide that we wished only to see Pallas. It was rather disturbing to have troops of Italians come through and admire the state in which they keep up their king. But it was very funny to see the tourists say 'Ah' and look intelligent when the guide said 'Antica cappella dei Medici — La Pallade — originale di Botticelli," and then see them say 'Ah' again and look equally intelligent over the dreadful Carlo Dolci. We went into the Pitti and saw much to admire and much to decry. I rather fancy the bathroom — if it were heated it would be a charming place to have a bath. When we went by Ognissanti, I asked to see Botticelli's tomb and the old monk objected — why, I could not understand, until he gave up in despair and took us over to the first chapel on the right of the right transept, where, under the stone, Botticelli lies upon the lap of earth unnoticed and unknown. I purpose promptly collecting a fund to mark it properly."

In Venice on Ascension Day — "That night we went out in a gondola to hear the serenades. Big boats decorated with diamond-paned lanterns in red and yellow were filled with serenaders, and by the time we arrived they were encircled by gondolas. Our gondolier slid us gently in until our prow was touching dozens of other silver prows about the serenaders. They sang all the Italian folk songs, and it was really

quite heavenly. 'Brother Harry' from the Caronia came along — very happy at being in a place where walking is not necessary.

"On Saturday, May 23, we sailed from Trieste — on the Martha W."

II

AFTER Karnak and the Parthenon, the Carnegie Library of Atlanta must have been a temple in which the pursuit of abstract learning was the best of pursuits and the acquiring of concrete information the most absorbing of interests. Frances Newman said once in print: "I became a librarian because I liked books"; and she said once again in print that the inhabitants of Atlanta "have the first and incomparably the best public library in the South. Its engaged columns may prejudice the aesthetic against it, but once inside even Mr. Hugh Walpole was [in March, 1920] so astounded by its erudition — concerning English fiction — that he went so far as to write about it in Vanity Fair." Those "early days as a very unimportant assistant," when she began her "public literary activities by stamping red dates on neatly marked pockets in other people's novels," soon yielded the sum of novitiate months that ended in her becoming "Head of the Lending Department." Her voice, at least, was in those days known to all members of Atlanta's reading public who borrowed for their reading the Library's books; her pointed comment upon some of those books enlivened the visits of many borrowers; a few of whom watched with ever increasing delight her early essays in committing her ideas to the printed page — first in quarterly and semi-annual Bulletins which announced the

Library's accessions over the period, and at length in the Library Literary Notes, signed by her name, that began to appear on the Sunday Constitution's editorial page in February, 1920.

The residence of the Newman family had continued — through the deaths of two of its daughters and one of its sons — to be the house at 54 Forest Avenue, in which its youngest daughter and youngest son had been born. That avenue, Judge Newman believed, had been named for the forest primeval, and his family persisted with him in that belief even after name plates erected by municipal authority in honor of a Confederate General had distressingly added another letter r to its official spelling, although its prevailing pronunciation acquired thereby no more rolling a sound on any tongue in Atlanta.

But the Newman family-seat was changed early in the spring of 1920: after Judge Newman's death in February, Mrs. Newman and Frances, their grandson and nephew Louis, and their Mammy Susan moved to 45 (now 50) West Eleventh Street — a white house almost on the crest of a little hill that rises from "the vernally named" Peachtree Street to its cardinally sur-named twin toward the west. In the sitting-room of the new residence, where a Primavera hung on the wall behind a carefully disposed grand piano, Mammy began again to pour tea for some of the correspondents whose letters from her Miss Frances appear on subsequent pages of this book. One of these later correspondents played then the bass to her treble of Beethoven's symphonies arranged for one piano and four hands — an instrument she had lately acquired for the practice of lessons taken up again after a long lapse from early playing; but she frankly observed that only a woman would have chosen a grand

piano of merely acceptable manufacture to fill a corner that might have been filled, less gracefully, by an upright piano of unsurpassable manufacture.

It was the year 1920 that brought her inveterate passion for music to something of a climax, from which it gradually ebbed thereafter until, at a later time when she feared that her "musical days were definitely done," she gave out her final opinion that a passion for music would certainly ruin a writer's style. But there had been years in which she blessed the inventor of phonography, if only for making it possible to hear L'Après-midi d'un faune in Atlanta; and there had been months in which her admiration for Josef Hofmann's playing had caused her to sit in Carnegie Hall in New York, in the "acoustic barn" in Atlanta which sheltered alike Atlanta's "unhappily infrequent recitals" and its "week of undeniably metropolitan song," and her admiration had even caused her to spend one May night of the year 1919 in Macon, Georgia, "when Josef Hofmann happened to be playing there." After the concert that he gave in Atlanta in January, 1920, she wrote the pianist a letter, which has not survived to be included here, but which was a petition for another recital in Atlanta. Awaiting that postponed event, she essayed a brief career as concert manager, in addition to bibliothecal duties, and, on March 18, 1920, with Miss Ellen Wolff as partner in this pleasant business venture, brought Leo Ornstein to Atlanta in the heyday of his fame as a prodigious and a radical pianist and composer.

But this music-making was after all but an overture to the inevitable literary beginnings of one who had suppressed, at the age of ten, a desire to "write." In the Atlanta Constitution of October 31, the Library

Notes of acknowledged authorship that had been appearing for eight months became a series of Literary Introductions to — in hebdomadal succession — Francis Brett Young, Aldous Huxley, Rose Macaulay, and, on November 21, James Branch Cabell. The eleven subsequent Introductions in this series of fifteen — nearly all of which are referred to in the first dozen of the letters that follow — were headed by the names of Eugene O'Neill, Georg Kaiser, Sinclair Lewis, Joseph Hergesheimer, William McFee, Ezra Pound, Henry Mencken, A. A. Milne, Ronald Firbank, Francis Scott Fitzgerald, and Norman Douglas.

Almost simultaneously with the first of the Introductions, she had begun to write a novel; and for at least as long as one year before that, she had pondered the idea of writing another novel which would unwind its theme in the perfect sequence of one paragraph, several hundred pages long, she supposed: "a novel in which there should be no dialogue, no immediate scene, nothing at all but a diffused and purely subjective impression," as Percy Lubbock has written — on that page of The Craft of Fiction which magnifies the method of Pater's Marius to an extreme of logic at that time unpracticed. The Craft of Fiction was published, in London at least, in the autumn of 1921: nearly two years after a similar extension of such a technique had been discussed — without reference to Marius — over the claret-cups of an Atlanta twilight. But not even the first sentence of that projected novel was to be written until November, 1922, although the two hundred and thirteen pages of another novel had been typed before the end of spring in 1921.

"About five years after I became a librarian [she

wrote, in the Atlanta Journal article already quoted] I discovered that I had naturally noticed the kind of novel the library's public seemed to like. That was in the period when one of Irvin Cobb's two choicest witticisms was still fresh. And since libraries are very public libraries indeed, and since I had often suffered with the emotions a goldfish might have if he realized that his home was nothing more opaque than glass and water, I decided that I would write a novel about a girl in a library, and that I would call it The Goldfish Bowl. I also thought that I would evolve the kind of lovelorn story that delighted elderly ladies in those days, and that I would write the story so wittily and so charmingly that it would delight low-brows and high-brows, and even medium-brows. Instead of that, I wrote a tale whose plot would have outraged the thousands of American library borrowers who are terribly annoyed by wisecracks, and who are happiest with a nice long dull book — just such a book as Hugh Walpole's Wintersmoon.

"By that time, I seem to have learned at least one thing about writing novels — that every aspiring novelist must write in the way that is naturally his, but that he must write in the greatest possible perfection of his natural style. And apparently I had learned that no aspiring novelist should read any writer enough to be unduly influenced by him.

"At any rate, after all this realizing, I discovered that I was going to write a novel about a girl who began by believing everything that her family and her teachers said to her, and who ended by disbelieving most of those things, but by finding that she couldn't keep herself from behaving as if she still believed them — about a

girl who was born and bred to be a southern lady, and whose mind never could triumph over the ideas she was presumably born with, and the ideas she was undoubtedly taught.

"After I began it, my acquaintances always asked me a question which seems to be a specimen of reflex action. When a man or woman hears that some one is writing a book, the man or woman always asks: 'What are you going to call it?' After a little while, I told my more intimate acquaintances that I might call the book Parthenos, because I was writing a book about a hard-boiled virgin. But for a long time I never thought of that phrase as a possible title, and when Burton Rascoe wrote a review of the book and said that a very clever man called Guy Holt suggested the title, he must have been remembering part of a lunch-table conversation in the Algonquin Hotel, when Mr. Holt encouraged me to believe that my private phrase for the book could become an actual gold-lettered title on the back of an actually printed and bound novel."

While Parthenos was still but a work in projection, while the earlier chapters of The Goldfish Bowl were being written, and while the initial papers in the series of Literary Introductions were appearing in the Sunday Constitution, Mrs. Newman was in Richmond visiting her daughter Margaret, whither she had carried her other daughter's copy of Jurgen to be read by the Richmond branch of the family. Jurgen was still, then, "sojourning in Limbo," and Mrs. Newman had taken the book only with the owner's prayers that she actually carry it all the way from Atlanta to Richmond in her hand — lest the fortunate bag in which it might have been placed should unfortunately have got itself

lost. A letter from Mrs. Newman in Richmond, written November 4, speaks perfectly for itself and for its charming author:

Dear Child —

Read the enclosed advertisement and then I will tell you what happened. [The Book Fair. James Branch Cabell will receive his friends and autograph books for them this afternoon. Among those assisting Mr. Cabell in receiving will be Miss Emily Clark and Miss Elise Clark.] As usual I was reading the Times-Dispatch after breakfast and saw this. So I called Margaret to tell her and say can we go in? She was keen about going. Armed with Jurgen, we went. A lady M. knew introduced us to Mr. Cabell — he looked at your name on the fly-leaf and said, "Is this Frances Newman of the Atlanta Constitution? I have been thinking of writing to ask her who she is — several things of hers have been sent me by the clipping bureau. One thing she says of me — and he laughed — is that I am 'a man of one idea, but that is more than most people have.' " Also he would like you to send him something you have written of other people. Margaret told Mr. C. she hoped you were coming soon to R. and he asked her please to let him know when you came. Your Jurgen is the most valuable — being of the "suppressed" edition. "With cordial friendly regard. James Branch Cabell" is what he wrote. So you see what has come back to you from casting this Jurgen on the water. A Mrs. Bosher, author, was near him when introduced to Margaret, and Mr. C. said, "You had better be very polite to Mrs. Patterson. She has a sister who is a critic" — and he spoke as if you were quite out of the ordinary. So you can feel just

as high and mighty as you choose. How do people get on who never read newspapers?

MOTHER

From this point, Frances Newman's letters, too, speak for themselves, for the charming woman who wrote them, and for the singular gifts of the critic and novelist whom they reveal.

Two notes from Mr. Cabell induct a year's uninterrupted correspondence whose like, surely, for more than one decade in America's literary annals, has not yet come to light.

November 16, 1920

My dear Miss Newman:

It was really a pleasure to autograph a Jurgen for, and to find out a little about, the author of those Carnegie Library Notes. I had been wondering about this authentic voice from the wilderness for some while, and had vaguely planned to write you — some day.

Are you not "doing" a book of some sort? If not, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. . . . You will see, I know, Mencken's Second Prejudices, and surely his Sahara of the Bozarts should incite you to rehabilitate the fame of Georgia.

At all events, I thank you for the two clippings, and I trust to thank you for yet more. I hope that if there is any likelihood of your coming to Richmond in the nearer future, you will then let me know about it, talk being so much more readily inclusive than letter-writing. And do please send me the Literary Introductions,— all of them.

November 30, 1920

Dear Miss Newman:

Anonymously came to me last week your very delightful Literary Introduction Number Four. . . . I am no judge of its merits. I only know it gave me much personal pleasure and roused much personal gratitude. So I can but thank you for it, most heartily, without having literarily to endorse your estimate of the author therein discussed.

I do wish you would send me copies of Numbers Three and Five, and, for that matter, of the ensuing Introductions. It seems to me that in these papers you have forthwith the framework of a most enjoyable volume.

You write deliciously, so deliciously that your typographer's antics ascend from misdemeanors to crimes.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Dumbarton Grange
Dumbarton, Virginia

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

[*Atlanta December 12, 1920*]

My dear Mr. Cabell

I hope you are not an affectionate sponsor, for, short of emulating Mencken, I have dealt as hardly as I could with your god-child. And the composing-room — as you may see — has used me no less hardly.

Three and five and six are lost to the world unless my mother has them — you might be amused by an animadversion upon Mr. Eugene O'Neill headed by your own illustrious name.

I am to leave for Richmond this day week and I shall hope to see you. You would know, I am sure, that your kind little note set me all a-flutter — very much as the amiable condescension of Mr. Charteris did the unworthy Mr. Townsend.

Very sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

45 West Eleventh Street
Sunday

[*Richmond, December 26, 1920*]

My dear Mr. Cabell

I was intending, when I talked to you, to take my young nephew up to see his country's capitol, but as he shows a perfectly natural lack of interest in the capitol, we shall be here until Friday or Saturday. So if it is more convenient for you to come out later in the week, I can still have the great pleasure of seeing you.

But please call up and let me know when you can come or I may go back to the Sahara without having

seen either the shrine of liberty or of the late Confederacy.

Very sincerely

FRANCES NEWMAN

[*Atlanta, January 5, 1921*]

My dear Mr. Cabell

Here is my tribute to Mr. Hergesheimer, which is, I think, the least agglutinative document I have ever read — or even written. And the few infelicities I happened to avoid, the printer has achieved for me. I am sorry that I did not, in the first paragraph, modify characters — I do not at all charge you with being the model for Grandfather Satan or Mrs. Kennicott or Saint Peter.

I am deeply grateful to you or to Mr. Holt for the beautiful photograph — the adjective is intended for Mr. Foster — I dare not expose myself again to that dreadful word "fulsome," which you kindly retracted without being able to remember. But I think that its journalistic reproductions quite justify my heroine.

I have read Mr. Mencken's review of Main Street, but I greatly prefer my own. And I have read the Cabell number of the Post. I was horrified by Mr. Untermeyer's opinion that verse is your one true passion.

There are quite five hundred things I grieve that I forgot to speak to you about, so I hope that you will find yourself bold enough to confront the ladies of the Drama League. The exciting atmosphere of the birthplace of Jurgen and Felix Kennicott and the amiable condescension (condescension is really not the right or pretty word) of their creator probably went to my head.

But with so much kindness to thank you for already, I am about to beg you to send me a copy of your de-

lightful book-plate and I hope that you will not find it unforgivable effrontery.

I went last night to hear Fritz Kreisler and I found that instead of listening enraptured I was merely using Liebesfreud and Liebeslied as a pleasant stimulus to the invention of epithets concerning Mr. Mencken. So you are probably right and the pursuit of a potential style is real and earnest.

Yours, with the most sincere gratitude,

FRANCES NEWMAN

[*Atlanta, January 6, 1921*]

My dear Mr. Cabell

I was assailed in the night by a horrid fear that I had called dear Felix Kennaston by a much less distinguished name, which, if I did, is a compliment I would not willingly pay Mr. Lewis. I apologize abjectly.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

45 West Eleventh Street

FROM JAMES BRANCH CABELL

January 8, 1921

My dear Miss Newman:

Your letters brought many and varied delights, and I could easily see how the similarities of style and thought of the two books wherein the Kennicotts and the Kennastons are confined had led you to confuse these families. For the Abercrombie extract I am heartily grateful: it is most interesting, profoundly true, I think, and, as you say, itself a masterpiece in the kinetic.

Both the McFee and Hergesheimer papers were joys

to read, even though, I confess, McFee is as yet to me "only a household word." Somehow the looks of his Casuals did not allure me, and I put it by. Hergesheimer, I need not say, is another pair of shoes; and my only objection to what you wrote of him was that there ought to have been much more — or, say, rather, I could wish you to write a general estimate of him, instead of fobbing us off with — virtually — a review of San Cristóbal. He is, by the way, going to write The Bright Shawl, and, in fact, I believe, has begun it. . . . In short, I cry Bravo and Encore, and devoutly trust you will send me the other vivisections as they appear.

These papers seem to me wonderfully clever. I could wish to see them permanently embodied in a book: but I despairingly know there is no selling a book of that sort in sufficient quantities to pay for its printing. So I can but fall back in thought upon what may be done after you have become famous as a novelist. . . . You have beyond doubt a plenty of ideas and have acquired the ability to express them poignantly: and I do not see why this equipment should not be utilized in the field of the novel very splendidly. Of course — as I said — you may not be able to do it: but nobody would watch with more interest than I your endeavor to do it. I am attempting, in brief, to allure you into novel-writing in the moment that I disclaim any responsibility for the result.

The bookplate comes herewith. I am glad you liked the photograph, which I regard as having just the right expression for a suppressed author, irrespective of its slight resemblance to the original. And lastly, I shall quite honestly — now — look forward with assured pleasure to our next meeting.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

[*Atlanta, January 18, 1921*]

My dear Mr. Cabell

Many thanks, in the first place, for the bookplate, and in the second, for your kind word to Mr. Holt. I am quite discouraged with the poor novel, but there is always the consolation that publishers in their business capacity have no especial concern with literature. I wish I could say that you had lured me into novel writing, as I need some such good excuse, but chronology would convict me. However, if Mr. Holt should unthinkably find the frivolous tale worthy, he will doubtless relate that you discovered me pining in the desert.

You are quite right in finding that I wrote only a review of San Cristóbal. I have spent so much eloquence on the novels that I doubted if my very limited public would suffer another. The little papers very sadly cause me to lose my self-respect every Sunday — unlike The Audit at Storisende, they seem much worse in print. I suppose you have noticed in Mencken's review on the paper jacket [of The Cream of the Jest] that he made an honorable vestryman into a docile Presbyterian, but at least he did not make him a Kennicott — I shall carry the scars of that lapse to my grave.

I hope you may find that I have, in the case of Mr. Mencken, practised the seventh and greatest of the auctorial virtues, even though I have drowned myself in a sea of adverbs.

Again, with many thanks,

Yours very sincerely

FRANCES NEWMAN

[*Atlanta, February 2, 1921*]

My dear Mr. Cabell

I think I had better not send you the fourteenth and penultimate introduction — Mr. Fitzgerald; it is assault with intent to murder. And the last, for the present, Mr. Douglas, seems determined to be worse than unkind — dull.

I wondered, when I ran across this odd Library of Congress card, if you had ever seen yourself on one, and if you might care to add it to your Cabelliana, in spite of the disheatening implication of the — .

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

FROM JAMES BRANCH CABELL

February 11, 1921

Dear Miss Newman:

But please let me have the Fitzgerald and the Douglas articles! I want them, first for my own private pleasure, and second for missionary work. A fortnightly literary paper [The Reviewer, whose first number appeared with the date of February 15, 1921] is to be tried out in Richmond for six months, and I have been passing on your introductions to the editors as models they might follow very advantageously. . . . Milne was to me but a name, and Firbank not even that. But Firbank, anyhow, I perceive, I must certainly know better. . . . Burton Rascoe, by the way, is the first and only literary light that has been produced by Oklahoma.

You have my thanks for the Library Card and the Yale Press literary note, which latter impresses me as being supremely humorous. I am still wondering what

was written you by Mr. Holt, who is so busy getting out Figures of Earth that he has, apparently, no time to send me letters. Anyhow, I hope the novel goes forward toward completion, and if it is half what I expect of it there will be no trouble in finding a publisher. . . . My own book is printed and bound, but stays as yet unseen by the author. My wife, however, who is in New York, has read it there, and expresses her satisfaction with it, so that I venture to hope it may escape the censor.

It may interest your friends of the Drama League to know that I have made a one-act play from one of the stories in The Certain Hour, and this is to be produced by the Richmond Little Theatre before this month is out.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

FROM F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

38 West 59 Street, New York
February 26, 1921

My dear Miss Newman:

While it astonished me that so few critics mentioned the influence of Sinister Street on This Side of Paradise, I feel sure that it was much more in intention than in literal fact. It occurred to me to write an American version of the history of that sort of young man — in which, no doubt, I was hindered by lack of perspective as well as by congenital short-comings.

But I was also hindered by a series of resemblances between my life and that of Michael Fane which, had I been a more conscientious man, might have precluded

my ever attempting an autobiographical novel. I have five copies of Youth's Encounter at present in my library, sent me by people who stumbled on the book and thought that it was an amazing parallel to my own life. When I was twenty-one and began This Side of Paradise my literary taste was so unformed that Youth's Encounter was still my "perfect book." My book quite naturally shows the influence to a marked degree. However, I resent your details. Both Shane Leslie in the Dublin Review and Maurice Francis Egan in the Catholic World took me to task for painting "Monsignor Darcy" from the life. He was, of course, my best friend, the Monsignor Sigorney Fay, to whom the book was dedicated. He was known to many Catholics as the most brilliant priest in America. The letters in the book are almost transcriptions of his own letters to me.

Amory Blaine's mother was also an actual character, the mother of a friend of mine, whose name I cannot mention. There is such an obvious connection between her early career and that of the cook in Youth's Encounter that I appreciate your pointing it out. You see I object to being twice blamed — once for transcribing a character from life and once for stealing him from another author. I have had numerous comments from Princeton about putting J—— into the book as "Thomas P. D'Invilliers," and now I am told that I borrowed the dilettante aesthete Wilmot from MacKenzie. "Spires and Gargoyles" was possibly suggested by "Dreaming Spires" but the terms "slicker" and "big men" were in use at Princeton when I first went there — before Youth's Encounter was written.

It seems to me that you have marred a justified criticism by such pettinesses as comparing the names

"Blaine" and "Fane," and by remarking on the single occurrence of the word "Narcissus" in Sinister Street. You seem to be unconscious that even MacKenzie had his sources such as Dorian Grey and None Other Gods and that occasionally we may have drunk at the same springs. Incidently Michael's governess did *not* tease him about G. A. Henty.

This is the first letter of any kind I have ever written to a critic of my book and I shall probably regret this one before the day is over. I sent the novel to Mencken with the confession that it derived itself from MacKenzie, Wells and Tarkington, with half a dozen additional overtones, but there are comparisons you brought up that make me as angry as my book evidently made you. It is as if I accused Floyd Dell of being a plagiarist because both our mooncalfs wrote poetry and both walked toward a dark town at the last, whispering of their lost loves — or said that Cabell's Jurgen is an imitation of The Revolt of the Angels, or even, to use another Tristan and Irene comparison, compared your article with P. 138 of Mencken's Prejudices, 1st Series.

Yours very truly,

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

TO F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

[*Atlanta, March 4, 1921*]

My dear Mr. Fitzgerald

Please do not regret that you wrote to me — I enjoyed your letter greatly, particularly the deadly thrust about the unformed state of your literary taste at twenty-one. And I am truly sorry that I should have

annoyed you, for my quarrel was much more with American criticism than with you. But if you find that as Irene is to Tristan and Isolde, so am I to Mencken, I do not see why you do not just put me down as an oafish inhabitant of the Sahara of the Bozart.

There are only two points in your letter that I think it necessary for me to answer. I do not think, and I did not say, that D'Invilliers is like Wilmot or that your priest is like Father Viner. I have no very clear conception of either one. As to the affair of the Henty books, I remember the incident perfectly, but I did not verify it, and it is quite possible that it is in some other English story. I bow to your superior memory for Mackenzie and apologize unreservedly. And as for Mrs. Fane, of course elegant idiots are all too common on both sides of the Atlantic, but the kind of thing I meant is typified in her reply to Michael's remark that he is thinking of being a priest — "Oh, Michael, and you look so particularly nice in tweeds." The quotation may not be exact.

I was not quoting Mencken on Mr. Harrison. It was something decidedly less violent, for in my opinion there is not as much space below Mencken as there is between the two aforementioned operas.

I think the remarks you quoted are probably not really those that made you most angry. But if you had seen the posters with which Mr. Hearst has Atlanta placarded just now concerning your "wonderful story of the adolescent he-vamp," you might have agreed that I could hardly do as much to injure your reputation.

Very truly yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

45 West Eleventh Street

FROM JAMES BRANCH CABELL

[F. N. had sent to Mr. Cabell her correspondence with Mr. Fitzgerald, across the top of whose letter to her she had written: "I feel as if I had pulled a spoiled baby's curls and made him cry. Please send it back — first blood, you know."]

March 7, 1921

Dear Miss Newman:

Herewith (to begin) is Fitzgerald's letter, and I honestly confess I think you dealt overharshly with him. What may be in him there is no saying: but I rather fancy the notion there is a great deal. You see, we all have to begin with something: and I, who began with The Eagle's Shadow, am the last person in the world to be hypercritical. Well!

My congratulations, at any event, upon the series of Introductions, which I, at least, have enjoyed uniformly and tremendously. I would be more than delighted should you spare me the two Firbanks if you have no especial need for them; so please do send them.

The play went off, upon the whole, rather nicely, in view of the impossible stage and cast. But you guessed afar from its source: The Jewel Merchants is a dramatization of the tale called Balthazar's Daughter, — a considerably changed version, as you will presently be seeing, I hope, in one of the magazines. I gave Mencken first chance at it for The Smart Set, and he wants to use it if they can rake from their lean coffers a fairish price. At present the bargain stays unconcluded. The play will not be much to read, but I must protest it is fairly actable.

When, though, am I to have your public views as to Figures of Earth? Between ourselves, it is of a richer

texture than Jurgen: but in the nature of things, it is a more mundane affair, and Manuel is, of set purpose, kept a different person from the pawnbroker, and, to me, a less sympathetic person. . . . I thank you for directing my attention to that offending *was,* which will be remedied in the third printing. I fear the guilt is mine, though, for I seem first to have written "was shaped each song that causes" and in changing the phrase to have left the first verb unaltered. Either way, the Multus for Mundus, on page 71, is a more hair-raising and oath-provoking error, contrived and engineered, I firmly believe, by Grandfather Satan in person.

But I have not (to conclude) seen a Freeman for months. It is a periodical which rather bores me, and, while I occasionally want it for the sake of some special article, the news-stands here do not carry it. I must try to get hold of the Rascoe letters.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

[*Atlanta, March 13, 1921*]

Dear Mr. Cabell

Please believe that I am not sending you this — that I did not write it — without realizing how impertinent and how futile any criticism of Figures of Earth must be. No one but its author, I think, could write of it without being quite absurd and rather pathetic. Some day, when you are full of years and of honors and Jurgen is free to walk abroad again, you must do an edition after the manner of Henry James' New York

edition, with an auctorial induction for every one of your opera.

I am a little sad that, in the nature of things, I could not have read Figures of Earth before I was in Richmond, talk being, as you once said, so much more readily inclusive than writing.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

Mr. Fitzgerald can put me in the back of his Beyond Life.

FROM JAMES BRANCH CABELL

March 18, 1921

My dear Miss Newman:

The two Firbank books return to you to-day, with my very heartiest thanks. They are more than clever, in that, I suspect, they induce the reader to supply a full half of their subtlety, and I have enjoyed them tremendously.

When it comes to enjoyment, though, all else pales before the delight I got from your review of Figures of Earth. . . . Your guess as to the ten gods was 90% correct: for "Apollo (?)" read "Agni," and all is right, even to the tenth Mexican blend, in which having selected one god, I could not resist the feathers that grew upon the leg of the other. As to the animated image, you may be interested by the enclosed letter, printed along with portions of the present fourth book, when these portions figured as a short story in the last October number of Romance. Viewed in some of his aspects, I suspect that Sesphra is the book called Jurgen, but then allegories interpret themselves so variously once

they are set agoing. As for my women . . . Well! and, besides, there is Bettie Hamlyn in The Cords to confront you with, and, I believe, one or two others in the different short stories, and, anyhow, I have nowhere disputed the existence of clever women. Sixthly and lastly, I must protest that not an illusion was lost between Jurgen and the Figures.

And, really to conclude, I am unspeakably appreciative of that review. I liked it far better than any other I have received. I only hope I can retaliate before long by reviewing your novel.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

[*Atlanta, April 14, 1921*]

My dear Mr. Cabell

When I remember the flurry of clippings that must be descending upon the cockpit of American literature, it seems unkind to add another one. And none the less, I am sending you the library's long talked of bulletin, with some remarks concerning yourself. It was finished two months ago, but the city receives bids and awards contracts for our little lists with all the solemnity that might be admirable in the matter of a state capitol: during the rounds of the printers, the first copy disappeared and although of course I had a carbon, a good deal of time was lost even before it was necessary to have five proofs to avoid announcing The Cords of Vanity as a comedy of shrinking and to obtain any such refinements as accents. I hope that you will not mind the extremely southern slant — that is supposed to be the

reason for having the bulletin — or that most of my opinions seem to have become the opinions of other people during these two months. At any rate, its only value to the world is the possibility that it may strengthen the nerves of the timid libraries. I had hoped to send it by way of a congratulatory address on the occasion of your birthday, but perhaps I may at least say that I think it a very delightful thing that you were born.

You will probably have seen the review of Figures of Earth in the [London] Times Literary Supplement. Quite evidently, their reviewer has never read Jurgen, so he may be pardoned for failing so completely to understand your allegory, though not for being so confident that what he doesn't see, doesn't exist. If Mr. Walpole, or some such eminent person, does not speak to him about it, I shall probably do it myself — the Times is my choice of all reviews in the English tongue, and so I feel heartily ashamed of them. But they did dispose of Main Street neatly, in about a dozen lines.

The novel — my novel — is practically finished, but I rather think I shall keep my skeleton in my own closet. Since no one seems vastly proud of his first novel, would it not be a sensible thing to treat it as a bit of experience? I am enchanted with the idea for my second — I think that I spoke of it to you at Dumbarton — though of course I may not love it when it is plainlier seen. It will be called Parthenos, which should be Greek to the many, and I should much prefer beginning it to re-writing this frivolous tale, which has had three titles and which has turned its back on all of them. You may remember that you told me one had to write for one class or the other and I am afraid that you are right

and that I have succeeded beautifully in falling between my two stools.

And after the kind things you said of my review, I could never care particularly what any mere critic might conceivably say. But I certainly was not at all clear about Sesphra: I did not mean that he was *phrases* in just the way that Sesphra in Jurgen was. And I thought that he was Jurgen, at least when the large tumble-bug came out of the West, though on Sargyll he seemed "the desire to write perfectly of beautiful happenings" that Mr. Lovett is so childish about. I considered Agni and gave him up because of his seven arms. And certainly, concerning a man's own illusions, one may not take issue with him.

But the women — it was really wives that I meant, and since the English language affords the distinction, I should have been more explicit. And Bettie, I have always thought, was not married to Robert Townsend in November. I have no such great opinion of women myself — that is one of the inconveniences one must accept with a shrug. Besides, I hedged with great care. It takes me a long time to wind up — I seem to be relapsing into a sporting vocabulary — and by the time I am well started I have to begin to end: if I could be allowed three times as much space, I might manage to say a few of the vast number of things I am constantly discovering or evolving about your books. And one thing that I could not know when I wrote the review so soon after reading Figures of Earth, is the extraordinary way that it stays with one.

I saw the account of the play in the Bookman and I was, of course, extremely interested by the rumor concerning The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck. But I hope that you won't turn dramatist before you have written

the tale of Count Emmerick: I begin to feel quite curious about the brother of so many lovely ladies — for the King of England's heir, I suppose, will never concern us more.

I promise faithfully that I will not write anything more about your books until you write another — not even about Taboo. How you have so perfectly the grace to keep your temper is nothing less than a marvel to me.

If you haven't seen Max Beerbohm's And Even Now, I should like to send it up for you to read. It isn't yet published in this country — we had it sent from London. There is an essay upon eminent men and their manner of receiving neophytes that I think might amuse you — though I should not suggest that you should change your own manner. And there is a paper on Swinburne that interested me greatly by using exactly two phrases that I used in describing yourself to the only acquaintance I have sufficiently intelligent to be so honored. But I do not want to bother you with books you don't want — parcels are probably a nuisance in any place less full of paper and string than a library.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

Max has also a little paper called Books within Books that should interest the chronicler of John Charteris' library.

FROM JAMES BRANCH CABELL

April 27, 1921

My dear Miss Newman:

The bulletin arrived nearly a week ago, but I am still blushing. I am tremendously grateful for a piece

of work that, to my biassed judgment, seems very finely done. And my little boy was so delighted at receiving his copy that he has since seized on all pamphlets that have come in the mail, on the ground that "Newman sent it to him." I must tell you that you made a marked impression on him the day of your visit, and that he talks of you constantly as, for reasons best known to him, "Newman."

It would have been tactless of you, though, to get the bulletin to me on my birthday. . . . It happened that Hergesheimer was then here, and your sister had lunch with us that day, and we talked much of you, rather than of depressing mathematics. I now wonder if Hergesheimer has written you. He had previously enjoyed your Library Notes, and said he meant to send you a line — but since leaving here, has been, I gather, neck-deep in moving picture enterprises. . . . It was a delight to have him hereabouts for some two weeks, and I plan to visit him in return toward the end of May. My paper about him (I may have told you) is to be brought out, with some additions, before long, under The Bookfellows' imprint.

As for your book, you should, I think, by all means finish it, to the very last stage of "trying it on" publishers. It seems poor Economy to have a novel "practically finished," and then do nothing with it.

And, no, don't send me the new Beerbohm. It is to be out in an American edition this spring, and then I shall procure a copy to read and keep. You see, I shall want the book, but if I read it beforehand I may be troubled to justify the extravagance of buying it. My conscience about book-buying is tender now that every new book acquired means the ousting of some older one to make room for it on the shelves.

Besides, I have just finished They Went (with vast enjoyment), and am confronted with the manifest duty of reading Moon-Calf, The Age of Innocence, The Narrow House, and three or four other "new" books, now that I have owned them for weeks and weeks. I don't feel drawn toward any of them, though, somehow. Meanwhile I have finished revising Chivalry and The Line of Love, against their appearance next autumn, and these two ailing ghosts from yesterday have required all my attention.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

You saw, I trust,— and, I trust too, appreciated — the Hewlett review of my fell misdemeanors, in The Literary Review?

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

[*Atlanta, June 17, 1921*]

My dear Mr. Cabell

My story is a fall model and therefore Mr. Holt's letter has quite upset me. The tale begins in October and ends on New Year's Eve, so it would be as distressing in summer as a performance of Moths that I saw one hot June afternoon in my childhood — all furs and sleigh bells and log fires.

Do you think Mr. Holt really means just that, and if he does would it be entirely ethical for me to try another house?

Besides, having bought novels [for the Carnegie Library] for four years, I know that one will buy almost any novel in the fall and only a chef d'œuvre in the spring. It is inexcusable of me to bother you about

so unimportant a matter, but I should much rather not have it published at all than in the spring.

I have just read your play with the greatest pleasure and I hope that I may some day see it beautifully produced.

Very sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

FROM JAMES BRANCH CABELL

June 20, 1921

Dear Miss Newman:

It would be a joy to me to suggest some way out of the difficulty. But! You see, what Mr. Holt says is perfectly true. The autumn publishing lists everywhere are now complete, and most of the books are already in the printers' hands. It takes, barring the intervention of providence and strikes, which by ordinary make it take longer, about four months to print and bind a book after the contracts have been signed. And the autumn books, as you probably know, have to be "sold" in September when the publishers' traveling men go about among the bookdealers with dummies and catalogues. . . . It would not, I quite honestly believe, be humanly possible for you to get your novel brought out this autumn by any established house.

Of course you might try some other firm. It would be all right ethically, for you are under no obligations to McBride, and some miracle *might* happen in the way of your lighting on a firm that is still looking for a fall novel.

I do wish I could be optimistic about it. I wish I could submit some panacea for the imbroglio. But, just as

plainly as I see your difficulty and your rage against the ways of publishers, so clearly do I see that there is no immediate remedy. I would, in your place, just go ahead, and send out the story irrespective of all seasonable considerations.

It was good of you to like The Jewel Merchants. To me it reads like very dull stuff, and I can but console myself with the memory that it "acted" not badly.

Miss Clark showed me your letter in re The Reviewer, and I hope you will live up to it. It would do you no harm, I believe — for the magazine is certainly making friends,— and would certainly help The Reviewer, if you could give them a paper. And by all means make it as slashing as you like. I was not painstakingly civil in my own contribution.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

[*Atlanta, June 29, 1921*]

My dear Mr. Cabell

You were very kind to soothe me down so nicely — it was absurd for me to be in a twitter about seasons when the poor story will probably never be published at all. At any rate, I have sent it to McBride, and I have received a rather chilling little postal informing me of its safe arrival. I am suffering none of the fevers proper to commencing author, being, I venture to think, a fairly good critic of my own work, and being persuaded that this is no great thing. At least, I am not sufficiently impressed with it to hawk the tale around, so if McBride will

not have it, I rather think it will retire to private life.

I am sending my little paper to Miss Clark this afternoon: I hope she will not be too polite to look a gift horse in the mouth, and I should be very grateful if you would glance at it and have it consigned to the wastebasket if you find that it would make a poor first appearance for me. I have called it The Allegory of the Young Intellectuals, [published in The Reviewer, August 1, 1921] and it is the sort of thing that is very bad indeed if it doesn't come off.

Your hope of retiring to the shades with Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe seems rather over-optimistic. I read two reviews yesterday, The Freeman and The Nation, and they still seem to have something to say about you. Dr. Van Doren was not, it seemed to me, quite so good as he was on The Figures — but I always read your expositors with contempt if they know nothing that I have not discovered for myself, and with rage if they do. But I could also not enjoy your Exit [published in The Reviewer, June 1, 1921] — because most of the caps fitted me very neatly.

My sister Margaret has been here this month and I was vastly interested by her account of Mr. Hergesheimer. She seems properly to have appreciated her honorable position in the midst of American literature. But I feel sadly disturbed about Mr. Hergesheimer — I suppose you have seen his paper on Aiken in Vanity Fair. I am afraid that he is going to be entirely swallowed up by Henry James, style, plots, and all. That story of the young girl was nothing at all but the story of The Golden Bowl: you must persuade him to give up reading James — dear Henry is so very contagious.

Very sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO MAMMY SUSAN LONG

[*The Elizabeth who is the tragic heroine of this letter was a cook of long standing for the Newman family: at the time it was written, Elizabeth was under arrest for shooting another negro woman — who fortunately did not die. Elizabeth was handsomely fined and set at liberty.*]

[*Atlanta, June 29 (?), 1921*]

Dear Mammy

Judge Ellis and Henry talked over about Elizabeth with us this afternoon, and Judge Ellis says that it would be much better to use what money can be gotten up to get Elizabeth a good lawyer for her trial than to use it for bond. He also says that they try cases of people in jail first, and Henry says he will go over to see her. A colored woman who knows her was here this afternoon and is coming out to see you to talk about what can be done. Please don't worry so much about her that you can't get any rest. Mother and I will both give something towards getting a lawyer and so will Lula, and this woman can get up something too, I think. But I want you to see that she isn't still in a distracted state.

Mother and I went down and voted to-day, and I have finished my article and sent it to Richmond, which will please you, I know. So I am going to rest hard until Tuesday. Margaret and the children are going to New York tomorrow and stay until Saturday and then go home. No news from Louis since you left.

Take good care of yourself, and let us hear from you. I am putting in a note from Mother to help you see Elizabeth, and Henry says he will telephone over there for them to let you in. But be careful.

With love from us all and from Lula too.

FRANCES

TO EMILY CLARK

[*Atlanta, July 5, 1921*]

My dear Miss Clark

I am sending you a slightly new version of page seven — perhaps it is no better, but it seems so to me today.

Little as the result discloses it, I am one of those people who must always be tinkering with their style, so probably I shall send you another tomorrow and then, I am afraid, you will give me up.

A new copy of The Reviewer came yesterday. Thank you very much indeed.

Very sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

[*Since The Allegory of the Young Intellectuals had already gone to the printers of The Reviewer, the revised page did not appear as the paper's conclusion.*]

But yet, the allegory concludes, they will come back to us, these brave young seekers after free air, having found that the Thames and the Seine and the Tiber are less inflammable than the Mississippi or even than the Hudson. And he seems to imply that they will come home not much wiser, perhaps, but, fortunately, much sadder. For he knows that some Fairy Blackstick denied them, when they were new-made Christians, the gift of wit, and that the good fairy could do no more than grant them the far more intellectual boon of melancholy. They will go bravely on, then, still borne up by the touching conviction that though they may not have fought the best of fights, they have kept the best of faiths.

FROM JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Rockbridge Alum Springs
6 August 1921

My dear Miss Newman:

This is but a word of the heartiest sort of congratulation upon your Reviewer article, which has been justly made the leading feature of what seems to me a uniformly excellent number. Just a word, I repeat, because a peculiarly vicious cold in the head has just now reduced me to partial blindness and semi-imbecility. . . . To me in this forlorn condition you can hardly refuse another favor — which is, another article. I have promised the Reviewers, you must know, to edit their first three monthly issues, going to press with the October number on September the fifteenth. So I come as a beggar, entreating something very acrimonious.

I wish you would let me hear, too, as to what was the decision at McBride's as to your story. Mr. Holt is off on his western trip, and that means I hear nothing from the office.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

But Hergesheimer was dealing in averages! Nobody has more respect for, nor indebtedness to, the exceptional woman. For one, I thought his paper almost entirely just.

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

[*Atlanta, August 10, 1921*]

My dear Mr. Cabell

By a most distressing coincidence, your note was sent out from the library while I am languishing at home

with a cold just in process of descending into a cough. And perhaps it is due to my enfeebled state that I can't seem to think of a subject on which I could be very acrimonious, or perhaps I exhausted myself in the Allegory, which you will know already I enjoyed doing enormously, and concerning which I greatly appreciate your kindness.

But I am very anxious to write a paper on those writers who take life seriously and find it good — the Mesdames Porter, Charles Dickens, Robert Browning et al.; those who take it seriously and find it bad — Conrad and Hardy, of course, and some others; and those evolved beings who find that not quite all is right with the world. Of course, there are some others, but I should like to take yourself and Norman Douglas and Anatole France as types of it and work out a little about the natural effect of nationality on such a temperament. I should try not to let my support be embarrassing to you, and I really think I might be fairly vicious about the first two classes. Probably there is also a class who take it cheerfully without finding it flawless — Jane Austen, for example — but who nevertheless think it good.

I gather that you have seen my strictures upon Mr. H[ergesheimer]'s strictures, of which I am far from proud. But I still think that between the ordinary man and the ordinary woman there is little choice, except that the woman is always anxious to assume a culture though she have it not and that this occasionally changes her from a Lord George Hell into a Lord George Heaven. It is exactly between the exceptional man and the exceptional woman that there is a gulf most mortifying to a woman. If not an American woman could read, I think our novels would be different, but probably no better, which I call the war camp libraries to witness.

Mr. Holt wrote me that he hoped to read my story over the Fourth of July, but I have heard nothing from them since.

I hope you saw the Times Supplement and the New Statesman on Mr. Mencken — even I could have asked no more. And Mr. Murry in the Athenaeum on poor Mr. Walpole's novel was murderous — "Ouidesque."

Please let me know if this subject would distress you and if you want an article for the October number. I hope your cold is routed.

Very sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

FROM JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Rockbridge Alum Springs

My dear Miss Newman:

Surely,— that is, I want the article for the October number if possible, and I think your topic, as outlined, an excellent theme. Only please say just as little about me as you may: it is not well to have The Reviewer figuring as my personal advertising organ.

I would have written you this earlier, but have held up my correspondence in the (as it proved, vain) hope of obtaining some presentable envelopes. We return home, however, on the twenty-fourth, to repossess ourselves of such minor decencies,— whereamong for my correspondents' sake I am compelled to rank typewriters.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

20 August 1921

Coals of fire are at this season peculiarly uncomfortable, but Mencken was delighted with, and high in praise of, your Allegory.

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

[*Atlanta, August 31, 1921*]

My dear Mr. Cabell

Probably you will be a tiny bit relieved to know that the three classes couldn't be managed without absorbing the Reviewer: after I had written a thousand or so words, I found that it would be a handsome subject for an octavo. But perhaps later in the winter, when the Reviewer has an editor who is not an essential part of the idea, I might do it by using the first two classes merely for an introduction to the third.

Since the time was so short, I have ventured to write on another of the three subjects that Miss Clark approved — Compton Mackenzie. I am afraid you don't think so well of him as I do, and if you do not like the little paper, [Avoiding the Abbey — published in The Reviewer, October, 1921] please do not be polite about it. Since acrimony is my chief auctorial virtue, when the writer under discussion seems admirable to me, the only resource, as you may remember, is to be quite violent with those who cavil.

I can not feel scorched by Mr. Mencken's coals because I see no just reason why he should have liked the Allegory: but I am quite vain of his civility. He irritates me fearfully, but I have a complex for him, really, and I have even gone so far as to dream about him. In the dream his first words to me were —"I don't suppose you've seen a play since The Little Minister."

Mr. Guy Holt has now had my unfortunate tale something more than two months, and I have been wondering if I might dare to make inquiries for it without having it promptly hurled at me. I am proposing to go to New

York in October, and I should like to tinker with it a little more and then try it on one more publisher before I retire it to decent oblivion. I am in quite a fine frenzy over my projected Parthenos, but I can't settle down to it with the other hanging fire.

If the Reviewer could possibly manage accents, I do think it would add some distinction, and we have always been able to manage it for our bulletin: the printer has only to order a font of them. Please do reject the paper — which I am mailing this afternoon — if you find it unworthy of the Reviewer or even of me.

Very sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

[*Superscript*] I must add the most delightful thing that has been said of my first article. The ancient aunt of one of my friends read it, and complained that she had no idea whether or not I liked the book.

[*Atlanta, September 1, 1921*]

My dear Mr. Cabell

Even with so long a letter and a superscript, I did not manage to say one quite necessary thing. Please save me from any biographical details. I entirely realize that I need explanation, but it will take me some time to live down those in the August issue, and I don't think the poor library should be implicated in my quite private views.

Please, if you can, don't think me difficult.

Apologetically yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

FROM JAMES BRANCH CABELL

September 16, 1921

Dear Miss Newman:

For some two weeks now I have been "intending" to write you, but since our return from the Alum there has been such a complication of finishing with proof-sheets, getting an article done, and touching up stuff for The Reviewer, as to leave no vacant moment. . . . One article, anyhow, required no touching up. I make you my heartiest compliments upon a most delightful paper. If you do not object we will subhead it A Note on Growing Old with Compton Mackenzie, or words to that effect, so as to notify the reader at first glance whom the paper is about; and I broke one or two of your paragraphs, I thought advantageously, and once or twice made bold to put a period where you had a colon: otherwise we print the paper untouched, in the October issue. I have had, let me say, a personal interview with the printer, and he promises me all the accents and umlauts and other typographical niceties we choose to ask for.

The first number is, I think, quite good in the purely "literary" contents: the departments I have not yet seen in their completeness. And I do wish you would do me an article for each of the other numbers wherefor I am responsible. . . . No, I am not so exorbitant as I appear. You can "fix" or combine some of your Atlanta Constitution stuff. I would hail, for example, such a combination of your Hergesheimer dicta. Or on Mencken, if you like. Or you can blend your papers on Lewis and Zell. . . . No, I broke off here, to consult my scrapbooks. I want you to correct and perhaps

expand a bit The Young Publishers and Advice to Living Authors, preferably in the order named.

Please do! I am hazy about the present length of the papers, but they ought, for The Reviewer, to run to 2,000 or 2,500 words.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

I hope this notion appeals. You could add such delicious advice to your pet abhorrences. The possibilities are endless.

FROM H. L. MENCKEN

September 12th [*1921*]

Dear Miss Newman:

Do you happen to be a graduate of any of the eminent women's colleges: Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, and so on? If so I'd like to write to you about an article for a series that we have projected.*

Sincerely yours

H. L. MENCKEN

* that is, for the *Smart Set.*

TO H. L. MENCKEN

My dear Mr. Mencken

Since I have not had the advantages of a college education, I can not write the article.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

FROM H. L. MENCKEN

Sept 16th

Dear Miss Newman:

Congratulations! I suspected as much. No Vassar gal could write as well as you do.

Snly yrs

H. L. MENCKEN

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

[*Atlanta, October 2, 1921*]

My dear Mr. Cabell

The Advice to Living Authors [published in The Reviewer, November, 1921] is finished, but I want to brood over it for a day or two before I send it, so that I won't bother you with corrections. I didn't write it first just for the pleasure of being perverse, but because the young publishers wouldn't make a phrase until a day or two ago. I shall try to send it to you about the fifteenth. It will have to be finished early, because I am going to New York for a week or two towards the end of October: to be exact, I shall, deo volente, leave here on Saturday the twenty-second for Richmond to pick up Margaret, who is going with me. I shall be in Richmond from Sunday until about Wednesday, and I hope that I may look forward to seeing you then.

Since "advice" has something of asperity about it, and since this article is far the most ill-natured thing I have yet written, don't you think that Letters or Counsel or some fairly suave word would replace it rather graciously? And I should be delighted to have a few more of the Master Philologist's own full-stops and even a

few semi-colons, so please do anything you like to the paper.

I am enclosing Mr. Holt's letters, which scarcely require any comment from me, but you might, if you weren't far too kind, say you told me that no one can write for intellectuals and imbeciles with the same pen. A book came from McBride's yesterday, entitled Autumn: I suspect that Mr. Holt must have sent it as an example of a "style" that isn't too clever. Probably I shall shortly be enlightened. I am also enclosing my review of The Pilgrim of a Smile, not because I am proud of the review, but because I like the book, and particularly because I think you would like it — no doubt the Reviewer has already a critic's copy. I wonder if you have seen Women in Love: you will doubtless gather from the Advice that I think it a gorgeous book, and if you haven't already squandered fifteen dollars for the American edition, won't you let me send you one of our English copies, which are, I understand, slightly expurgated? You can give it to me when I am in Richmond and be spared the pain of wrapping it up again.

Probably Miss Clark has told you what I wrote her of my absurd correspondence with Mr. Mencken. I am about to embark on Erik Dorn, which he and Mr. Rascoe commend rapturously on the jacket, and which I have no doubt I shall detest. You will see that I haven't given you any more impertinent advice, though I rather circled round you, I'm afraid, but mayn't I speak of you in the Young Publishers?

Yours very sincerely

FRANCES NEWMAN

FROM JAMES BRANCH CABELL

October 5, 1921

Dear Miss Newman:

I saw Mr. Holt only the other day, and then for the first time heard of their decision as to your book, as well as of the misaddressed letter. He is really, let me say, quite honest in his admiration for the manuscript's — I quote —"damnable cleverness." But they all judged, very much as he wrote you, that the cleverness would worry the persons who would like the story, and the story not appeal to those who would appreciate the cleverness. So the book did not appear — just viewed cold-bloodedly — a promising business venture. . . . That is the McBride decision. But, not for a moment, ought you to regard them as infallible. I would, in your place, now send the book to Knopf, and thereafter — in the event of the worst befalling — to Harcourt. And remember that rejections mean less than nothing. I cite from personal history: The Cream of the Jest was rejected by fifteen publishers: The Rivet was returned without comment in a contest in which the prize was awarded to Miss Dalrymple's Diane of the Green Van: and I might extend the harrowing history even further.

So! it is good to know you will soon be in Richmond. My wife has talked of taking me on to New York about the seventeenth, in which event I will not be here when you are: but I do not think she will succeed, and even in that event we must manage to arrange for a chat in New York.

The Reviewer has probably reached you, and I trust you have pardoned the unavoidable cuts. We have had to set seven pages as the absolute limit, and, I believe, I amputated only the least essential parts. Please, though,

send the paper for the November issue the moment this reaches you: we are to make up the contents on the tenth — that is, to ratify them in a full meeting, and then to allow me two days wherein to "edit" before we go to press — and I have reserved the space for you, with everything else actually in hand. So mail it NOW! The Baugh paper I want to use for the December issue, but it needs — needs absolutely — a stronger ending, which I shall outline for the author's approval. . . . And say what you will of me in The Young Publishers. The "advice"-"letters"-"counsel" matter I will deliberate, but I could not speak with certainty until I have seen the perfected article. And I would be delighted to see The Pilgrim of a Smile, which you make seem most alluring. . . . As to Autumn — it is in many places quite beautifully written. The man has real gifts, and I have persuaded him, too, to help out The Reviewer. I shall wait, anyhow, a month or two before reading Erik Dorn.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

[*Atlanta, October 12, 1921*]

My dear Mr. Cabell

It was — if you will pardon the deplorably feminine adjective — sweet of you to send me, so beautifully autographed, your little essay on Mr. Hergesheimer. For the first time, I almost regret that I have no grandchildren to hand it down to, with my Jurgen. And though, for your sake, I deplore the misprint, the cor-

rection adds enormously to the distinction of the twenty-fifth page.

It was also sweet of you to tell me the astonishing tale of your own bibliographical vicissitudes. But The Goldfish Bowl would never justify such fortitude, and, happily, I care next to nothing about its fate. Really! Still, I had already written to Mr. Doran before you suggested Knopf, and he wrote me a most affable letter and another even more affable after I sent it. He has published various English novels of the genre that I was attempting — Patricia Brent, Spinster, was the prototype, not The Lightning Conductor. But if he sends it back to me, it will roam no more. And besides, the perusal of the October number of the Bookman has almost decided me to abandon literature for my present more peaceful profession.

I must admit that my poor Mackenzie paper did look rather a bleeding corpse to me, though I have no idea that its wounds would gape for any less interested person. But the Living Authors and the Young Publishers have not engaged my affections: indeed, I am making the dullest possible work of them. I have done a first draft of the publishers, but not at all spontaneously. I shall try to send it before you might be leaving, and I suppose you received the other on the same day that you wrote to me.

Of course, I should be delighted to see you even in New York, but such mind as I have always deserts me in the tube and I am most anxious to lay before you the result of many months of earnest thought upon the significance of Mother Sereda and the Nessus Shirt. I am now to leave on the twentieth instead of the twenty-second, because of some concerts I want to be in time for.

Mr. Mencken and I are becoming quite intimate friends and he is heaping even further coals of fire on my head. I was actually grieved when I came upon a most frightful assault on him in the new Athenaeum this morning. But I can hardly complain of them, because it is just what I said myself, only, of course, far more dexterously spoken — "Artistic standards simply do not exist for him. What interests him is his authors' ideas; and he reserves his praise for those authors whom, possibly rightfully from his American standpoint, he regards as rebels."

Yours, with quite a thousand thanks,

FRANCES NEWMAN

And here was I almost forgetting to say how deliciously amusing — and how wonderfully enlightening — I found the genealogy [Mr. Cabell's The Lineage of Lichfield, one installment of which had been published in The Reviewer, October, 1921]. I hope you will let The Eagle's Shadow come along — soon. I have vainly sought the early history of Felix Kennaston in every rare book shop in the country.

FROM JAMES BRANCH CABELL

October 14, 1921

Dear Miss Newman:

Your letter this morning roused me to pangs of shame, for not having earlier acknowledged your Advice to Living Authors. My excuse is that I have of late been trying simultaneously to write, conduct a magazine, sit for a portrait, and bring out a débutante stepdaughter — and, not being even "three gentlemen at once," I have lacked the fifth personality to attend to my correspondence. But the paper is most excellent!

Nothing could be more to my purpose, and so ambitious am I to figure in the masterpiece that I am re-inserting the advice to me, from the earlier version. And I promise you that if there are any cuts necessitated by make-up, they will be as few as possible.

I do not write further because I shall see you when you come to Richmond.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

[*Atlanta, October 17, 1921*]

My dear Mr. Cabell

If you put in that silly "advice," you will cause my death, no less. You can't think that I have managed to keep an opinion a whole year? You see, I did not then understand you — it's not so easy.

If The Young Publishers [The Reviewer, December, 1921] were more magnificent, I should hold them as hostage until you swore by all the ten strange gods that you wouldn't bring up my past against me, but as it is, I only implore you to spare me. Besides, it's too flippant for the rest. *Please.*

Yours, in a really dreadful state,

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO HANSELL BAUGH

Richmond — Wednesday
[*October 26, 1921*]

Dear Hansell

You should have heard the great James talk of how well you write — those are practically his words. As

I told him, you are proof positive that Atlanta is almost an oasis. He — and Priscilla — were here Saturday and Miss Clark and Mr. Stagg came in a little later. Hunter is far the cleverest and most attractive of the Reviewers. I went to tea yesterday with Miss Clark and only Mr. Cabell and the other editors were there. He is really very much interested in your work and asked me about what you were doing and what you had written before. He wants you to do them another — but probably he has written you that. What about that subject which was going to lead you to observe that bound volumes of the Smart Set were inconceivable, or the expatriates?

We are leaving for New York tonight. I had a remarkably cordial letter from "Pauline Ornstein" and she and Leo will be there. Of course I am thrilled at the idea of seeing him again, or I should perish at the idea of seeing the great James no more.

I heard from Mencken the day I left Atlanta. Mr. Cabell says that he looks forward to bailing out the survivor of our encounter.

Mr. Cabell is very firm about the added entry, and he has cut out my best sentence in the young pubs., although he admits it's beautiful, because it's too civil to him.

Sincerely

FRANCES NEWMAN

FROM JAMES BRANCH CABELL

November 17, 1921

My dear Miss Newman:

It was good of you to send that handsome book to Ballard — under, to be sure, the name of his grand-

father (really, you know, that dedication of The Certain Hour were it addressed to my son would be in most appalling taste),— and he has delighted in it. The anatomy of mermaids is now heavily upon his mind, and is a topic to which he frequently refers inquiringly.

It was not good of you, though, to pass through Richmond inaccessibly. I hope that, anyhow, the cold is now an affair of the past? And I do hope most earnestly that you did not suspect me of "passing" that hideous misprint in your Reviewer article. I am enclosing, indeed, my exoneration, in the proof as I revised it. The extra line, you see, was taken out of Mr. Stagg's article, for correction, and by some mad error set at the bottom of this form instead of being thrown away.

Anyhow, the Young Publishers was, after I had removed the delightful tribute to me, but three lines over-length, so that it should, printers permitting, appear almost exactly as you wrote it. You have no notion how deeply I am indebted to you for helping me out with those three numbers — nor how heartily I rejoice that I am now done with "editing."

You seem to have made conquests everywhere in New York.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

[*Atlanta, November 26, 1921*]

My dear Mr. Cabell

Please do not distress yourself about my acquisition of a few lines belonging to Mr. Stagg — the Consti-

tution has long ago broken my spirit typographically. But I have just a tiny grudge against you for changing of to on in "have the law of him," which I regard as an agreeable English vulgarism. I am very much pained over my shocking error concerning your little boy's name, and I beg a thousand pardons both of him and of you. He is the only child who has ever said a kind word of me, and I was quite truly sorry that I did not know he was in your car.

The cold is entirely well, now that I have nothing much to do except have colds. But it was the only blot on a very amusing week, due almost entirely to yourself. Mr. Holt was a great surprise to me — I had no idea that he was either so young or so clever. And I was delighted to behold the dedicatee of Jurgen, though we fell foul of each other about Sherwood Anderson, who is, so Mr. Rascoe says, quite as different from Mr. Floyd Dell as you are from Dreiser. I suppose I suffer from stagnant gentility myself. I was to have seen Mr. Nock, of the Freeman, Friday, and I was sorry to miss seeing him because he has an idea that I might do something for them. However, I'm about to abandon literature, as I wrote you.

Miss Clark must have told you that Jurgen's lawyer is an old and intimate friend of ours. Margaret is very anxious for Garrard [Glenn] and his wife to come down to visit her so that he may see you — his wife was a girl from Albemarle County, a really charming woman. And no doubt Miss Clark will also have told you that Mr. Mencken and I threw nothing at all at each other — that I was, on the contrary, very much taken with him. This historic visit, to be sure, is even now cur-

rent. Please be so amiable as to waste a little of your valuable-time telling me about it.

Very sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

If you haven't yet seen The Pilgrim of a Smile, I have now a copy of my own, which I should be delighted to send you. And do you fancy the idea of Women in Love?

III

LITERATURE was not, after all, henceforth to be abandoned; nor was the "more peaceful profession" of librarians to be pursued for very long. The one played, rather, into the hand of the other throughout the following year, during which she not only continued to write the weekly Literary Notes for the Sunday newspaper in Atlanta, but contributed also two articles to the Richmond Reviewer and a few reviews to the New York Tribune. With One Year's Subscription was published in The Reviewer for April, 1922; Herd Complex, in the following month's issue of the same magazine; and she made her journalistic debut in New York with the review of Mr. Louis Wilkinson's The Buffoon which is mentioned in letters to her family and to Miss Emily Clark, editor of The Reviewer: it appeared on the book page of the Tribune for July 2, in those columns which were devoted each Sunday to "Books of Yesteryear."

Mrs. Newman's death in April of that year was a grief and a loss that found, in the following letters, but the same halting expression that is the only expression sons and daughters have ever given their most grievous loss. Frances Newman's first published novel, completed four years later, carried a dedication that recalls her unfailing attentiveness and her anticipation of every want that she might see or imagine her mother to have. Fre-

quent among those attentions was her careful choosing of some new or old biography from the library's list — lives and letters of eminent nineteenth century personages, Mrs. Newman's constant and favorite reading: one of these books lay open beside the bed in which she died.

After a brief stay with her sister in Richmond, Frances Newman returned early in May to Atlanta. She pondered vaguely the alternatives of remaining there or of going to New York to live, with a resultant compromise: she visited New York en route to an August vacation in Massachusetts, and continued for the remaining months of the year to be resident in Atlanta.

Her papers in The Reviewer, meanwhile, had incited two eminent writers of newspaper columns to public comment: in the Baltimore Sun, on May 15, two columns under the heading Violets in the Sahara, by H. L. Mencken, included an assertion that "Miss Newman has a tight, glittering, extremely uncommon style, and more learning than fifty professors"; and in the New York Tribune, five Sundays later, a conversation about The Reviewer recorded by Burton Rascoe included his remark that "Miss Newman, who writes regularly for the magazine, has perhaps the most amazing prose style in America; her writing is breathless, crammed with allusions to the work of almost every notable writer in the three major modern languages."

Yet her next published paper was to be the most conclusive proof she ever gave of her continued allegiance — with many amusing reservations — to Atlanta. Atlanta was indeed the title of the paper which she wrote during the autumn of 1922, and which was published in The Reviewer for January, 1923 — the second in a series of such metropolitan portraits that had appropri-

ately been inaugurated with Miss Clark's paper, Richmond.

Her next written work, too, was to have Atlanta for a shadowy background: a preliminary version of the first episode for The Hard-Boiled Virgin was written in Atlanta in November, 1922, according to the date on the completed manuscript's last page — "Atlanta, Paris, New York, Peterborough: November, 1922 — August, 1926."

In February, 1923, she went abroad for the spring and the summer. In Paris she wrote the second and the third episode in the life of Katharine Faraday and she completed an estimate of the then published works of Paul Morand, which appeared in The Reviewer for July. She began pondering the idea, suggested during her reading of Monsieur Morand's six "open" Nights, that "epoch-making forms" in the short story are always the new and individual forms of tales which are "not, according to any yet accepted definition, short stories" — an idea which she was to unfold and to illustrate, a year later, in The Short Story's Mutations. But chiefly, in those months in Paris, she looked at a great many contemporary French paintings, talked with a few contemporary French writers, read eighteenth century French books, and attended courses at the Sorbonne, of still more ancient tradition. And, as she told Mr. Grant Overton, she met Mlle. Angela Lavelli, "a charming woman with whom she read Voltaire, Diderot, and the rest," and from whom — a later letter declares — she "got more than from the Sorbonne."

Atlanta — Monday [*May 8, 1922*]

Dearest Margaret

The love in a mist is beautiful — I never had seen any before that I remember — and it has suddenly come out after the rains. We took some to Westview [cemetery] yesterday morning. We had a lot of coreopsis from here and Mrs. Ellis's and ragged robins and larkspur, so we stopped at Mrs. Joynes' and got some featherfew, and the whole effect was very pretty.

Mr. C—— says that he is practically sure he could get me a job with the Telephone's Information department in New York — they look up things and make little pamphlets and all that, I gather. It would do no harm, I suppose, to see what they would offer — big corporations always deal more gently with their slaves than libraries and such high-minded institutions. I'm not going to try making up my mind — just wait and see what the future brings forth. I am worried about Mammy, but she has a fit whenever I suggest getting another cook temporarily — says she would be driven mad by a strange and inevitably trifling woman.

I weeded the bed by the porch Saturday afternoon and I am going out now and weed the new bed — I really enjoy it, because it rests my mind and my eyes. The lilies were beautiful and two stalks are still fresh. Be sure to tell me about the oriental poppies. Somebody sent me a fuchsia — did I tell you? — and it is putting out a lot of buds. The house is really lovely, and Henry and Kathrine will probably be in before the week's out. They are upset over the door-knob — the kind you push a round thing down — you know. Can you find out if they are good Colonial, unless you happen to know.

The Contractor says it is to match the knocker. With ever so much love.

FRANCES

Don't think about coming on my account — I'm really *all right.*

Monday [*June 19, 1922*]

Dearest Margaret

Little Kathrine and Mary are coming to spend a night or two, as our lodger has gone to New Orleans and I don't feel like going anywhere to stay. She is thrilled over coming.

Henry and I will take some flowers to Westview Friday, and get some pretty ones from Mrs. Joynes if we haven't enough. We got some orange zinnias yesterday and had everything yellow and white, and it looked very pretty. The bed was drooping, but there was a real storm yesterday afternoon.

I am enclosing a page of Burton Rascoe's with something I think you would like to see. I always feel so badly when anybody says something nice that Mother isn't here to read it.

With love

FRANCES

[*Atlanta, July 4, 1922*]

Dearest Margaret

It was so nice for Betty to see Washington — I think I must have been about her age when I first went, and I still remember how thrilled I was. I wrote Peg yesterday. I do hope she's happy there.

Here is the review. I can't read it over. My things always make me sick when I see them in print. I'll do something for the Tribune again, as Burton Rascoe

asked, but I am trying to do the one I pine to get in the Dial — I want to finish it before we leave.

With love

FRANCES

TO HANSELL BAUGH

North Scituate Beach, Minot, Massachusetts
August fourth [*1922*]

Dear Hansell

You will have to be amiable and suffer the first letter on the Corona, because I want you to be able to read what I say. I don't think you have sufficiently shown that you find The Return of the Soldier charming and beautiful, and I think there's too much "writing" in it for so short a review. I know both of those strictures come with a very poor grace from me, because no one winds up as lengthily as I do. And I wouldn't say so much about the new book or say flatly that I hadn't seen it. I adore the penultimate paragraph and it's all so good that I don't doubt B. R. would take it gladly, but I want it to be perfect, because I expect much more of you than of myself. I still feel a slight constraint, in your style.

Mencken says that I will discourage "customers" if I'm not simpler, but B. R. says he would be sorry to see me change at all. I went to tea with the Rascoes and it wasn't tea, so I was not nearly so discreet as I meant to be. B. R. admits doing the Hergesheimer, the Mencken, and the Anderson for the Bookman, and Edmund Wilson, who was there, did the Fitzgerald and knew all about my "episode" with Scott. I had dinner with Mr. Huebsch but did not see Mr. Nock: Mr. Huebsch is charming — as nice as the Freeman.

Scituate has yet to justify my coming a thousand miles to see it. But I've seen Plymouth Rock, which is very small.

In a hurry —

FRANCES N.

FROM H. L. MENCKEN

S. S. *Geo. Washington*
[*October 19, 1922*]

Dear Frances:

Where are you, in Atlanta or New York? By God's Providence we shall land tomorrow. It has been a tiresome and fatiguing trip.

I'll stay in New York a day or two, and then go to Baltimore to change into my winter flannels.

Ich kuss die Hand.

Yours,

H. L. M.

TO EMILY CLARK

[*Two sentences from F. N.'s review of The Buffoon should be quoted in explanation of the amusement she expresses in the third paragraph of the following letter — its opening sentence: "Now that Mr. Carl Van Vechten, with an admirable triumph of altruism over that egotistical distaste which less amiable persons might have felt for admitting that they were only just hearing of Ronald Firbank and Arthur Machen, has so public-spiritedly been playing at least Amerigo Vespucci to these two gentlemen, it can be only a question of time until he becomes at least the John Sebastian Cabot of Louis Wilkinson — or, rather, of The Buffoon — a tale (published in the*

remote intra-bellum year 1916) which has all the trinity of erudition, brilliant wit, and indelicate indecency to commend it." And its concluding sentence: "But Mr. Van Vechten has not — yet — got around to lamenting, con brio, that it has [not] attained the commercial apotheosis of going into the reprints."]

45 West Eleventh Street, Atlanta
November twentieth [*1922*]

My dear Emily

You can't be more convinced than I am that this is paper no lady would write on. Some one sent it to me from Paris, and the unsuspected epistolary activities of my nephew (a most typical seventeen) have left me only this and yellow copy paper — which you might prefer.

I can't wait another day to tell you that my letter must have read far more peevishly than it was written. But I *am* a sensitive soul and easily put in my place. And I know perfectly well that I'm not essential to The Reviewer, though it's sweet of you to say so. The "Atlanta" paper wouldn't, certainly, have made me famous overnight, but for one highly personal and intensely feminine reason [its failure to appear in the October number] *did* make rather a nasty difference to me just then.

I saw the reference to The Reviewer in The Literary Lobby — excellent publicity. And I'm delighted to hear that the circulation is on the rise. I hope you will get a Firbank for January, though the Y. I.'s have nearly spoiled him for me. I still have one literary ripe olive that Carl Van Vechten hasn't discovered, but I expect him to any week. Wasn't it amusing that he *would* write about Louis Wilkinson.

I suppose we could hardly expect Mencken to like

——'s article — it was a good idea, I think, but he can't yet produce an apparently inevitable sequence.

The house isn't sold yet, so I don't know when I shall get away.

Affectionately

FRANCES N.

FROM H. L. MENCKEN

[*December 6, 1922*]

Dear Frances:

You will sicken of Europe in three months, and begin to snuffle every time you see the Flag. There will be rough-house over there by May 1st. Reserve your return passage!

The arms on the covers of my books are those of the Menckenii, a primeval Frisian tribe. They abandoned cannibalism for Christianity in the year 1216 A.D.

What has become of Hergesheimer?

[*F. N. had meanwhile sent to Mr. Mencken, with a letter which has not survived, her newly written first episode for The Hard-Boiled Virgin.*]

[*December 7, 1922*]

Dear Frances:

I think it is an excellent idea. Why not, indeed? There is absolutely no reason why you shouldn't do the thing in a series of such episodes.

This one is very well done, but of course it takes on a certain vagueness from the fact that it stands isolated. Why not let me see more of them?

Yrs in Xt.

H. L. M.

FROM JAMES BRANCH CABELL

[*F. N.'s review of The Cathedral had appeared in the New York Tribune, November 19.*]

December 29, 1922

Dear Miss Newman:

It was a trifold pleasure to hear from you again, to have another of your articles, and to learn you would be here in January. I am properly grateful on all these counts.

Walpole was here the day before yesterday, and he got into ever such a state. "My God!" says he, "and what have I done to the woman! It was the only really vicious review the book got! And I liked her so much, too!"

With that and your conscience I leave you.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

TO HANSELL BAUGH

[*Richmond, February 1, 1923*]

Dear Hansell

You *are* discerning — it *is* an epoch, perhaps *the* epoch. Do you think I'm all wrong, or am I just like all women? You see, I'm very susceptible to celebrity, of course, but he is enormously amusing besides, and very *grand seigneur* — women do like that — and besides he thinks me very important as a lady of letters. It's absurd, but he says my future is more interesting than Rebecca West's! Mr. Cabell is a genius; Mencken is amusing —

he is both — and much nicer looking than that dreadful photograph, which I have denounced to him.

I was so sorry not to see you and that you weren't at home when I telephoned, but we couldn't have had any real talk in the state of my poor house. Write me to the Rochambeau, sailing February 13, and in Paris, American Express, until I write you something else. I'll write you a document on the boat.

And don't stay in Atlanta a minute longer than necessary. It's very bad for anybody and I already feel an extraordinary lightness and a curious detachment.

Do you happen to be attached to Diane de Poitiers, favorite en titre to Henri II? She has always been curiously interesting to me, and her Chenonceaux is my pet house — he wants me to do "a satirical commentary" on her — not a novel, not a biography — I have, so he says, to invent the form. And he says he'll write the introduction.

Well — life isn't dull, is it? I *do* miss you, and you *must* be a marvel, you know.

FRANCES

TO HER BROTHER

[*Richmond, February 8, 1923*]

Dearest Henry

I am leaving tomorrow, if nothing happens, and will go on to New York Sunday afternoon. I have promised Florence Bradley to stay with her.

The Cabells came yesterday afternoon and he signed the Jurgen. Margaret will send it down if you want to read it, but I suppose lots of people have them now. I went to a tea the other day to meet Dr. Baker of Har-

vard, and all the local lights were there — John Powell, among others. I seem to be quite a light here myself.

Love to you all

FRANCES

TO HER SISTER

Paquebot Rochambeau
20 Feb., 1923

Dearest Margaret

It's been a very good passage for the time of year so far and we have only three more days, if we land on Saturday as we're supposed to do. I haven't been really sick, though I've found it safer to eat on deck than in the dining-room most of the time.

Thursday

I feel perfectly well now, eat everything, and even take hot baths. I never did so well on a voyage before. There are an unusually interesting lot of people on board — these are not examples of the interesting ones, but Governor and Mrs. —— are on. I have been careful not to go near her, but I fell up the steps into his lap one day, so I had to talk a little to him, but I didn't reveal my identity.

It was so sweet of all your well brought up children to write me steamer letters. I felt quite home-sick and desolate at first, but I feel all right now and I am beginning to pine to write my book, so I'll probably begin before long, as I think if I have a hankering to do it, it must be time. I ought to be able to get it published, because on my last day in New York I ate lunch with Mr. Huebsch and Mr. Knopf and dinner with Guy Holt. In the Freeman of Feb. — there was a mention in Mis-

cellany of my "Atlanta" and all that controversy at the Univ. of Georgia — they are wrong about its being written for the Cracker. I suppose my review of Homely Lilla will be in next week — I am doing Mystery at Geneva now and will mail it back.

Friday

I have worn your dress nearly all the time, but have actually had the spirit to dress for dinner the last two nights. There is to be a concert tonight and I'll probably go in, because Darius Milhaud of the famous "Six" is on and a woman violinist who seems to have a great reputation in France.

Saturday, Feb. 24

We land this afternoon and I'm going to send this back from Havre. Write to 25 rue du Montparnasse, care Mrs. Oscar Gieberich until you hear from me. Love to you all.

TO HER BROTHER

[*Paris, March 2, 1923*]

Dear Henry

I've been to two lectures and am delighted to find that I understand without much trouble. I think it's the very thing for me — I'll not only learn something, but I'll also have my distracted mind occupied and pacified. I'm taking moyen-âge and renaissance, 17 and 18 century, 19 and 20 literature; history of ideas in France; French history — five courses, two hours a week each.

Howard Cook is here for a week on business and took us to dinner last night at Les Ecrevisses on Montmartre and afterward to "Oh, ma Poupée," a sort of revue, where one lady wore only a wreath of apple-blossoms

— not around her head — and the chorus wore only skirts beginning about six inches below the omphalos. We had wonderful food — sole and poulet aux champignons, cocktails and wine. It sounds like Dulcy to say it, but I don't care much about drinking now, though of course I do it at the smallest provocation. This painter who was on the boat wants to paint me as soon as he gets a studio — there will be an article about him in either the March or the April Studio. Anyway, I might as well let him, because I think he has real talent and it would be nice to use if I ever get a book written. He is very modern, so I won't look pretty. We have been to the famous Rotonde and Deux Magots cafés, but I can't be thrilled — I don't like *cheap* depravity.

I feel now that I won't want to stay long after I finish the course, but that will be July first and I simply must have at least a month or six weeks after. Howard says Blanche got a wonderful fur coat for a hundred and fifty or sixty dollars in Germany, and I am very anxious to go and get some clothes just before I go home. Of course, I won't think of it unless everything is quiet long before, so don't worry. I'll write to Louis soon. Send me some kodak pictures from time to time so I'll know my nephews and niece when I see them. Love to everyone.

TO HANSELL BAUGH

14 rue Stanislas, Paris
March twelfth [*1923*]

Your steamer letter was a masterpiece of the genre — I am preserving it for your biography, which

I won't be able to write because I probably shan't survive you.

First — I have seen the peerless Sacha and I regret to inform you that he is a "thick-set" (disclaiming inverted commas) gentleman of a certain age, with a voice that sounds as if he needed a new needle and also needed turning about three degrees to the left. The play is a musical comedy, with amiably reminiscent music by Messager. The fair Yvonne owes a good deal of her fairness to the arts — one did not gather much concerning the fashions, because she appeared only in two nighties and in a decoration of crystals. I went last night to the Atelier Montmartre, which is a sort of forcing plant for the Vieux Colombier. They did Pirandello's "La Volupté de l'honneur" and Antigone in a Cocteau version staged by Picasso — accent on the penult. It was quite clever but not Sophocles. The chorus was represented by a collection of masks on a blue background above the four very doric capitals and half-columns which represented the skene. I really enjoyed them both.

The celebrated *Rotonde* is just around the corner. I've been there several times, chiefly with a Swedish-American painter I picked up on the Rochambeau. They have fleas. There is a man with a perfectly Nordic profile who sits there in a turban made apparently of an aging dish-towel, a colored lady who seems accommodating, a most depraved Chinaman, a few score Americans, and a collection of dowdy-looking females. I believe the Americans and Englishmen who really *stay* here are tenth raters and I shan't mind leaving. Of course, you must come over some day, but not to stay too long. It's deteriorating, I fear.

I *do* like the Sorbonne professors. One called Régnier is very delightful on Litt. Classique and one called Fau-

connet on Histoire des Idées — French ideas, of course. I know all about Cézanne now — my painter has expounded a dozen canvases (you say canvases, *not* pictures) to me.

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Paris, March 13, 1923

My dear Mr. Cabell

Mr. Galantière says that Maître Anatole won't be looked at by stray Americans, but I don't feel depressed. You know how unimportant the Blue Grotto and the Leaning Tower become on being in one's vicinity. The one pleasant acquaintance of my voyage was due to the circumstance that my neighbor on deck was reading Domnei.

Europe isn't exactly the magic casement to me this time that it was when I was a young thing, and I shall doubtless fulfill Mencken's prophecy. Gentlemen who are also geniuses seem to be rare even here — perhaps they are to be met with in England.

Please remember me to Mrs. Cabell and to your young son.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO HANSELL BAUGH

[*Paris, March 22, 1923*]

You *are* a wonder — think of arriving in the Freeman at your pleasant age. I only saw Mr. Brooks at dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Huebsch and I was sitting be-

tween him and Mr. Huebsch and very nervous, but I think that under any circumstances I would find him a little difficult. He said in plain words that he didn't think style important in a novel — what can one expect from such a man? X. seems to be just about like him — most Americans are, so it's just as well you and I should cling to *le mot*. Ben Ray Redman was the only new man I met in New York whom I found at all sympathetic in such matters.

Today — I have had the excitement of talking with Vildrac, author of Paquebot Tenacity. He has a soul, also, I think, but he has a beard too. He was très gentil and did his best to comprehend my French. I think I wrote you that I saw Le Paquebot (he says it that way just as Mr. Cabell says The Figures and The Cream) and Michel Auclair, both at the Vieux Colombier — get Louise to buy them for the Library so you can read them, but *don't* write about them for the Freeman. I'm going to do that myself. I've just got the new Morand and I'm going to write about that too if I feel inspired.

Did I tell you about my painter? — he is to begin my portrait Monday, but as I probably told you, he is so modern that I shall be treated as if I were a chop or a rock. I'm becoming very *instruite* about painting — I know a Cézanne across a room, a Matisse across a gallery, a Marie Laurencin across the Place de la Concorde, and I have actually been bowed to by Vlaminck and Segonzac, and listened to some language of theirs to which I couldn't reply very intelligently since I didn't understand it. I've been to lots of concerts and to Walküre and Boris since I wrote you — go to the Lamoureux (7th Beethoven) tomorrow and the Touche Tuesday (Pastoral). And I've seen *rooms* full of negro sculpture. I

do wish you'd hold up a stage and come over. I feel a pig telling you all this.

s c a n d a l — Anatole's wife is the femme de chambre of his first maîtresse.

TO SUSAN LONG

[*Paris, April 8, 1923*]

Dear Mammy

Yesterday, the Saturday after Easter, they sold lilies of the valley everywhere on the streets here for good luck. I don't know why, but I'll find out and tell you — I'm sending you one to give you some of the good luck.

This picture is by an American colored painter, and Oscar Gieberich says that he is the best American painter. He lives here in Paris.

You would be surprised to see how much I eat, and everybody says I look a great deal better than when I came. The food in this pension isn't exciting, but it is very good. I had some pictures taken the other day for the "card of identity" every one who stays here two months has to get, and they look so fat I am sending you all the extra one to see, although they look so silly. All of you look at it and then pass it on to Margaret.

Tell Henry my actual living expenses are about sixty dollars a month, but of course I spend some for plays and concerts and tea. I simply have to have tea, and though I go out to other people's often, I sometimes have to take them. The pension has such bad tea that I take coffee for breakfast, but it's mostly milk. I'll begin travelling about the end of May.

Lots of love

FRANCES

[*Early in April, 1923*]

Dearest Margaret

Van Wyck Brooks (Freeman) wants some articles on new French writers and I may do Morand — you remember I was reading his "Ouvert la Nuit" while I had the cold. I've just finished his new "Fermé la Nuit." I've been reading a lot of eighteenth century French and I've taken a passion for Voltaire — I might write something about him — he's certainly not overdone in America.

I do think it would help me a lot as critic if I could see the new German stage-settings and get an idea of their new literature, but I won't think of going unless the American consulate says it's all right — the Herald has things constantly about Americans touring in the Black Forest and all that. Mable wants me to come back from England and go to the country with them, to write. Of course, if I make a start, it might be a good thing, but I'd much rather go home. I feel that I don't want to stay away from Louis any longer, but I simply can't go back to the awful atmosphere of the library. I wrote Henry about a book page for the Constitution.

Shall I buy anything for you or the children? A girl who just came from Germany says there is no fur and no anything left there.

Be sure to tell me about the little Cabell boy. I'd like to write to them. Mr. Hergesheimer is the very man who cautions me against staying too long. I do think it's a great mistake for a writer to live in a foreign country.

TO HER NIECE, ELIZABETH PATTERSON

[*April 16, 1923*]

Dear Bet

I'm so afraid of getting this very small *cadeau de fête* too late, that I'm probably getting it too early. Anyway, I wish you good luck in your teens and a happy birthday. Yours is the only age in the family I never have any trouble remembering, because you were born when I was in Florence the first time. I went to lunch yesterday at Armenonville, a very smart restaurant in the Bois de Boulogne, and afterwards to the races at Longchamps with your Aunt Madge. You would have loved to see the dressmakers' mannikins parading around and your Aunt Madge knew exactly where every one belonged.

Love to all the family.

FRANCES

TO HER SISTER

[*April 19, 1923*]

Dear Margaret

I went with some Norwegians to see a Danish play called "Le Professeur Klenow" last night at the Odéon with a famous Danish actor called Paul Reumert (of whom I'd never heard). It was in French and I found I could understand nearly every word. One Norwegian girl knows German very well, so I am practicing mine with her.

This afternoon Mable and I are going to tea with a girl named Sarah Addington, who writes for the Smart Set and is over here for the Ladies' Home Journal —

queer combination. I try to write a little every day, but of course I want to read and see now, more than write. Mlle. Lavelli is splendid, and I really am learning a lot. But I don't think I'll ever have the courage to cross the ocean again, so I'll have to do everything I'm going to do this time. My portrait may be all right as a picture, but as a portrait it's a sight. The medallion is much better. I now have a room to myself, but I have to pay three francs a day more — only twenty-one cents, after all. But I'm learning to think in francs and to have more respect for one.

What about the little Cabell boy? Lots of love. I'll be thinking so much about you and about everything.

TO HANSELL BAUGH

[*April 23, 1923*]

Certainly I went to the Indépendants, and the very day after I came, and with my Swedish painter — no longer, by the way, mine. There were miles of it, mostly very bad, because there was no jury and people who couldn't even draw paid their fifty francs (or whatever) and showed. The place to see pictures here is at the important dealers' galleries — Matisse is showing about a hundred paintings and drawings at Bernheim's just now and there is also a Gauguin exhibition on.

I went yesterday to see Six Characters — become *Six Personnages en quête d'auteur* — and was enchanted by its pure cleverness. I can now understand every word of a French play, which naturally makes them more amusing — I am not of those who can be ravished by Russians in their native tongue.

I suppose you saw my supposed review in the Freeman

— it was only *extracts* from what I wrote and I'm naturally furious. Please inform George and the rest of our world that Mr. Brooks (who likes the book) made something entirely different in intention from what I wrote. I've nearly finished my Morand and I shall tell him that unless he will print it word for word and comma for comma I don't want it printed. Writing is a dog's life, but I'm working on the H.B.V. again — it fights with Morand in my poor brain.

I've heard a good deal of music, mostly orchestra, and Thursday night, d. v., I shall see and hear Ravel in the flesh (I thought he was dead). Tell Louise that the Swedish ballet will be here in May and ask her to bring the Baedeker for Berlin. Also, if she hasn't left, tell her I'm still going to meet her at the Gare St. Lazare, but if we should inconceivably miss each other, she is to take a taxi to 14, rue Stanislas and you pronounce the last syllable like lass and come down hard on it.

Of course we'll search out Nietzsche's music for you — don't you suppose Mencken must have written about it in one of his books? — only one of them is really criticism. I'm going to Rheims tomorrow in the motor of my brother-in-law's sister-in-law, and incidentally (quite) to Château Thierry. Write to me — we'll be here until the first of June, I suppose. Did I tell you I'd met Berenson's sister? Joyce's eyes are very poorly, so I haven't seen him, and I'd forgotten all about Ezra, but I'll inquire after him.

TO HER SISTER

[*April 25, 1923*]

This will be just a note to let you know that I'm all right. I am going to Rheims tomorrow with Madge

in her car and we will be gone two days. I went to lunch with her yesterday at Prunier's and had a wonderful lobster and wonderful caviar. She said Rufus had just written that he had such a delightful visit to you and was charmed with the children and thought you looked so well — all of which I was glad to hear.

Mable and May Jones both say Nantucket is charming — much more attractive than Falmouth. I still expect to sail on July 21 or 22. We ought to land about the first of August, so I'll probably stay a few days in New York and then come there — that is, if Louis is coming too.

I am doing a critique on Paul Morand for the Freeman, but I'm going to tell Mr. Brooks that unless he can print it word for word I want him to send it to you — the Herrick was ruined.

On the twenty-first I went to the Madeleine and burned a candle and got some lilies to put by Mother's picture — it was an awful day, wasn't it? I do want to see you. Ever so much love.

I'm working on Parthenos slowly. So glad to have your letters.

TO HER BROTHER

[*May 1, 1923*]

I really enjoyed the trip to Rheims. You know I never read anything about the war, and I was perfectly astonished by the fields of barbed wire entanglements — I always thought they had just one or two rows. We went to the American cemetery at Belleau Wood because Madge wanted to see the grave of a Cummings boy from New York. I asked the director if

MYJOSS
ANGLICUM

young Marvus Beck had been buried there and he was. We had lunch at Château Thierry and discovered that La Fontaine of the Fables was born there and the house is the inn. We spent the night at Rheims in the Grand Hôtel du Lion d'Or, which was being built while we slept — there can't be ten houses in Rheims that were there before the war. Pomméry champagne is made there and we saw the place as we went out to Fort Pompenelle, which I couldn't enjoy for thinking how Louis would have loved to creep in and out of the shell holes and loop-holes — it is half ruined. We came back by the celebrated Chemin de Dames and the "hell-gate" of Soissons, and for miles and miles there wasn't a house with a roof on it or a cultivated field. The last place we stopped was in Compiègne Forest, where there is a monument to mark the spot where the armistice was signed and very unamiably inscribed — "Ici Succomba l'Orgueil Criminel de l'Empire Allemand Vaincu par les Peuples Libres Qu'ils Prétendaient Asservir." It is built around the tracks where Foch's train and the Germans' train came up — not more than two hours from Paris.

I think I will go back with Louise Smith, unless I feel differently later. I will have had about all I can get here and London is too expensive to stay long and every other place seems too upset. Your garden sounds lovely and I do want to see it. The Tuileries gardens have been covered with bulbs the Dutch government presented and they were so many colors that Mable and I both thought of Mr. Ragan's yard during opera week. I thought about all the gaieties last week, but since the time is six hours earlier here, I have a hard time thinking of anything at the right time. If you will send me little Kathrine's measures, I do want to get her a dress —

they are adorable. I saw a red-haired doll I was wild to get for her, but it cost nearly as much as a dress. Love to you all.

TO HER SISTER

[*May 8, 1923*]

I wrote you, I think, that Edward Alden Jewell was here. He read what I've written of Parthenos and he says he thinks I'm a critic rather than a novelist, and I think so myself. I've nearly finished my Morand article, but I'm to meet him this afternoon — Mlle. Lavelli knows some one who knows him — so I'll probably do it all over. I went to hear a critic called Jean Cocteau lecture yesterday afternoon and was very much interested in seeing and hearing him, but it was funny that he who is such a gay, impertinent writer was obviously frightened nearly to death on the platform, drank water from the historic glass, and was très gauche.

I don't want to come back without getting at least one dress and yet I don't want to buy any more black and I can't quite make up my mind to have any violet. The women here wear so much mourning and so many crêpe veils that I've taken a perfect horror of it. May Jones has gotten herself a gray dress for exactly that reason. Henry said the ice stock might pay an extra dividend, and if it does I think I will get a mole coat — all the hair is coming off mine.

Louise Smith and I plan to go to Germany together about the first week in June, but of course that will be uncertain until the last minute. I'll write you another address as soon as I can — if I send a cable don't be alarmed. Of course I want to come back in July, but

sometimes I think that perhaps I ought to stay a little longer, because I'm sure I'll never come again. Delia is still in Italy, but will be back next week and probably go home with us. Madge went to Brussels Saturday to visit for a few days, and by this time she's in London. She really was sweet to me. Friday she took me to a Russian restaurant, Au Canneton, where they are famous for caviar. They put two big flannel cakes — exactly like the cakes we had at home — on a plate, cover them with melted butter, put a big spoonful of wonderful caviar on top and some sauce made (I was told) of sour cream on the side, if you want it. You might try it when you want to be impressive. They have cocktails very like egg-nogg, only the liquor is different. Of course I'd love to have you meet me in N. Y. but the U. S. Line is very slow and I'd hate for you to wait in N. Y. at the end of July when it's so hot. Louise and I can look poor enough to soothe the customs and then you and I will stop in N. Y. as we come back from Nantucket. I wish it were August now and I were all settled down there with you. Do rest and take it easy. I'm crazy to see your new garden. Lots of love. I've had to go to the dentist — think I must have broken two back teeth on bread, so I've stopped all bread except croissants.

TO HANSELL BAUGH

May ninth [*1923*]

This time I have so many amusing things to relate that I positively suffer from relating them to the one person who should be here instead of myself. So I'll begin with a sad disappointment — Sunday, having

waited on tip-toe for two months, I went to the Opéra-Comique to hear at long last Pelléas et Mélisande. We were late, and as we went in I was desolated and enraged by the overture to — of all horrible things! — Pagliacci — become Paillasse, to make it worse. I couldn't face it, dragged my astonished friends out, and demanded my twenty-five francs in a remarkable flow of highly abusive French. And got it. I fear I shall never hear it (the opera).

Monday — more cheerful now — I went to hear one Cocteau give a causerie entitled "L'ordre considéré comme l'anarchie." What he said was not remarkable, but it was amusing. He raved about Radiguet, a boy of twenty who has just published "Le Diable au Corps," written at seventeen. Radiguet, I was told yesterday, is his Lord Alfred Douglas. Cocteau is tall and slim with one of those nice high-nosed French profiles and long slim hands. I went that night with my painting Swede to a dinner chez Strix — do you remember about it from a Dial of about a year ago? — and then to see my first French cinema — as bad as people had told me.

But yesterday! I met the incomparable Morand and have a signed Fermé la Nuit to show for it. He isn't nearly so interesting as his books and not so English as his photographs, but he is interesting enough. His apartment is a mansarde, 9 rue Penthièvre, and one walks up five steep flights. He is going to write the Paris letter in the Dial after this and Seltzer is to publish him in America. I'm afraid the Freeman may not want my article on him and I'm stuck in the middle anyway.

Cocteau's was the first of a series at the Barraque de la Chimière, a little paste-board theater in the Boulevard St. Germain. Saturday there will be Auric on music and Louise will arive in time for André Lhote on painting

— you can find him in Jan Gordon's book at the library — doubtless 759.4. But I am desolated that Satie will not appear until June 16, when we should be beyond the Rhine. Please reproach Martha Kendrick for not writing to me and give my regards to Miss Pettus, who will be watching over your bibliographical necessities, no doubt. I forgot to say that last Friday I saw Jean Borlin, premier danseur of the Swedish ballet — very intelligent dancing and costuming, but not ravishing.

TO HER BROTHER

[*Paris, May 21, 1923*]

All I ask in an apartment is a porch — I don't care if it's not on a stylish street, but I'd rather not be right on a car line. Of course it ought to be convenient for Louis. I'm sending him a birthday letter with a handkerchief — he'll doubtless clean the Ford with it. I went to the Folies Bergères and grieved that you weren't there — some of the scenes are beautiful and they certainly are not hampered in the way of nudes. One of the acts was marked "Manquettes de Costume" by So-and-So. I hope you don't think I'm being extravagant, but while I'm here I'd better see Berlin and London. I'm sure I'll never get back again. Love to you all.

TO HER SISTER

[*May 22, 1923*]

Louise Smith got into St. Lazare Friday about half-past seven. She had a very good crossing and I am

nearly running her off her feet seeing Paris. I think I must have gotten quite hard and strong, because she collapses while I am still going strong. If we get our German visas we will leave by the fourth of June. I think I told you that I have the address of a good pension in Berlin for one dollar a day American money, and the girl who gave it to me had just come from there and had no trouble except in crossing the Ruhr. Mr. Beckley, at the bank, says it's perfectly safe for us to go.

I sent my paper on Morand by the Mauretania four days ago, and asked Mr. Brooks to send it to you unless he will print it *word for word*. Will you give it to Emily as soon as possible — I want to get it published before some one else does him, and she should have it early in June for the July issue. I had another letter from Van Wyck Brooks yesterday asking if I was sending it soon.

May 25

I got your letter about Warm Springs yesterday. It would be lovely, I don't doubt, but I'm sure you're doing it on my account. I didn't know Louis would be at your house with Jack, and I'll feel perfectly happy about him and able to wait a few weeks to see him. If Peg is going to camp, I know you would be better satisfied in New England. So do just as *you* want to do. I'd love to think of your really doing as you wanted to once in your sweet unselfish life.

We got the German visas yesterday and I got a letter from the Freeman to use officially, which should be a great protection, the Freeman being so pro-German. Also, Mr. Huebsch wrote me that his wife's brother-

in-law is there in charge of Swedish interests in the Ruhr and to call on him if we needed to. I feel rather sad to leave Paris and to think of all the things that will be happening after I'm gone, but still I ought to have enough impressions to last a long time.

The ——s are here and left a card for me, which I will politely return. I've got two dresses and one hat, but I won't wear them until fall — a plum and a mauve and a plum velvet hat and a squirrel coat. I'd like to have a gray wool skirt to wear with it. I'll send you a picture and perhaps you could have a sewing-woman make it. Thank Bet for her letter.

TO HANSELL BAUGH

Paris, May 29 [1923]

Louise and I have engaged window seats in the train to Amsterdam next Monday, June fourth, so, God willing, we shall see a windmill. We'll be in Berlin on the sixth or seventh and I wish you could join us there before we leave for London about the end of the month.

Louise thinks I have finally acquired a continental point of view, and I hope to *get* Germany if I can manage it in three weeks — I'll try to have lessons. I'm rather sorry to be going back with the taste of England.

I have some new clothes, so you'll hardly know me, but they are, as the vendeuse said, "très dame." I sent my Morand with that firm demand — I can't, as I told him, face another bleeding corpse. Be sure to write me what you'll be doing. I almost forgot that we've heard Stra*w*insky's Sacre du Printemps — épatant.

May 29 [1923]

We paid the passage and have the ticket — President Adams, from London, July 21. It is supposed to land July 31, but the Millers, who went on it last month, were two days late, and even the office here is a little vague. It lands in Hoboken. Don't think of trying to meet me. After a few days of New York I'll come wherever you are. Louise wants to stay a few days, as she has until August sixth, and I'll try at last to get a definite reviewing-job. Don't think about me in choosing between Warm Springs and Nantucket. I'll be glad to sit down peacefully with you at either one.

Madge wrote me about Rufus's great friend in Dresden, so between him and Mr. Huebsch's wife's brother-in-law, we can be protected. I wouldn't go if I weren't sure things were all right.

We went last night to the Swedish ballet. It was very interesting, but not temperamental or thrilling like the Russians. I am going to hear d'Annunzio speak at the Trocadéro Saturday afternoon. I do wish you could have been with me to see all these things — but don't ever think I'd want to stay indefinitely — I've been homesick half the time. I do want to be with Louis and yet I dread Atlanta — I think I will have to sort of straddle while he is at Tech, because he ought to go on there, I'm pretty sure. If we just have a little apartment, it will be easier to go to see you and have more money to do it with and keep me from being nervous when he and Mammy roam on Sundays.

Louise has gone to Versailles with a girl in the pension. I'm taking a rest — real sight-seeing bores me terribly, and I was horrified at the change in myself when I saw

Napoleon's tomb again after thirteen years — the tomb must be just the same.

Amsterdam, June 5

I can't remember that you came here — it's the most amusing country, has everything it's supposed to have and marvelous rhododendrons which I didn't expect. No bulbs except iris are blooming and I'm sorry it's too early to buy bulbs. Louise is crazy to see Hannover, so will stop there a few hours and go on to Berlin Friday. We had to come this way, but I'm delighted that we did. Everybody bicycles, there are hardly any motors, and you can walk right up the middle of the street.

London, June 22

You'll have had my cable saying we were safely in England — I was afraid you would worry a little about my being there and would be glad to know I was in such a peaceful country as England. Everything in Berlin was perfectly peaceful, too. It's the quietest place for its size I was ever in. We went down to Dresden just for two days and were charmed with it. I enjoyed seeing things there that you and Belle brought back photographs of and those I admired greatly as a child. We had a wonderful time going to operas and plays and one orchestral concert directed by Möricke, who is going to America in the fall. We heard Tristan and Isolde, Rheingold, Rosenkavalier (I think you heard that in Atlanta when Belle and I were in Italy in 1914), Elektra, and Rimsky-Korsakov's Golden Cockerel on the night of its first German performance.

The performance at the border as we went in, also in Holland, was such a wearing and nerve-racking thing — though there was really no trouble about it —

that we decided to come to London by aeroplane, and did. I was sick from the queer motion some of the time, but it was a wonderfully interesting experience and it seemed remarkable to leave Berlin after breakfast and be here at eight — we would have been earlier except for some delay at Bremen. We stopped at Hamburg, then Bremen, then Amsterdam, where we changed to a Daimler, went along the coast of Holland, Belgium, and France to Calais, because they want to cross the Channel at the shortest place, and straight to Croydon and into London in a nice limousine. I did wish for Louis and Jackie, and I would have enjoyed it immensely if I hadn't gotten sick — as it is, I don't think I'll ever go up again.

We have just been to see Duse in The Lady from the Sea — she is giving just six matinées here — and I think it was the loveliest thing I've seen this whole trip. I did wish for you — you must come over next year — it will freshen you up and make you as satisfied with home as I will be — and perhaps you are already. They had such lovely lavender stocks in Germany that I got you some seed — you may have them already, but I don't remember. I wanted to get you and Henry some black iris bulbs but they aren't out of the ground yet. Drinkwater's Robert E. Lee is just on — I'm going to see it this week and try to write a review of it to send to N. Y. I'm bursting with things I want to write about. Love to you all.

June 28

It seems such a little while until I'll be back that it's hardly worth while to write what I'll be able to say so much better. We'll be sailing three weeks from Saturday.

It's a terrible come-down from the Bristol in Berlin to a "residential hotel" behind the British Museum, but we have a very nice room and only eat breakfast here. English food is awful, and unless I get fat on strawberries and cream you must be prepared for me to be about as fat as when I left Richmond. We are going to Oxford about Monday, and Delia and Louise mean to go to Edinburgh, but I think I'll come back here. Florence Werner Brine is in the house and Edith Thomson, now Mrs. Booth, will be just across the street, so I won't be lonesome, and I want to look at lots of things here slowly and peacefully.

I told Henry to let you know I found an adequate skirt. It's pleated, and if you've made me one I'll give this to Peg.

I'm putting in this page from the Bookman which somebody sent to me to-day — if I'm erudite the world's in a bad way.

July 6

The garden of Magdalen College and St. John's with a rookery were so lovely that I couldn't stand your not being there to see them. It was queer seeing it all again after thirteen years, but it was still beautiful and still peaceful. We went out on a bus one afternoon to Littlemore, where Cardinal Newman was vicar and where he was received into the Roman church, and the next day in a char-à-bancs to Sulgrave, really a charming place.

I came back from Oxford this morning and Louise and Delia went on to Edinburgh. I got your letters — thanks about the Morand article. I'd just as soon The Reviewer would have it and I do think it's good and

would help my reputation if printed just as it is. Tell Emily to give my Reviewers to you.

Edith Thomson and her husband took me to a grand dinner at Scott's — lobster, cocktails, Burgundy. I have taken a hate to liquor and am almost a prohibitionist. I am sorry now that I got those clothes — the lavender will be nice for Peg. I don't believe I can ever wear them.

TO SUSAN LONG

London, July 20, 1923

Dearest Mammy

They tell me you are crazy about little Bill — he must be a fine boy, but I won't let you stay with him. I miss you terribly and I can't get along without you. I'll be getting to New York about as soon as this letter does, but I have not heard yet where I am to go — Nantucket, I suppose. I went to lunch yesterday with a writer named Desmond MacCarthy — a friend of some one I knew in Paris — at the Automobile Club in Pall Mall. He was very nice and amusing, being Irish. I wore one of my new dresses from Paris and felt very stylish.

Give my love to Lula and to the Newmans. Lots of love to you.

TO EMILY CLARK

Falmouth, Massachusetts
August sixth [*1923*]

Dearest Emily

Between the Customs and the baggage at Hoboken, I succeeded in losing my Corona — unless it's

found I shan't be able to write anything at all, not The Fair Land of France, not even a legible letter. I am very depressed about it, because this place affords rather too infinite leisure without some work. Margaret brought me some Reviewers, for which many thanks. Gerald Johnson's paper *is* clever — very. I'm rather let-down over being back, quite melancholy, though I didn't want to stay abroad.

I suppose you are away or going away — I'll be in Richmond to collect a trunk and my nephew and I suppose I'll go back to Atlanta with him for this winter, but that's as long as I shall be able to stand it. Write me what you're doing.

Affectionately

FRANCES

TO HER NIECE, MARGARET PATTERSON

Falmouth, August 15

Dearest Peg

Charlotte is probably getting more thrills out of Paris than I did this time — I don't suppose you can get that thrilled more than once or when you're old and weary. But I liked it a lot, and I think it would be fine for you to go to school there, except that you want to go to college, and I suppose that's really the best thing for everybody to do first. I wish I'd done it.

I hope you'll get here before I leave — or, rather, I hope I can stay until you come. Love from

FRANCES

IV

ONCE again in Atlanta, Frances Newman, her nephew, and her mammy settled down in September, 1923, to share for two almost uninterrupted years their first common residence which was not a house, but an apartment. During the autumn, she was very much occupied with her researches into the history of the short story's complex evolution, and with the selecting and the translating of stories which were to be embedded in her own (thus far) unwritten text of ten chapters. It was while she was translating the French tales that the idea for a story of her own occurred to her: the result was Rachel and Her Children — the first short story she had ever written — published, more than an equinox later, in the fifth number of the newly launched American Mercury.

Early in 1924, she briefly visited New York again, taking with her perhaps a half-dozen translated stories and two chapters of her still unnamed and still unfinished book. After the machinery of publication had been set in readiness for the work, its author returned homeward to produce the completed manuscript, finally accomplishing it — at the end of six distracted months. By the time she had returned with it to New York in July, a title had been discovered in the writings of Hugo de Vries, The Short Story's Mutations had been announced for autumn publication, and copies of

it were being sold to bookdealers even in the western states.

The month of August she spent in the state of Maine. While awaiting the arrival of galley-proofs, she wrote Atlanta Biltmore, her second and last short story, which remains as yet unpublished. She had lunch with Mr. Booth Tarkington, and at his home made discoveries which Mr. Hunter Stagg, a month afterward, gave to the public very amusingly in the Richmond Times-Dispatch: "It seems that Mr. Tarkington has a battered old sea-chest whose contents had always remained a mystery until Miss Newman laid eyes upon it. Its contents are not a mystery any longer. Mr. Tarkington's chest holds a funeral wreath made of real human hair and a china infant Samuel at the feet of whatever prophet it was and a bronze statue of General Grant in a beard and a frock coat and an unpressed pair of trousers." And she wrote, for the Atlanta Journal, an account of the privations and surprises a southern lady might reasonably suffer in her country's most northern state — an account which had endless reverberations from the editors and poets of Maine.

Various reverberations from critics and readers in sundry states were forthcoming after her first book's appearance, at long last, in November. But of the almost simultaneous appearance that Three Episodes for The Hard-Boiled Virgin made in The Reviewer for October, the major consequences were not to follow until five more months had passed.

TO H. L. MENCKEN

73 East Seventeenth Street, Atlanta
September 23 [*1923*]

Dear Mencken

Sorry to send you another hand-made letter — I've resurrected my old Smith Premier only to find it sans ribbon. I've written to Seltzer for a copy of Open All Night — the review should, I take it, be a notice particularly of the translation, but I'd like to dwell a little on his general significance. About how many words?

I insist on writing about my four classes and if it has too many words for the Mercury, I can try it on the New York Times.

I won't be in New York until after Christmas and then, God willing, I'll never cross the Potomac again.

October 28

If you think this review is too much concerned with the translation, and not enough with Morand, or if you think it will "discourage customers" by being involved or allusive — tell me what's wrong, and let me try again.

I expect to make an hegira about January, and to stay in New York. I'd like to get a job there to eke out my income, but I don't know what kind. Library, I suppose. Book reviews seem a little too indefinite, and besides, in a weltstadt I'll probably feel very forlorn if I don't have one.

November 8

That's right — Open All Night (Ouvert la Nuit), by Paul Morand, translated by H. B. V. (*Seltzer*). I copied the Smart Set's typography, as you may

have noticed. Keep the review as long as you like, and if you find it unavailable, drop it in the wastebasket: I have no other plans for it.

I didn't say a *literary* job — at least I didn't mean to — but a *library* job. Quite different, but not up to bootlegging.

I won't try anything else on you until I've seen the Mercury's blindingly beautiful first number. All American literary topics seem to belong to you, so I feel hopeless of finding a fresh one. Mr. Harman's offered to pay me a little real money to edit his Southern Literary Magazine, but I don't want to stay here. I've got a Remington ribbon in a Corona.

Sincerely

FRANCES NEWMAN

I suppose you saw our new murder —

TO EMILY CLARK

[*Despite the protestations of this letter, the notice of Open All Night which had been written for the American Mercury was to appear in The Reviewer, January, 1924. A quotation from a subsequent interview by Mrs. Julia Collier Harris, published in the Columbus Enquirer-Sun, supplements the reference to F. N.'s translating from "several languages she didn't know": "I translated the French, Italian, and Latin stories directly into English. The Russian and Danish stories were done from a comparison of several English versions, but they were entirely rewritten. The Slavonic department of the New York Public Library gave me some help on the story of Chekhov."*]

73 East 17th Street, Atlanta
December 6 [1923]

Dear Emily

You would be horrified if you saw the things I am writing for the Journal here. But it's an extraordinarily easy way to pick up a little money, as you doubtless know. I am doing page articles for the Sunday magazine section and I've learned to be extremely lucid and to write sentences about one line long. I also do a review a week — quite short.

Then, I am doing a collection of short stories — a new kind of anthology — and translating stories for it from all the languages I know and several I don't know. So I simply can't do anything for the next Reviewer, as the final manuscript has to be ready by February. But I'd love to do something for the next one after that if possible. I'll be in Richmond shortly, and we must talk about everything. I'm awfully sorry.

Affectionately

FRANCES

TO H. L. MENCKEN

[*Rachel and Her Children, the story in which crape figured so prominently that it caused the printer's query alluded to in this letter, was published in the May issue of the Mercury.*]

Atlanta, December 18, 1923

Dear Mencken

William Butler Yeats and Van Wyck Brooks are not nearly so puffed up as I am — why, indeed, should they be? I shall buy a new hat by way of celebration.

I have no more stories, but I'll try to get up an in-

spiration. Crape, I see in the Concise Oxford, is the proper spelling. Will you inform the printer, unless he already knows?

Tomorrow I propose to leave for Richmond. I will write you from there when I shall be going on to New York — I've been rather poorly, so I am rather vague about it.

Yours, with many thanks,

FRANCES NEWMAN

Dr. Nathan is quite right — you'd much better do all the reviews yourself. I've already done Morand in the Journal, being now engaged in writing "feature stories" for Hoke Smith's organ.

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

[*Richmond*] *February 4, 1924*

My dear Mr. Cabell

The editor of the Atlanta Journal's Magazine Section insists on having a "story" about yourself before he will have anything else from me, so I hope you won't mind being misinterpreted once more. Also, he is very keen about a new photograph — will you let me have one?

I know you are very busy, but if you can spare a picture and half an hour, Margaret and I would like to come out for them any afternoon after Wednesday.

I'm writing instead of telephoning so that I won't interrupt you at the worst moment.

Sincerely and apologetically

FRANCES NEWMAN

And please tell me where you were born. I want to get a picture of the house.

TO EMILY CLARK

[*Atlanta, March 22, 1924*]

Dear Emily

Dr. Vander Hoof said that I mustn't write, and it does make me awfully nervous. So I was going to send you the first part of Parthenos to publish as Three Episodes from the Hard-Boiled Virgin. And I had a relapse when I found that *it's lost.* I had it in New York with a lot of my translations and I must have left it. I had worked it over so many times that I should have thought I'd know it by heart. But I can't even remember the second sentence. I am terribly upset over it.

I hate not being in the April number, but I simply can't write. I meant to go back to Richmond — I left half my clothes there. But I found my apartment might be let the first of April, and I felt, too, that I couldn't stand two trips.

I didn't see any of the Algonquin "circle," and I was too sick to do much. But I think New York did me good and I do feel better. I still have to lie down two hours after each meal.

I'll probably be back in Richmond towards the end of May, on my way north. Give my love to Mrs. Clark and tell her I'm planning to write a story about her.

A toi

FRANCES

TO JOHN WADE

[*Both this letter and the next refer to Mr. Wade's biography of Augustus Baldwin Longstreet. F. N.'s review of the book appeared in The Reviewer, July, 1924, under the caption: Georgia Vindicated.*]

73 East 17 Street, Atlanta
April 8, 1924

My dear Mr. Wade

The Constitution seems to know nothing about the copy of your book that you were kind enough to order for me. I have not written for them in more than a year. If you can lend me a copy for about a week, I should like very much to review it, and to try a review on some New York paper. I asked Mencken to let me do it for the Mercury, but he says he is going to begin a "one man show" after the manner of the Smart Set.

Since the Journal has already had two reviews, I should like to do a page "story" about you and the book, and to use the drawing Kate Edwards has made of you. I don't know why she did not tell me that she was asking me to meet you at dinner — of course I would have broken all my engagements, but she only said "a friend from out of town." Can't you come over some Sunday soon, or won't you be passing by again with your Glee Club? Kate promised me faithfully to persuade you.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO EMILY CLARK

[*Atlanta, May 1, 1924*]

Dear Emily

Do forgive me — I hope this isn't too late. It's very poor, because I've had one of my horrid colds, and I am feeble at best these days. This John Wade is a nice youth — I had dinner with him a week or two ago. He is one of the young professors who wanted to reprint my Atlanta in the [University of] Georgia Cracker.

I'm working on my book, as much as I can. And I am doing a page a week for the Journal, called Elizabeth Bennet's Gossip — a combination of a "colyum" and a Cholly Knickerbocker. Since I never have managed to do a page about The Reviewer, send me a slick photograph of yourself, and a nice gossipy tale about yourself and some of your famous visitors and I'll work it in that way.

Deo volente, I'll be going through Richmond early in June, with most of the book finished, I hope. I want to finish it in New York and quarrel with the publisher about the paper and the type. I feel much better, but I still look like Lincoln and barely weigh a hundred pounds and I still have to lie down two hours after each meal, which makes it frantically hard to accomplish anything. I will be ruinously lazy soon.

Do write me the news, and if you think this too bad, send it back and I'll fix it up for July.

May 18

Dear Emily

Write me a letter from N. Y. that I can quote — May Sinclair *et al.* I'm just starting to a big dinner for a lot of painters who are here for an exhibit at our new Biltmore. Write the letter, do.

May 28

Dear Emily

Even if you do hate a typed letter, please endure this one, because I'm in a desperate hurry. Also please excuse the color [blue] of the typewriter ribbon — it horrifies me.

The Journal left out Carl Van Vechten's famous remark about your looking like a child of the divine

Sarah and the Leopard. It came just before the tawny hair and green eyes, and of course the point of the whole thing is lost. They are so proper sometimes and so improper other times that I never can tell what will get by, but I have ceased to grieve about it, except when it's something like this. I wrote it before I saw The Reviewer, and I was overcome when I saw that Arthur Inman and Hansell weren't in — but I suppose mere accuracy doesn't matter.

A youth asked me to send you these two sonnets — of course, I'm no judge of poetry, but I don't see how a boy who's hardly been out of Georgia can be inspired by Soho.

I've been working awfully hard on my book. It's not nearly done, but Mr. Huebsch is having a dummy made for the "fall trade" so perhaps that's the only way you and I will ever write anything. I can't think of a title — haven't you had an inspiration? It will be absolutely unintelligible, I think, but perhaps that's just as well.

Do write me about New York for the Journal. Naturally, I'm not proud of such chatter, but I need the money and it's so easy.

Please send a Reviewer to John Wade, University of Georgia, Athens, Georgia. And please send me two, and one for last July.

I don't know when I will leave — it depends on the damned book. But of course I'll write you, and I hope you'll be in Richmond. I'm wondering if you'll meet John Martin — he's to stay with the Pattersons.

A vous

FRANCES

Love to Mrs. Clark — I'm afraid I can't do anything for July. If I send you a whole Journal magazine, will you write me a quotable letter about how good it is?

That would be a great help for us both with the editor. And it really is better than any other newspaper magazine I know except the Times.

TO HER SISTER

[*Atlanta, June 2, 1924*]

Dearest Margaret

I hope you are as cool as we are here. I actually got up and filled a hot water bag for myself early this morning and Mammy says she is also going to have one tonight. The hot weather hasn't worried me much, because I tried not to go out until very late, except for going out to lunch a few times or to tea at the Club or to the Blackball Club. I even went to the library after sunset.

I am beginning the ninth section — Lawrence and Joyce and Sherwood Anderson — and then I have only Morand and the conclusion in the tenth. Of course I have to go over it all and smooth down the translations, but that's simple enough. I feel fine, and quite cheerful. I will send the other three books for Mrs. Powell as soon as I finish with them — I was so bored with myself for sending her the wrong Henry James.

Lots of love for you all —

FRANCES

FROM JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Dear Miss Newman:

No, I shall resist your invitation to give myself away. But Andersen was, I believe, the first to use

allegory as if in solution, so that it colors everything, is plainly perceptible, but is not ever precipitated into something quite tangible. He very deliberately leaves the analysis to the chemistry of your imagination; so that you are free to draw "morals" as dissimilar and astonishing as those in the Gesta Romanorum. The Snow Queen, for example, can "mean" at least half a dozen things, all entirely different. So can, as I have tried to show, The Shepherdess and the Sweep.

As for his influence, I find it everywhere. There is Anatole France, Dunsany, Kipling, Stella Benson, James Stephens,— Walpole has been touched by it, and Aldous Huxley, even Norman Douglas. There is also Donn Byrne and — but really nobody who turns to "fantasy" can quite escape.

I do hope all goes well with you and, of course, the book. Mine I am just getting into shape to mail.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

7 June 1924

TO EMILY CLARK

Biddeford Pool, Maine
[*August 4, 1924*]

Dearest Emily

This letter will be at least semi-somnambulistic. My publisher did remark that I looked well, but unfortunately or fortunately, when I was dining with him on my last evening [in New York], I got myself tanked up first with Mencken and the immortal Hergesheimer. Mencken and I drank Bacardi and the immortal Joseph drank Scotch — Mencken may have had both. Have you ever met Van Loon? He is very dull and

serious, and he asked me what my connection with literature was — just because he saw the immortal Joseph embrace me, which was certainly no indication. He kisses your hand. They both think — Mencken and Hergesheimer, that is — that you have an important talent.

My publisher is mad about the book, I really think. Evidently it's much better than he thought. Mencken preferred my idea of the story about the opening of the Atlanta Biltmore, so I'm going to try it here. Mencken is a wonder, and if I was going to have any one, I would choose him.

I had quite a long talk with Ben Ray Redman at the Algonquin, after lunch, and he seemed intrigued about my book. I also saw Robert Nathan, and we all talked about The Reviewer and you. I stayed in New York just a week, and my going back depends on the book and the proofs. If I can bear up, I'll stay here until after Labor Day, and correct the first proofs here. Mr. Booth was very apologetic about the blurb for the book, and I rather liked him.

Do write to me. I wish you could be in New York, but it will be a poor time when I go back. I may stay with Isa Glenn, if I get there when her young son is away. Her apartment is wonderful — has a loggia and a fountain. She is Garrard Glenn's sister — the author of the Jurgen brief, you know — and I told you a lot about her, don't you remember? I knew the whole family very well in Atlanta. She is really Mrs. S. J. Bayard Schindel, and her husband was an army colonel. She has had some stories in the Century and Scribner's. She says Burton Rascoe is going to the Boston Transcript — isn't that a scream?

Give my love to Mrs. Clark, and tell her she'll have

to adopt me when you leave us. My publisher says that all my emotions are black and white — that is, that I dramatize myself as I go along. Do you think so?

Ever so much love — and write to me.

FRANCES

Monday

TO HANSELL BAUGH

Biddeford Pool, Maine
August 11, [*1924*]

Thanks for the Grand Street program, the annotations, and for *1924.* I hate people who insist on being advanced without ever having been grounded. And why spell Colossus Collosus. The printer perhaps. But the printer can't be responsible for "in back of." After months of Paris, that kind of American thing is terrible. I like Mr. Munson's paper on Eliot, but I think he might write better. I even think he *could* write better — I suppose it's his theories. Anyway, I'd still like to see him.

I have read you twice, and I shall read you again this afternoon — but I won't make any remarks until I see you. When I converse about souls, I suppose I mean what you mean by spirituality, and there is a good deal about that in my book — about the union of the intellectual, which becomes the technical, and the emotional, which sometimes becomes the spiritual, to form the aesthetic. There is also something about the story's acquirement of a soul — quite late in its career.

Will you either write or telephone my publisher where you found the Pellissier translation of Mimi [Pinson]? I can't remember. And will either you or sister

Margaret buy me a wash-rag, chez Woolworth or anywhere, and send it to me as soon as you can. That's the most horrid commission I've yet afflicted you with.

When I come back, I think I'll stay down at the Breevoort — perhaps that's too many vowels — and then we can have less difficulty of communication. I'm as bad as a sister.

The place is pretty and the food and the people are both dull and so am I. I wish I was back. I feel as Morand felt among the birches — I'd like to see a peach-tree. Perhaps I'm hopelessly Georgian.

I've nearly finished Atlanta Biltmore, but I still don't know what I think of it, and it may turn out not to have been my kind of theme. I think I must begin the Virgin.

Mes amitiés — and regards to [your] sister Margaret.

August 21

Can you spare the time to ask the Slavonic lady what omission in *immediate* — if that's the best translation — best gives the effect of the omission in the Russian word? It's a defective telegram. And ask her if "fu-funeral" best reproduces the duplication in the word in the line above. I'm marking *immediate* (1) and "funeral" (2) I'd write the Library direct if I'd never worked in one. Thanks for the wash-rag. My obligations to you are becoming so weighty that you simply must ask me a favor — an autographed book will be so inadequate, and even a dedication would be too slight. I can't discuss styles with a pen, but I think we're *both* rather tight, don't you? Guy Holt isn't tall, or fat, and he has light, wavy hair and an eager expression. Did I tell you I've been to lunch with Booth Tarkington?

TO EMILY CLARK

Biddeford Pool, Maine
August 22, 1924

Dear Emily

Do I gather that October will be the last Reviewer? I'm about to finish the Atlanta Biltmore story, and I *expect* my proofs Sunday or Monday, but I might produce Episode I. of The Hard-Boiled Virgin, or a brief inquiry into why men love their children, or a *De Amicitia.* Which would you prefer? It *would* be brief. *Go on* and tell me in plain words about yourself.

Love to you and to Mrs. Clark —

FRANCES

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Biddeford Pool, Maine
August 28, 1924

My dear Mr. Cabell

I thought that when my book was finished I should have a nice peaceful interlude before proof-correcting began, but I have them already, so my polite thanks to the people I plied with questions will be as distracted as if they had been prompt.

I do want to warn you, even though my Corona has broken down, that if you look into my book you will discover — perhaps for the first time — that your terrible idea of women was derived from the mother stork in The Marsh King's Daughter.

Salutations to Mrs. Cabell, to your son, and to yourself.

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO HANSELL BAUGH

Biddeford Pool, Maine
September 3 [1924]

Florence Bradley couldn't get me a room at her club for long enough, so she has engaged a room for me at the Stratford. Please call me up there early Friday morning or about eleven Thursday evening if you are up that late. I will spend Thursday shopping with my sister Margaret, who is going out to Southampton in the afternoon, and I won't be back at the hotel until after the theatre probably. I suppose you can call me before nine Friday. I will be at the Algonquin for lunch at one, and I am going to spend the night with Florence at Dobbs Ferry Friday, but I am counting on seeing you Saturday night — you might try for the Munsons. And how would you like to go to some queer church Sunday, unless you are going to your beach?

The Count agrees with Seltzer, not Constance Garnett, apparently. We may get the fuchsia binding after all. I sent off the last proof yesterday — the last of the first set, that is. There were so many mistakes and changes that I want to have a second, and perhaps a third. I am bent on translating Laforgue and doing an introduction and getting it published beautifully — with a picture for each one, perhaps. What do you think about it?

TO HER PUBLISHERS

[The following notes were written for possible use in announcing the imminent publication of The Short Story's Mutations, in which was included F. N.'s translation of La Nuit Nordique, by Paul Morand. In Mr. Vivian's previously published translation of Ouvert la Nuit — the subject

of these notes — the story had been called The Baltic Night. During the winter when her translation appeared, the word Nordic became, in certain circles of Atlanta's society, an obscure and unmentionable synonym for impropriety.]

These are as many of H. B. V.'s flagrancies as I can find with only the French.

The most interesting is, of course, deliberate — four pages from the end in the French, and probably about page fourteen of my manuscript, is the enumeration of what various nationalities of women do when they have had one too many cocktails. My version is absolutely faithful to the French, but H. B. V. has made "American women ask for money" instead of English women, and has left out English women altogether. That should make a handsome paragraph.

On the fourth page of the French, he translated *conférences* into *conversazioni,* although it is the ordinary word for *lectures,* even at the Sorbonne. Probably it's even in Spiers and Surenne.

On the fourteenth page of the French, he translated *assurait à l'occasion* into something like *occasionally insured,* instead of something like *insured reasonably. Occasion* is the ordinary word for *bargain* in French shops.

On the nineteenth page of the French, he translated *stades ménagés dans les clairières* into something I've forgotten — something that implied *well-kept* instead of *contrived.* But that's not interesting. Near the end of the same paragraph he translated *végétal faire-part* wrong, but I can't remember it. Mine was something like *vegetable announcements of a death.* I don't like *ligneous,* which I used in the next paragraph, but I didn't like to repeat *vegetable,* even though Morand did.

On the third page from the end, he has failed to understand that being called püppchen was "a sexual symbol" Morand preferred to the fires. Probably you can't mention that. And at the end of the antepenultimate paragraph he translated *jeunes gens young people* instead of *young men* — I believe I said *youths.*

I suppose you wouldn't use the mistakes in the other stories — there are some lovely ones, but of course they aren't precisely relevant. The whole thing absolutely fails to be Morand. Perhaps mine does too.

TO HANSELL BAUGH

Richmond, September 27 [*1924*]

If you can do the Laforgue sentence better, please do and call up Mr. Booth to change it. I sent back the proof yesterday. *Please* do it and save me disgrace. Also tell him to verify the Charles Kingsley — J. H. Newman at the beginning of V. It may have been Henry K. though I don't think so. He can just call the Ref. Dept. of the N. Y. Public. I am just starting for Smithfield for the day and can't write him, but I am going to write the head of the house tomorrow. I have fallen in love with an Oxford Don — Christ Church, no less.

Richmond, October 6

When I wrote you that distracted note, a motor and three people were waiting for me to embark for Smithfield, where the hams come from, and where Bacon's Rebellion and the oldest church in America are — there or thereabouts, that is. It was ninety miles each way and very exhausting. Sunday we did party going

and Monday antique shopping and I bought a crib which is being turned into a day-bed — I hope you'll like it. Monday, naturally, I came down with a horrible cold, from which I am just rising. Florence Bradley was the cause of all this festivity. She seemed to get most satisfaction from seeing Mr. Cabell, the roof at Westover, and from the Ku Klux who interrupted the sermon at sacred St. Paul's — the only untoward event, Mr. Cabell and I agreed, that has happened there since Jefferson Davis fled incontinently after the downfall of Petersburg.

My publisher hasn't mentioned that you improved the Laforgue, but I hope you did. He seems to have been overworked because all his slaves were keeping Rosh Hashana — except Mr. Booth, I suppose. Why, by the way, did he give Mr. Munson a *galley?* I don't like his seeing it in that sad state — full of mine and the printer's crimes. But tell him that I shall be greatly concerned about his opinion, and that I am *living* to see his Van Wyck Brooks [article in the Dial].

Mr. Cabell has been lecturing me on my laziness and believing that I'll never get the Virgin down in black and white, so I shall rush down to Atlanta this week, I think, and try to confute him. I don't feel any conviction, I'm afraid. So write to me at 73 East 17, and let me know where your new domicile is and what it's like. Mr. Cabell has Hunter Stagg's galleys of my book, and he is going to write a sentence or two for the jacket. I do want you to see him some time — he is so extraordinarily unlike the author of Jurgen, and so extraordinarily like Felix Kennaston. The Reviewer is on its death-bed, and Emily and I are considering a Christmas annual which will probably be called Egg-Nog. It will only be open to writers born below Mason and

Dixon's line and resident there until their eighteenth year. And to very few of them. You must write a masterpiece for it. There won't be any poetry in it — not that I suppose you want to compose an ode. I'll hope to see you after Christmas, pecunia volente.

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

[*The reader probably remembers Mr. Cabell's "sentence for the jacket": "Miss Frances Newman I would without any hesitancy rank, with Mrs. Elinor Wylie, as the most opulently gifted of all the younger women now publishing in America." It was sent to her publisher in a letter which described the enclosure as a "brief and really veracious statement . . . quite utterly at your and her service."*]

73 East Seventeenth Street, Atlanta
October tenth [*1924*]

My dear Mr. Cabell

Your sentence delights me by speaking my name in the same breath with Mrs. Wylie's, by *opulently,* which should relieve me of ever having to practice my chief horror, economy of means, and by *younger,* which makes me feel like a Nathalia Crane whereas I had been feeling like a William De Morgan. But chiefly it delights me by reducing all other literary ladies to admitting Mrs. Wylie's and my superior gifts, or admitting their ages. I send you my best thanks.

Perhaps Emily has told you that we take our Christmas anthology quite seriously — she proposes to secure financial backing for it. No writer will be admitted who was not born south of Mason's and Dixon's Line, and who was not resident below it until his eighteenth year. The age limit is arranged for Hansell Baugh, and the

geographical limit for Mencken. It will be far more exclusive than the Reviewer — both ethnologically and aesthetically. You must give us your blessing.

Please present to Mrs. Cabell the assurance of my continued conviction that she is a peerless literary helpmeet, and my thanks for being allowed to come to tea at Dumbarton. And please give my love to Ballard.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO A. B. BERND

[*Mr. Bernd furnishes the following note: "Miss Newman's first letter to me was written in reply to my request for help on a projected article to be called The Revolt in Georgia, Literary Phase. This was to treat of the work of John Wade, W. E. Woodward, Walter White, Laurence Stallings, and Miss Newman. Most of the article saw the light from time to time in my column in the Macon Telegraph, written under the pen-name of Coleman Hill — to which pseudonym there are occasional references in subsequent letters."*]

73 East 17th Street, Atlanta
October tenth [*1924*]

My dear Mr. Bernd

Mr. Huebsch says that there is nothing southern about me except my voice, and sometimes I think that he may be right — when I read a book like John Wade's Longstreet or Emily Clark's little Virginia sketches, I know that I will never write anything with a definitely southern quality like that. So I am not sure that you would call me a rebel. What I mean is dreadfully hard to explain in a letter, and I wish you might happen to be

coming to Atlanta so that I could try to explain my feeling to you. So far as I know myself, I should say that my interests are too literary, too much concerned with style and form, to make a very good rebel. But when I think of the article I mean to write concerning the effect of the negro on the southern mind, I rather think that I must be one.

At any rate, I am a good deal better rebel than Laurence Stallings, whom I used to know fairly well. He went off shouting against the Hun, and now he is shouting against the war. But John Wade seems to me the perfect example of the man who really will do something for Georgia. And you, I feel sure, are another. Probably I shall always be worrying about a comma, or about finding a verb to substitute for an adjective, when I should be doing something rather more dynamic.

The novel you hear about must be The Hard-Boiled Virgin, which I hope to finish in time for next fall. It will be — *deo volente* — a series of episodes in the life of a certain Katharine Faraday, a woman who has a great capacity for love and even for tenderness, but none for passion, and who naturally has difficulty in finding a man who cares for her kind of love. Very little of it is written, but I have just come back for the express purpose of devoting the winter and spring to it — and the summer, if necessary. If you care to see it, I can send you a copy of the first episode or two, just to give you an idea of the degree of my rebelliousness. Or I might send you a chapter or two of The Short Story's Mutations if the book will be too late for your article — it will be out in about three weeks now. I hope you will like it — of course I am dreadfully dissatisfied with it now, after the proof-reading. Mr. Cabell has very

amiably written an awfully nice sentence to adorn the jacket, which will, I hope, help the poor thing.

I'm afraid I must have made myself out a very disagreeable person — do come up and let me have a chance to do better, because I am frightfully anxious to be one of your royal flush. After all, you can't have one without a lady. Thanks very much indeed for your kindness in remembering me and in writing to me.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO EMILY CLARK

Atlanta — Monday
[*October 13, 1924*]

Dear Emily

Please change the heading to this —

Three Sketches For
THE HARD-BOILED VIRGIN

— I think it's better to imply an early sketch than a finished product, and can't you say something like that in Things in General?

I do miss you terribly, and when you are above considerations of railroad tickets, I think you might come down to cheer my loneliness, don't you? Of course, there aren't any great inducements, since Stone Mountain and the Federal Prison won't excite you. But come anyway.

My tummy is bad, so no more at present.

Love to you both

FRANCES

FROM JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Dear Miss Newman:

It would be pleasant to think you liked my sentence as cordially as I did your book. I thought, I confess, your modern instances not quite happy: you seemed to be accompanying the short story through the ages into its senescence and decrepitude; or, let us say more gracefully, you completed your edifice with uncommonly slender spires. But all your portion is out of all whooping; and renews my impatience to see those opulent endowments in full exercise. Cf. Matthew 25, Luke 19.

I am sending you an advance copy of Straws and Prayer-Books, in the hope that, since the book contains a little of everything, you may find somewhere a morsel to your taste.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

14 October 1924

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

73 East Seventeenth Street, Atlanta
October sixteenth [*1924*]

My dear Mr. Cabell

Straws and Prayer-Books is almost impossible to put down even long enough to say how profoundly grateful I am for the gift of it, enhanced by an amiable inscription. I shall do my best to find a talent inside of my napkin so that it may become an association copy and enrich my nephew's heirs at the sale of his effects. When I send you my inaccurately printed views con-

cerning it next Tuesday, you will see that I find it even more delectable than Beyond Life and that it has not altered my views on the identity of the greatest living writer — your rivals, by the way, all seem to be realizing that they might as well go on through the black door with the silver plated handles — I expect Thomas Hardy's demise any day now.

You are perfectly right about the modern stories in my book, of course. To some extent I was involved with copyrights. But I was also trying to follow the line that was terrifically new — not the line that was good. And that line is all of the adjectives you mentioned. I hope you are equally right about my own ten chapters. Will you tell me quite honestly what you think of the sketches for the Virgin I sent Emily for her last Reviewer? Particularly if you don't like them.

With half a dozen different kinds of gratitude,

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO A. B. BERND

[*October eighteenth*]

My dear Mr. Bernd

Emily Clark is using these three drafts in her last Reviewer, which should be out next week. I did not make a carbon copy when I sent it to her, but I turned that bad sentence in III — the second — inside out in the copy I sent her, and made a few other changes I've forgotten. This is the only copy I have, so don't burn it unless you decide that you would be doing the south and me a favor, and send it back as soon as you've made up your mind.

Thanks very much for the clipping from the works of Coleman Hill. John Wade sent me a letter about Longstreet you excited. I have had dozens of letters and editorials and even poems from Maine, abusing me for a "story" I sent the Atlanta Journal about that great state, so I have unsuspectingly acquired the reputation of being a belligerent Georgian.

Why wouldn't our inadequate orchestra be an excellent excuse for a Sunday in Atlanta — I once went to Macon for the purpose of hearing Josef Hofmann in an auditorium that I seem to remember you spoke of rather unkindly.

[*October twenty-fourth*]

My dear Mr. Bernd

Please don't paste the label on my pigeon-hole until you see the Short Story's Mutations. I think that when you do see it, you'll agree with me that its author is annoyed by stupidity in general, and not particularly by morals. Of course, I do think that marriage is an institution created for human beings in a primitive state of society and of intelligence, but I haven't any substitute for it. Perhaps I have, in a way — that will all be in the Virgin, though.

Of course, it's none of my business what you think of Walter White and of Laurence Stallings. But don't you think that indignation over one's personal discomforts is a very unimportant way of arriving at rebellion? I like for people to oppose cruelty to negroes reasonably and humanly — not because they are negroes. And if Laurence Stallings had written his book in 1918, I'd have as much respect for him as I have for Barbusse and Rolland. John Wade and Woodward, I agree, are rational

rebels. I've just read Lottery, which I found very dull and very true. I admired Bunk vastly, but I also found it dull after fifty pages. Perhaps you can't be excited by statements with which you already agree so cordially — unless a Cabell or an Anatole France writes them. That is to say, I am very dependent on a cynical and suave prose, if I am to admire and enjoy a book.

TO HANSELL BAUGH

October twenty-fourth [*1924*]

Between losing your address and calling your mother once and not finding any one in, and being in a state over a matter of vast importance, I haven't accomplished a letter to you lately, which you may not know. The matter of vast importance is that I can, if I like and the skies don't fall, be librarian of Tech. You know I don't want to, and here is the age-old choice between literary indigence and dull respectability. Whatever shall I do? Don't tell any one — not your family even — because the formal election hasn't come off yet. I might at least do it until Louis graduates in June.

The book won't be out for two weeks — perhaps it will always be coming out in two weeks. Would you rather have your copy direct from the publisher, and wait for a suitable autograph until Christmas?

If you buy any Posts with my darling Ernest Newman therein, do send them to me. And if you see him at a concert, tell me about him. He is rather Semitic, I remember from his photographs. What is Waldo Frank like? I've done Chalk Face for the Journal, and I tried to be respectful towards his obvious sincerity but I had to

mention the entire crudity of his "lady." I don't believe I like literary people any better than other people, except you and Mr. Cabell. And why, after all, should I struggle to "write"? I don't ever like what I do write. I used to think writing would make me know interesting people, but it doesn't seem to. I'm afraid there are very few — even fewer than I thought. We'll discuss the matter in December.

[*November sixth*]

I don't know either. And I feel quite craven about taking the library, and as if I'd be silly not to take it — being fairly lucrative, seemly, and easy. And I was feeling so off literature as an avocation before it happened. Books and stories and even reviews aren't *in* me. I have to create them with terrible agony and terrible work. But I don't mind that as I mind the horrid indignities of being a literary woman — it's rather worse, I think, than running for office, and worse in very much the same way. Don't you think so? Humiliating.

I had Carl Van Doren to dinner when he was here last week. We got on very well together, I think, and the Virgin had the usual effect. Katharine, not myself. The Reviewer should be out in a few days. I'll send you one and you must tell me exactly what you think of the three sketches for the H. B. V., particularly if it's bad, and you must also show it to Mr. Munson — I'd like to know how it strikes a *jeune*. Tell Margaret that the French milliner charged me sixteen dollars for the prune crêpe de chine and velvet hat she saw, so I can't be shocked. The publisher swears the short story book will be out *soon*, whatever that means. I might find the carbon, if you'd like it.

FROM JAMES BRANCH CABELL

My dear Miss Newman:

But what a nice review! and what an improvement upon bewildering charges of having pilfered a sentence that does not occur anywhere in my books! You begin to mellow.

I am, though, in all earnest, most cordially appreciative of your over-appreciation of Straws and Prayer-Books. I only wish my faith in your pronouncement were as hearty as my pleasure. And I shall look forward to hearing about the rebellion in Georgia: here insurrection has been quelled, I take it, with the demise of the Reviewer.

More, later, as to the hard-boiled virgin, when once she is published. And again, all my best thanks.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

1 November 1924

Dear Miss Newman:

The story is more than charming, and marred only by Dr. Van Doren's pictorial impersonation of Woodrow Wilson.

The plagiarism in which you detected me, I have found upon page 148 of The High Place. I confess that the word "is" occurs in the text of both authors, but I must protest that I had previously used this word in one or another connection.

Anyhow, the Book Fair has left me too outworn for acrimonious debate,— but not for eagerness to see that, as you call it, hare-lipped child.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

17 November 1924

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

73 East Seventeenth Street, Atlanta
November twenty-third [*1924*]

My dear Mr. Cabell

The hare-lip — you might easily accuse me of plagiarizing Dom Manuel's beautiful but limping figure — seems to be mostly a badly chosen frock, and of course no more than one must expect from a man. Mr. Huebsch, after half an hour's talk over the telephone — the telephone of a lofty official, not mine — has promised to have new jackets exactly like the label. So, since you can't be impatient to see a book you've already seen in proof, I shall not send it to you until it's properly clothed. Your beautiful sentence shouldn't be seen on dull gray paper, looking, as I wrote poor Mr. Huebsch, like the jacket of an astronomy designed for secondary schools.

He didn't put you in autograph, which reduced me to tears, but he insists that you must be in type visible across a bookshop. Laurence Stallings, I hear, quoted you in the World Friday. And much as I like to see that sentence quoted, I hope your clipping bureau won't put you to the expense of redeeming it every week or so.

I'm really going to apologize, but I was so charmed by your Cabellian phrase concerning yourself and Michael Arlen that I am almost pleased with my horrid jape.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

FROM JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Dear Miss Newman:

It is a pleasure to record the safe arrival of your book, in all its more-than-Oriental splendor. I am grate-

ful and am, also, already the recipient of a nice lot of your publicity notes among the press-clippings of last week.

I hope this book does well. But, over and above all, I would urge you to complete The Hard-Boiled Virgin forthwith, at almost any cost. You have begun it, I think, excellently. You have, just now, a "connection" which would virtually insure the book's success. It ought, in brief, by all the dictates of prudence and logic, to be one of the spring novels, barring only your pertinacious continuance not to write it.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

29 November 1924

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

December fourth [*1924*]

My dear Mr. Cabell

I can't possibly finish the Virgin for spring, particularly since I've just discovered that a book must be ready at least three months before its publication date. I know you are right in thinking that my iron won't be this warm again soon, but I can't write rapidly, even though this book will come from inside instead of outside. But I hope that it can be published in the fall, and that I can make it simpler and smoother — those episodes were written in Paris.

Your clipping bureau will doubtless send you a human interest story about my book and myself which will be in the Sunday Journal here. You are the hero of it, but I won't afflict you with reading about my mammy and my nephew and my furniture and my frocks.

With many thanks for your good advice, and with profound apologies for bothering you —

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO A. B. BERND

November twenty-third [*1924*]

My dear Mr. Bernd

If Brentano has done his duty, you have the Mutations. And I hope you will not be too bored to read it. Mr. Wade has done a charming and too amiable review for the Journal, and Laurence Stallings was very polite about it in the Friday World — which of course made me feel badly, because I think he writes badly. Hunter Stagg was also polite in the Reviewer, but I can't quite face reviews yet, so I know that he was polite only by hearsay and that Laurence Stallings was polite only because a friend of ours read me some of it over the telephone before I quite knew what was happening. I am sorry that they all seem to be so entirely generalities — I wish some one would agree or disagree with my theories, but I'm afraid it's so dull that no one reads enough to find out what they are.

Please don't give up the Revolt — not because I'm one of its characters, though. You could do it in an allusive, insinuating fashion, couldn't you? The peculiarities of my own style are caused by the necessity of circumventing the Atlanta papers, so I know it can be done. I wish you'd bring it up and let us talk it over. John Wade holds out some hope of coming to Atlanta for Thanksgiving, and you'd better come too. The Van Doren article would have been really amusing if I could have told the whole truth about the shock he gave the

Agnes Scott faculty. They shivered when he said Mencken was always sure of one reader — the village atheist. And when he told the sweet maids to be clever and let who would be good. But don't read me in next week's Journal — even my young nephew says it's dumb.

Tell me what you think of the book, unless it's too painful for a weak spirit to bear.

TO HANSELL BAUGH

[*The matter mentioned in the first paragraph of this letter was further developed in an article called Immorality in a Library, published in April in the new Reviewer — edited in Chapel Hill by Paul Green, after Miss Clark's removal from Richmond to Philadelphia.*]

November twenty-fifth [*1924*]

You must have received the Mutations soon after you wrote me, I suppose. The review copies were sent out a week ago today, and you probably saw Laurence Stallings' episode in his own autobiography masquerading as a notice of the poor book. I was frightfully annoyed with him for representing himself as a seventeen year old infant prodigy — he was out of college, and had been a reporter on the Journal for about a year before I ever saw him. Or heard of him. I expect to be hemlocked for corrupting the youths of Athens.

And speaking of youths. I don't go to Tech until January, and I hope to see you before that. Very probably my book will shock somebody, as I wrote you, and I shan't be allowed there at all. And still speaking of youths. I am sending you a copy of a "letter" which Ernest Hartsock has extracted from me for his Emory Phoenix, and which I wrote in about half an hour. It's

about writing and short story writing. Very simple-minded and dull, and a re-hash, as you'll see, of various other writings. Perhaps I'm to become the Blanche Colton Williams of Georgia. What do you think of this enclosure from Ernest? I hope it's a transition to real prose. He wants the opinion of your young intellect on it.

Please tell me brutally what you think of the book, though I don't urge you to tell the world brutally. No doubt you've already written a review and "submitted" it if you're going to. The Journal doesn't think the state yearns for news of music in New York. Could you descend to anything else?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EMORY PHOENIX

[*This letter was published in the November, 1924, issue of the student literary magazine of Emory University, near Atlanta, whose editors for that year were Frank Rowsey and Ernest Hartsock.*]

The short story, so we are told every day, is a peculiarly American literary form. And, so we are also told, every day, the American short story has a peculiarly perfect form — for gentlemen and ladies who are fond of writing about the perfection of the American short story are quite likely to believe that the adjective perfect can be compared, and even to believe that there are degrees of uniqueness. What these ladies and gentlemen doubtless mean, little as they suspect it, is that America is the only country where some thousands of persons have become convinced that a sufficiently astute person can rip up half a dozen well-cut stories, lay them one on top of another, snip off a few inconsistencies here and there, and baste on a few consistencies here and

there. They believe, furthermore, that the astute person can then cut a flawless pattern for a story, that he can manufacture it in indefinite numbers, that they themselves can buy one of his nice pink patterns, read his directions for looking into newspapers and into the faces of traveling salesmen to find something the astute person calls "germs" — and that they can go into the business of duplicating the pattern in all the colors of an unfortunately limited rainbow, and live magnificently and usefully ever after.

These optimistic thousands believe, also, that any story which is ripped apart and which does not then lie upon the pattern as one isosceles triangle lies upon another is not a Short-story. The astute persons occasionally mention Maupassant's Boule de Suif, but if they have ever read it, they do not allow it to interfere with their remunerative theory, and they do not deduce from it the conclusion that any fiction which is not long enough to be called a novel of sorts must be called a short story of sorts, and that nothing can be done about it. Certainly, there are badly constructed stories, and there are a few well constructed stories. The stories that are well constructed are as certainly the stories in which the theme, the form, and the style are inseparable — and most of them were written by Anton Chekhov, some of them were written by Henry James, and a few of them were written by D. H. Lawrence and by Sherwood Anderson. And some of them were written by Guy de Maupassant, little as his most ardent American admirers would allow any one to believe that he knew any technique except the slick technique which also recommends an end-man's joke, and at this moment Maupassant's compatriot, Paul Morand, is perhaps writing another of those Nights which prove again that a good story is

not often a Short-story according to the definition of its day.

The story is still a peculiarly French form, but Sherwood Anderson is not the only American who writes short fictions which are admirable short stories — there is, for one, James Branch Cabell, and there is, for another, Joseph Hergesheimer. But both of those eminent gentlemen have leisurely gifts which are most charming in tall paper volumes of some four hundred unhurried pages, and Sherwood Anderson is, apparently, the only intelligent American who continues to believe that Sherwood Anderson will ever write an admirable fiction of more than four thousand words.

Sherwood Anderson is, I am sure, a highly conscious artist, but he lacks technique — not the technique for which the astute persons could supply him a pattern, but the technique that would have come from practicing literary scales and five-finger exercises and pedal-exercises in his youth. He lacks, sadly enough, exactly the technique which the young gentlemen of Emory are perhaps engaged in acquiring, and which will, if they do acquire it and if they happen to have the genius Sherwood Anderson had when he wrote I'm a Fool and I Want To Know Why? make the writing of short stories a peculiarly American glory.

The cutters of patterns have never suspected, apparently, that stories are constructed of words, and that if the young gentlemen and the young ladies of our American colleges acquire the enviable ability to make their language ride bare-backed and leap unscathed through paper hoops, to touch words and make them obey as the tones obey Josef Hofmann and Fritz Kreisler and Willem Mengelberg, as lines obeyed Sandro Botticelli and volumes obeyed Paul Cézanne — then they will

write stories as much more admirable than Sherwood Anderson's as Sherwood Anderson's are more admirable and more subcutaneous than Mark Twain's. And the charms of a prose which never accepts a worn or a rusted phrase will cease to be the high distinction of Oxford and Cambridge alone among Anglo-Saxon universities.

Those young ladies and gentlemen will also, I hope, have another high distinction which Sherwood Anderson lacks because nature made him a poet, and nature does not bestow the gift of humor on the geniuses she creates to sing her beauties and their own emotions in verse. No one has yet been able to write a truly admirable prose until he has gone on to the farther side of cynicism, and young ladies and gentlemen who wish to embark upon the tide of literature should search their hearts and their minds carefully and they should discover whether or not they are inclined to cynicism or satisfaction concerning the world they live in. If they decide that they have had the luck to be born into the best of all possible worlds, they should cultivate the lyric and the ode and the sonnet — for a poet must always smile in the sestet, no matter how many tears he may have shed in the octet. But if a cynical poet is likely to become a mere Byron, a smiling novelist is likely to become a mere Dickens, and unless a young gentleman can decide that, after all these millennia of progress, there is still a flaw here and there, he will hardly improve upon the form of Sterne, of Voltaire, of Anatole France, and of James Branch Cabell, or upon the form of Henry James and of Chekhov and of Sherwood Anderson.

Not, you will believe, that I mistakenly think I know anything about these literary mysteries which is hidden from the young gentlemen of Emory — for, like Sherwood Anderson, I have never enjoyed the advantage of

having my five-finger exercises ordained by authority or corrected by authority.

Faithfully yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO A. B. BERND

Atlanta, December first [*1924*]

My dear Mr. Bernd

How, I ask you, can my style be compact and like Henry James?

I'm glad you like the binding. Did I tell you that I got the idea from a book I saw a man reading in Dresden? Also, as you probably don't know, I always wear some shade of violet or orchid.

I had a letter this morning from the O. Henry Committee, asking permission to include Rachel in their 1924 volume. I suppose I shall give it, though I don't admire either O. Henry or his Memorial.

If you won't come up, do send the book to be signed. It shall be a very grateful sentiment.

Mr. Huebsch has just sent me a letter from Mrs. Julian Harris, asking for a review copy, and suggesting one for Coleman Hill — "a very intelligent and progressive critic." Of course I'm sending your notice on to him.

TO HANSELL BAUGH

December sixth [*1924*]

Those sketches for the Virgin haven't been touched since Paris. I am going to leave out Freud's name, but I am not going to confine myself to ideas and names a child would know. Mr. Cabell says the Virgin

should come out this spring, but it can't and I don't like spring books and Mr. Huebsch says it would be too soon after the Mutations.

Do write at least a letter to the editor, and defend me, but I don't read reviews so I don't know what has come out except Laurence Stallings, with which I've been showered. I'm heart broken if I've been abused by Ernest Boyd — he is the only critic whose good opinion I wanted. John Wade sent me Fanny Butcher's review, from the Chicago Tribune, and Mr. Huebsch wrote me that she had ordered ten "more" copies for her shop, so I suppose she spoke well of it. It is selling wonderfully down here — in fact, it's as important a social event as a wedding — almost.

Have you heard the world's record joke — that *Rachel* has been invited into the O. Henry Memorial collection? I telegraphed Mr. Cabell and he advised giving it to them. So did my publisher. Mr. Huebsch has just been moving to 30 Irving Place, so I have hardly heard anything from him. I will write Mr. ——, the new "slave," about their shocking neglect of my most intimate friend.

TO HERSCHEL BRICKELL

[*Richmond, December 24, 1924*]

My dear Mr. Brickell

Your reversal of my title is nothing at all compared with my shocking mistake in your name. I can't solve the psychological mystery that made me misspell a name I know perfectly well — I've even speculated concerning a connection with the eminent Herschels. I'm delighted to hear that there is one more Southern critic than I realized, and I hope you'll be glad to hear

that the book has sold out its first edition and is embarking on its second this week.

I only saw you in the Literary Review — I had no idea that you'd let me in your column too. Thanks very much indeed, and a thousand apologies.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

I hope you'll like The Hard-Boiled Virgin and *its* tale next fall.

TO SUSAN LONG AND LOUIS RUCKER

[*Richmond, December* (?) *1924*]

Dearest Mammy, and Dearest Louis

This is just to wish you both a Merry Christmas and a very prosperous New Year. I heard from my publisher yesterday that all my books were sold, and that he is printing more. I feel very thrilled, and hope I will live to make you both prosperous. I have written to him about finding Mammy an Old Testament.

Louis, don't come in a day coach or do anything queer. Hope little Sis arrives safely.

Lots of love

FRANCES

TO HANSELL BAUGH

Richmond, December twenty-third

In the first place, I hope that you and Margaret will have a very successful first Christmas as New York householders. It sounds like Tom Pinch and his loving sister in the Temple or wherever they were, but I dare say it won't *be* very much like an episode from that

author. Anyway, Merry Christmas to you both, and a happy year besides.

What do you think? You just did get a first of the Mutations. The second is off the press. I suppose that I am naturally more astonished than anybody else — I can always expect something pleasant for other people, but not for myself, and doubtless you are like that too. Of course, it wasn't a large edition — two thousand copies, I think — and two hundred of them must have been reviewers' copies and gifts from me or the publisher. But I'm surprised that any were sold except to my friends.

I may arrive in your city about next Wednesday, so don't be all dated up. Could you possibly capture Waldo Frank and hold him long enough for me to see him? I pine to know the advance guard, and I should think Mr. Munson — to whom please present my compliments — might ensnare him. I haven't any money at all, but my publisher says that he will give me some.

How does your Nietzsche come on, and has the music come? My mind is rapidly ceasing to be critical, and not becoming particularly creative, though the Virgin is still fermenting nicely. The "tangent wives and husbands" in the first episode gave Richmond a high fever and Atlanta a chill. Nothing bores me like the people who think the short story book was written to *prove* something — such a dull and vulgar idea.

December thirtieth

I've caught a little cold, and Dr. Gatewood — my ci-devant antrum doctor — says I mustn't risk the frozen north. I'm heart broken. Did you see Canby and the Times on the Mutations, and did I tell you Canby's asked me to do a leading article?

V

EARLY in January, 1925, Frances Newman began the performance of those duties which were proper to the librarian of the Georgia School of Technology. Her second career in the peaceful twice-chosen profession was much briefer than her first, and she entered upon it less for the old reason that she "liked books" than because of her newly discovered aversion from writing books. But in the first months of the year she did write Immorality in a Library, published in the April Reviewer, and Literary Independence, published April 4 in the Saturday Review. And she spent three February days in New York so that she might publicly receive the "special prize" awarded by the O. Henry Memorial committee for "the best short short story" that the committee could find in American magazines during the preceding year.

For the three months of spring, she was in Atlanta, struggling against colds and fevers, compiling library statistics, and falling in love, she said, for the last time. To these human ills was added the renewed fermentation of her novel, under the stimulus of a contract drawn and signed. And when she returned to New York late in June, she wrote, during the month that she stayed there, another episode for The Hard-Boiled Virgin — probably the fourth episode, whose first page was later to offend a reader or two in behalf of pro-

nominal clarity. She plausibly explained it by saying that New York is no place for writing, yet it must have been still in New York that she wrote also a paper On the State of Literature in the Late Confederacy, published August 16 in the Herald Tribune's supplement of Books.

Late in July, she returned once more to Atlanta and to the library. Towards the end of August she applied for a leave of absence and went back again to New York, where, at length, she found an apartment in Charles Street which she thought might be adequate for living and even for writing, although it was only "one horizontal third of a mediatized stable." One month of her year's lease on it proved enough, and her first autumn influenza proved quite too much: she spent November in Richmond with her sister, reading volume after volume of her countrymen's short stories; she returned to New York for perhaps three weeks of December, all of which were required for finding a likely tenant; and she spent the remaining days of the year again in Richmond, where she may have completed the writing of a paper called The American Short Story.

TO JULIA COLLIER HARRIS

[Mrs. Harris, who had known F. N. from childhood, had questioned her on the subjects touched upon in this letter. The "opinions" expressed were embodied in Mrs. Harris's interview published January 25 in the Columbus Enquirer-Sun — "the only interview with her appearing in a Southern daily [outside of Atlanta] after the publication of her first book."]

[*Atlanta, January —, 1925*]

Dear Mrs. Harris

Your letter came yesterday and I had to wait till I could go down to the Carnegie Library and read Krutch in the Nation. I thought it very good and timely but very dull — one of my horrors is the use of "the fact that" and he reached it in the second sentence and then said "fact" again in the next sentence. That, of course, is a small thing, but it does illustrate my point that none of the critics of the drama are men of letters in the way that A. B. Walkley of the London Times is. Lewisohn is certainly well read in the drama and the theatre, but he is so pompous and so entirely without a scrap of humor that I have practically given him up. Did you read his Creative Life? He seems to look upon himself as an eternal Wagner in constant need of a Wesendonck to inspire a Tristan and Isolde. I think he and George Nathan and Stark Young are our best informed dramatic critics, but Stark Young is getting so involved in theories that he tries to sit in the critic's seat and stand in the director's place at the same time. He hasn't any sense of humor, either — don't you agree with me? However, of course I don't feel that my opinion of dramatic critics is important, and certainly my opinion of musical critics and musicians is not. I used to like Lawrence Gilman on books in the North American,

but I don't like him on music now. And compared with Ernest Newman, who is here for the winter with the Post, as you doubtless know, he ceases to exist.

I am far from decrying America — I only want America not to be easily satisfied, and not to stop and not to accept the second rate as the good. I am very fond of aesthetic theories myself, particularly of Croce, and I don't doubt that if we could talk it over we would agree about that and nearly everything else. Certainly we are agreed about ——, who has ruined whatever talents he may have had by a ridiculous echoing of Mencken's ideas and phrases.

I don't believe your newspaper work will hurt you except by taking up your time. If you are like me, you can do it with some faculty that doesn't touch your real self at all.

Thanks a thousand times for all this trouble you are taking —

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO HANSELL BAUGH

[*Atlanta, January 8, 1925*]

Here I am — and charmed with my new job. The youths seem amiable and amenable, and so far they have done nothing worse than steal a Decameron and a page or two out of our best new architectural magazine, which I hope may satisfy them temporarily. Still, I doubt if I'm here for long.

Can you find out the importance of this lady at Doubleday's, what her name is, and how she should be addressed — is she, for instance, a spinster or a matron? Please send back her letter. And please tell Mr. Munson I got a great kick out of his *Brooks*.

TO MARGARET PATTERSON

[*Atlanta, January 8*]

Dearest Peg

Louis and I are very much distressed that you had a relapse and we hope you are now well enough to be back enjoying Miss Jenny's ministrations.

I am very much pleased with the library so far and I really think libraries are about the nicest spots in the world.

The pink wood-work in our apartment has been whitened again, but I think it is also going to blush again. Both Kathrines are charmed with the little pink frock and it is going to a party this very afternoon.

Love to you and all your family.

FRANCES

TO A. B. BERND

73 East Seventeenth Street, Atlanta
January fourteenth [*1925*]

Dear Mr. Bernd

Your amiable good wishes were here when I came back from Richmond, where I went to spend Christmas with my sister — and where I had the honor of seeing the great Cabell again.

Dr. Canby wrote me a handsome letter and asked me to do a leading article — and then practically said I was no lady. I can stand that, but did I give the impression that I was laying down *reversal of the situation* as a law of the short story? I only meant to show that the Maupassant kick at the end was far from new.

I do wish you could go on with your Literary Re-

volt in Georgia. Can't you do it so that it wouldn't cause a riot? As for me, I don't think I'll ever venture into print again.

A belated happy new year to you.

TO HANSELL BAUGH

[*Atlanta, February 2, 1925*]

This so-called leading article for Canby is giving me more trouble than all my late Mutations — and simply because it will be unprintably snobbish if it isn't just right. I am theoretically writing about technique in American fiction, but I am really writing about the awful result of a literature produced by writers who have lived in Gopher Prairies and Maple Valleys and who have "escaped" only to consort with the other escaped. You can imagine it — and perhaps you could even imagine a way to do it. I hope to get it finished during the week, and then I shan't do anything except the Virgin. Canby probably won't have it, after all my sufferings.

Tech takes it out of me terribly — some people may be able to write at night after a day's work, but my mind and my body are both too feeble for that. I am sorry I took it and June will be my limit, deo volente — which, in this case, is Latin for *Louis graduating*. I would like to retire into some mountain fastness in June and get the Virgin done, and then come up to New York at least for next winter. If I do, will you and sister Margaret have me as a housemate? And if you'll put up with me, what could the three of us get an apartment for if I bring approximately enough furniture for it? A month, I mean. For lodging and food and

all that, not for clothes. I don't want to take a job, if I can manage without one and exist on my small patrimony and a few reviews. I suppose the Mutations will make some hundreds and I would like to buy a bond or something remunerative with it. Also — don't even tell Margaret this — the O. Henry people are going to give me a whole hundred dollars for Rachel. Miss Williams wrote my publisher about it when she wrote to me, and he may have told Blumenthal and Blumenthal may have told you, but no one is supposed to know until after the nineteenth inst. And speaking of those gentlemen — I wrote my publisher that if I wasn't kept at an even temperature mentally and physically, the Virgin would cease to ferment, which is the only foundation for the theory that I stayed away from New York to work on her.

If you can get me a copy of the Cowley-Josephson manifesto, I will be happy to reimburse you. I don't see why Cowley takes all the 1925 Aesthete to himself when so much of it is obviously Gilbert Seldes. And speaking of all that, I am entranced with Alfred Stanford. He sent me a Mutations review he hopes to "place," and how any one can comprehend me like that, sight unseen, is exciting and alarming. I found a story of his in the North American and the information that he is a graduate of Amherst and that his first novel "had so good a press that his forthcoming novel is eagerly awaited." You must scrape acquaintance with him. Also — can't you casually let Blumenthal know that Doubleday has asked for the Virgin? You will understand all my reasons. No doubt you have heard about the lunch for Sherwood Anderson — perhaps you were even there, though I have no idea how enormous it was.

Perhaps you'll like Alfred Stanford's review too —

read it and send it back to me, because it may never be printed. You and my dear Ernest Newman seem to disagree about Stravinski — dear Ernest is aging, I suppose.

TO A. B. BERND

[*Atlanta, February —, 1925*]

My dear Mr. Bernd

About a month or two after the Nation began its diatribes, I wrote a Georgia and sent it to them. Mr. Gruening returned it with the reflection that it was "not quite up to the standard." It was about like my Atlanta, which was written not long afterwards, and whether or not it was up to the standard of writing, it certainly wasn't up to the standard of depression. But where was the author of "Macon: Urbs Futura"? Either you or John Wade should have done it — I can't take Georgia seriously enough.

Elizabeth Bennet was baptized by my hand, as you can imagine, and in honor of Jane Austen's heroine — whose spirit has certainly not descended on her. And I usually write her gossip, though not always, and not all. The point of my remarks is usually suppressed — not for moral, but for economic reasons. So please give me credit for whatever you like and exonerate me of whatever you don't like. I hoped it would perhaps shorten my sentences in my "real" writing, but evidently nothing ever will so long as I continue to think that a sentence should grow directly from its predecessor and that inferences are pleasanter than statements.

This library is making writing of any kind impossible, and I don't think I should stay on after June — not unless I decide definitely to give up writing for-

ever. I'm still struggling with the paper for the Saturday Review. I am so relieved that you don't think he is right about Reversals and Recognitions — I can stand being called no lady much more cheerfully than I can stand being called a fool.

TO HANSELL BAUGH

[*Atlanta, February 9, 1925*]

Of course I'm delighted that you are going to the Great Good Place, and I am sure it will be a magic casement to you as it was to me the first time and the second, but not the third. Only —

Be as sure that you like Blumenthal as you would want to be if he were a lady and you were going to marry him. Nobody has an idea of the hideous intimacy travelling with a person involves. If he has any "little ways" that bother you at all, you will certainly murder him by the time you get to Vienna. Don't take even the smallest chance on it.

Send the books back with these stamps — thanks for housing them. And don't count on making much money in Europe. Of course I'd rather have you go now, but I'd rather have you wait than be very uncomfortable. Getting jobs over there is very difficult, I hear. No doubt you've thought of your company's offices abroad. Will they keep your job open, or do you think of being somebody's Guy Holt when you return with the advantages of foreign travel? Perhaps George Stevens can find you a room with a family, which should be nicer and cheaper than those nasty maisons meublées called hotels that most of the American aesthetes stay in. There are dozens around the Rotonde and the Dôme,

and there's one on the rue Odessa, just off Montparnasse, where Mable says very respectable ladies and gentlemen from Provincetown go, but it's extremely depressing. Why don't you stop in Ireland, and let E. A. Jewell show you the Irish intellectuals in Dublin. He would be delighted, I know. But my Mlle. Lavelli can do everything and show you everybody who paints or writes or sculps. Most of the modern picture dealers are in the rue La Boëtie. Bernheim, by the Madeleine, and Rosenberg, on the above rue, are the best, and dealers are far better places than exhibitions. Copeau has retired to the country and the Vieux Colombier is a cinema, but Pitoeff has a troupe somewhere and somebody else has a goodish one at the Champs Élysées. Nobody advertises much, and you have to pay for your own information. But Mlle. Lavelli will tell you all. Let me know what you decide to do, and when. And don't stay in Paris much more than a month — it seems to be strangely enervating to Americans. You must take my idea of spending a night in the hotel room where Wilde died and do something with it.

The article for Canby will be copied and sent about tomorrow, and he'll doubtless be horrified. I do wish you could get real money for your Mutations review, but by all means get it printed, because I am most keen about being reviewed by you. One of the best I've seen was in Haldeman-Julius — only he said my style twined like a *gargoyle*. Perhaps he meant a salamander.

[*February 14*]

Providence has ordained that I shall see you before you sail — in other words, the noble Atlanta Journal is sending me up to the O. Henry dinner on next Thurs-

day and I propose to arrive in New York Wednesday afternoon on the Birmingham Special. I really think I'll get there this time. I don't know where I'll stay — maybe the Algonquin — but I'll telephone you as soon as I land. I'll have to leave New York early Sunday. Au revoir.

TO MRS. HERSCHEL BRICKELL

[*Atlanta, February 25, 1925*]

My dear Mrs. Brickell

You and Mr. Brickell were really angelic to me, and you'll have only yourselves to blame when I insist on being deeply attached to both of you. I'm sure I must still have a conscience, or I should not have been able to make myself go. I hope that I shall see you before so very long. Be sure to let me know if you're in Atlanta for as much as a minute. Yours, with a thousand thanks.

TO HERSCHEL BRICKELL

[*March 2*]

My dear Mr. Brickell

Many thanks for your charming review of Jonah — we felt very much the same way about it, but you said it entirely too much better. You and Mrs. Brickell are far and away my happiest memory of those three hectic days in New York. I came home with a terrible throat and this is my first day up and about — that makes me wonder how long I'd survive in New York.

With all sorts of good wishes to you both —

FRANCES NEWMAN

[*Atlanta, February 26*]

Of course, I have a terrible cold, and I might as well be in New York still for all the good I am doing the Georgia School of Technology, though I shouldn't like to have the cold in that little room at the Algonquin, even if the furniture *is* painted. After I came back from the Brickells', I dressed again and went with Emily to Carl Van Vechten's apartment. The apartment is rather amusing. However, when he sees what I wrote about him for the Saturday Review, he won't ask me again. The Reviewer — Paul Green, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, you know — pays real money, now. Can't you arrange to do a letter from Europe about books — for every issue? I'll write to Paul Green, if you like.

Do beg Darndie to hold the fort. It's such a nice fort, even with the hat factory for such a near neighbor. I wonder how about my getting an apartment that size in the same house. And I wonder just how much noise the hats make all day. Of course, Margaret and I might rub along together until you come back, and then I might get another. But I would like to finish the Virgin before I emigrate.

I just telephoned to your mother, but she was out and your father wasn't very talkative — and neither was I, being still hoarse. However, I gave a satisfactory account of your prospective cabin-mate, even though I didn't like him quite as much in the publishing atmosphere of Irving Place as I did in the firelight of Thirty-seventh Street. But he shone beside ——, who seems to be a moron, an Anglo-Saxon moron. Many thanks for all your amiabilities, and also for Margaret's — this is really just a bread and butter letter.

Atlanta — Wednesday
[March 11 (?), 1925]

Dearest Margaret

My Corona is still being bathed in gasoline to get out all the erasing it has suffered from in the last six months, and yesterday and Monday I was too busy to write here [in the library], since I had a meeting of the president and the library committee. I always have to clean up, get up statistics, and all that, for them.

Louis and I went to hear Heifetz last night — they give me tickets for Elizabeth's publicity — and he was so bored that I was bored too. But I always think such occasions must have a civilizing effect on him whether he likes them or not, and he seems to think so too. Heifetz is getting too fat — his mama ought to read up on calories.

I have just read The Constant Nymph, but I don't care very much about it, though every reviewer in England and America has raved about it. It is by an English girl called Kennedy. I also read Huxley's new Those Barren Leaves and was amused but not excited. I don't think I like books as much as I used to. I am enclosing a notice from the Columbus paper — I don't think I wrote you about the Mutations being used at the University of Texas. I saw the actual page from the catalogue and was much impressed. Of course I hope lots of students will elect it and buy textbooks. There is a very clever new paper in New York called The New Yorker — a weekly, something between Life and Vanity Fair and a column in the World — and every week so far, which is three, they have said something nice about my book in the little column of books.

Instead of reviewing new ones, they go on reprinting something about those they apparently like. Perhaps you can get a copy at Levy's — I haven't any myself, but one of the Tech boys brings it to me every week to read. Peg will probably like it.

Henry hopes you will come down and stay with him during opera and of course I do too. Lots of love to all of you.

TO HANSELL BAUGH

[*Atlanta, March 12, 1925*]

You don't take my illness nearly as seriously as you should. I left New York with a sore throat, got here with a very sore throat, retired to my crib on Wednesday and did not arise until last Friday. In the interim, I had fevers and doctors and all the other suitable ills. Never yet have I recovered enough voice to talk over the telephone, so I have only had one very inadequate conversation with your mother.

Please be amused by the enclosed documents and then pass them on to Blumenthal and ask him if he will track down this terrible rumor that I live in Nevada — the News Enterprise must be responsible, though how such an idea could survive a conversation with me, I don't see. I had lunch with Nella Braddy and met Russell Doubleday, but they haven't made any definite offer. Herschel Brickell is determined I should have Liveright and is going to do something about it, and perhaps Dr. Canby will do something about Harcourt, who is his publisher. However — I haven't written another line of the Virgin, so there's no use to bother. I may easily

never write another line of anything. And I may settle down with Huebsch.

I've taken three very low-brow trips, but why should you want suggestions about them? And why are you so determined against cattle? It *is* awful to use up all that money on something no pleasanter and no more aesthetic than crossing the ocean. Tell me what you've decided. And, before I stop, I'm delighted that you found Florence Bradley so charming — I think she is beautiful and really quite wonderful. Here I am about to forget that C—— was in raptures about your story, which he says is about him. Is it? And why don't you send me a copy? I have had one remarkable letter from Alfred Stanford and I also think he is a wonder. I must try to get his Ground Swell — the new one isn't out or named.

TO ALFRED STANFORD

73 East Seventeenth Street, Atlanta
March twenty-fifth [*1925*]

Three days and four nights in New York sent me home with such a bad throat that I was sick abed for two weeks and very feeble for two more. While I couldn't talk I read over your first novel and read your second for the first time, and I can't reconcile your letters with your books, though perhaps I could reconcile yourself with both if I'd had more than one tea time for reconciling. Of course I was sorry you didn't come to Florence Bradley's tea. The tame [?] embryo magnolia — that's a magnificent phrase — has not opened out at all, but I've finally succeeded in getting my topical sentences, conditional clauses, and illus-

trations in a state that satisfies Dr. Canby, so I suppose they will be occupying the right side of the Saturday Review before very long and I'll send you a copy, since I don't suppose you read the first national weekly devoted solely to literature.

I wish you would send me a chapter of your Bowditch — not that my views would be any good to you, but just that I'd like to see which of your manifestations it's like.

I've suddenly been taken with a desire to write about the superiority of the particular to the universal — of course I'd have to read or re-read all literature before I could do it. Have you any convictions about that?

TO HANSELL BAUGH

[*April 2, 1925*]

You must know how delighted I am that your Nietzsche is going to adorn the Musical Quarterly — a periodical for which I have a vast respect, for all that I haven't seen it since I left the Carnegie Library of Atlanta. And the money, of course, is enough for about a month in Paris — certainly a month in Florence, I should think.

I have a small piece of news myself, which may or may not be a good piece of news. Mr. Liveright proposes to be the publisher of the H. B. V. Do you remember Mrs. Ben Elsas here, a tall and beautiful lady, always on the front row at the opera and concerts? She, it appears, is aunt to Mrs. Liveright and also to Mary Ellis of Rose Marie. Well — Mr. and Mrs. Liveright have been visiting her for a week. He came out to the library to see me, both of them came to tea

with me, and he offered me an advance, fifteen per cent., and various other things, and a contract next week the day he gets back to New York from New Orleans, where they went yesterday. He is very intelligent, an extremely good judge of books, and doubtless a good business man. He has read the three little episodes in the Reviewer and all this is on the strength of them — and the Mutations' "good press." Kindly write me your views by return mail, and don't tell anybody — really don't. I will write next week if I sign the contract. I feel rather as if I were getting a divorce, but the point that worries me is whether I may not be more visible in a small publishing house than in a big one. Think hard, and then write to me.

Your alma mater's Toreador has just got itself suppressed for indecency — by the president, not by the police. I happened on a review of my Mutations in the Outlook last week, which shouted about its shocking and Victorian pedantry. Dr. Van Doren was here yesterday, going from Athens to New Orleans, and I had tea with him and told him what I thought of Books for giving my poor book to Mrs. Patterson. My Literary Independence will be in the next Saturday Review — this Saturday, I mean — I think, and I'd also like to know what you think of it and what people say about it if they say anything. It is so rude that I think they will say something and that only Mr. Cabell and Mrs. Wylie, among writers of novels, will ever speak to me again. Mr. Liveright, by the way, likes precisely the way I began the Virgin and is quite willing to lack conversation.

[*April 30*]

Ave et vale and bon voyage and au revoir. I've fallen violently in love — for the last time — and am entirely unfit for letters and work and everything. That's a good use to put a boat to. Do write to me. Salutations to Mr. Blumenthal.

Of course, it won't last. But love doesn't last anyway, so that doesn't matter.

TO A. B. BERND

[*Mr. Bernd supplies this note: "The information contained in the opening paragraph was given in answer to a request from Walter White, through me, for verification of certain incidents in his then unpublished novel, Flight."*]

73 East Seventeenth Street, Atlanta
April twenty-ninth [*1925*]

My dear Mr. Bernd

Mr. J. J. Haverty says that there are no negro members of the Sacred Heart parish, and that they are not expected to come there. Margaret Corrigan, who is secretary of the Carnegie Library, says they used to come years ago, but that they do not come since the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes was built for them on the Boulevard. When they came, they sat in the back pews. The church on the Boulevard is directed by some African missionary order of the church, and has a school under the direction of an order of nuns. Mr. Haverty says that in New Orleans the churches have negro members, but that is probably a survival of the old slave days — like, I suppose, the galleries in the Episcopal churches of St. Paul in Richmond and St.

Michael in Charleston. I haven't read The Fire in the Flint, because I already suffer agonies about the negroes.

There's no use to argue about Henry James, but you remember that I complained because you tried to reconcile his influence with expecting every word to do its duty. The difficulties of my style come from close packing and allusiveness, which make it a good deal more like Meredith's — or, as some people think, like Paul Morand's. I'm sorry Literary Independence annoyed you — won't you tell me just why?

TO EMILY CLARK

73 East 17 Street, Atlanta
May twenty-seventh [*1925*]

Dear Emily

Louis has actually passed his last examination and on the eighth of June he will actually become an alumnus of the Georgia School of Technology. On the tenth he is going to a job in New Orleans and I will go to Richmond a day or two later and then on to New York. Of course, if you will be at home about the twentieth, and if you can have me without disturbing yourself or Mr. Balch, I'll be delighted to stop with you. If I can arrange to live in New York on what I can scratch up without a regular job, I'll stay, probably.

Tell Carl that his book has inspired me to fall in love with a youth twenty-five years old, but that I don't know whether I'm playing Lennie Colman or the Countess. That's one of the reasons I'm sure it's high time for me to go where there are some men my own age who take an interest in something besides golf and

business. My Gareth will be in New York then and you must see him.

Of course, I was delighted to see Chocolate Sponge in the Mercury. I haven't written anything except reviews since the paper for Dr. Canby, except one more page of the Virgin. Have you heard that Mr. Liveright is to publish it? He was here just before Carl Van Doren was and I like him very much. The contract is for the H. B. V. and two other novels.

Lots of love —

FRANCES

Monday [*June 8*]

Dear Emily

Louis has just graduated this morning, while I wept bitterly, and he is going to New Orleans tomorrow. So Mammy and I are going to Richmond Wednesday and I hope to see you next week if that suits you. Don't worry about people and parties, but of course I do want to see Miss Repplier. Isa Glenn Schindel has just written me about an apartment that a friend of Carl Van Vechten's has to let — Bernadine Szold, perhaps you know her — and Carl recommended me as tenant. It is two rooms and a bath and an electric kitchenette at 61 West 55 and charmingly furnished, Isa says. She will let it for what she pays unfurnished. I can't pay that unless I get somebody to go in with me and I wish you could, but of course you don't go to New York enough for that. Ellen Wolff, who is on the Journal here, wants to go with me and she may. I rather think I will take it. No doubt I can find somebody if it's so attractive, and certainly it's a good address — almost across from Isa and not much too near Sixth.

Mr. and Mrs. —— were here together, so I hardly see how they can be separated, but I've heard that he has a roving eye. However, I'm not having an affair with him and I'm not likely to — I'm awfully in love with my Gareth, who isn't a Gareth except in being something less than thirty. He is much more like a Michael Fane, and you can't — at least I couldn't have — realized how charming it is to be loved in that fresh, garden-between-dawn-and-sunrise way, again. It makes all those fat, middle-aged lustful creatures more horrible than ever and when he doesn't love me any more, I shall give up love forever. If I am with you at the week-end, will you let him come over for Sunday? He is awfully anxious to meet you, having heard volumes about you. I will send you a special or a telegram from Richmond Thursday — or maybe call you up in the evening. M.'s address is 6110 St. Andrew's Lane, if you want to tell me anything. I am enchanted to be so near seeing you again, and we will talk endlessly.

With lots of love.

FRANCES

TO ELLEN WOLFF

50 West 55 Street, New York
July first [*1925*]

Dearest Ellen

All our troubles would be settled if you would only come to New York. I do want you to get away. I wish you had been with us at the Grand Street Follies, and we both said that they were absolutely written for Frank Daniel.

I am staying with Cecilia Garrard, from Savannah,

but I am going to Richmond the end of next week, and I'll be back in Atlanta some time during the week before Tech summer school begins on the twentieth. I hope you won't choose that time to go away, because I'll have the whole apartment and I would love to have you stay with me a lot, and you and Frank will be my only diversion. I am going to try to write a good deal on the Virgin — I've done one episode here, which is remarkable. Do write to me, and tell me how you feel and what you are doing.

With ever so much love.

FRANCES

TO HANSELL BAUGH

50 West 55 Street
July first [*1925*]

Here I am in what I still consider your town, and I miss you shockingly. That, too, despite my young man, who migrated here one month ago today. I have to go back to Atlanta for half the Tech summer school, so if you have time to write to me, write to Atlanta — 73 East 17 still. A day or two ago, I was lunching with Mr. Liveright at the Algonquin, and Marian Spitzer came over and sat down with us and told me that she had heard Mr. Blumenthal speak politely of me, which I was pleased to hear. I made a suitably modest of myself and laudatory of him reply.

Louise Smith says that you are about to go to Paris. I hope you will soon have enough of it and come back to what Mencken calls God's Country. He had tea — well, not tea, exactly — with Emily and me a day or two ago, and seemed in his usual excellent health. I took

my young man to Carl Van Vechten's one night, because I have always infuriated him by calling him my Gareth — from which you will very properly gather that he is exactly four years older than you and five years older than Louis, and that it's ridiculous for us to be attached to each other.

I stayed about a week with Emily in Philadelphia and found her living in state. We went to dinner at Dower House and the immortal Joseph lunched with us. He is not at all changed. We also lunched with Miss Agnes Repplier. Hunter Stagg is proceeding abroad this week, and hopes to see you.

Do write me the news — and do come home.

Cherokee Road, Atlanta
[*August 19, 1925*]

Your sister Margaret came out to see me Monday, and we had a great session about you. Of course, we both want you to come back to America, and for the same selfish reasons, however we may dress them up with what is good for you. I particularly want you to come, because I am emigrating next week — for good and all, I suppose — and I will miss you sadly in New York. For the present, I'll be in the New York Public Library at Forty-second Street, and in the Reference Cataloguing Department, where I hope you will write to me until I have an address of my own to send you. I am to work just part of the day, send a weekly letter to the Journal, do some reviews for the Tribune and the Saturday Review and subsist on that and my small unearned increment until the Virgin makes my fortune — which won't be very soon. Even I am not so anxious to see it finished as my young man is, and he is the

only person who has ever told me what I now suspect of being true — that I am lazy, and that I persuade myself I can only write about one sentence a day. When I know you are positively in Paris, and that you will be there long enough to get it, I want to send you a carbon of the first twenty-odd pages, and I want you to be constructively critical of them. Your review of the Mutations is in the new Reviewer, as you may know, and I'm quite annoyed with you for complaining about The Private Life when you know that I had to take a Harper copyright and that it was certainly the best of them. Anyway, I hope your ill-gotten gains will turn into hundreds of francs. I wrote Mr. Blumenthal, by special request, that my ci-devant teacher is Mlle. Angela Lavelli, Hôtel de Londres, 3 rue Bonaparte, near the quai Voltaire, and that I studied the eighteenth century with her, not the language, and got a lot more from her than from the Sorbonne. But I was away from my typewriter, and perhaps he doesn't know her name yet. I am enclosing a leader of mine, in which your name and George's are spoken — also Frank Daniel, who is "on" the Journal, and Lamar Trotti, who can get an emotion into his writing that neither of us will ever get, and that I don't even want, but that the world will probably like. Salutations.

TO MARGARET PATTERSON

[*Atlanta, August (?), 1925*]

Dear Peg

No doubt you will be all fixed up by the time you get this, with curtains and tea-cups and everything around, and living a giddy life like "When Patty Went to College," or something like that. I have about de--

cided to go back to New York and I hope we can get some one for the library in time for me to leave next week. Just as soon as I get an apartment, you must come up and spend a week-end. I will get it just as quickly as I can. I expect to send up some furniture.

I am to have a leave of absence, and if I can't make the grade in New York, I will have an unburned boat to retreat to. No sentence should end with a preposition.

If you ever have a spare minute, write to me, but I don't suppose you ever will. I had an affectionate note from your Aunt Madge last week — she was at Rheims, in the same hotel where she took me [in 1923].

Lots of love and good luck to you.

FRANCES

Tuesday

TO SUSAN LONG

Room 200, New York Public Library
[*August 29, 1925*]

Dear Mammy

Got here all right and am just going out to Florence's.

I have not found an apartment yet. Hope you are all right.

Love

FRANCES

TO FRANK DANIEL

[*New York, August 31, 1925*]

Dear Father-Elect of James Cabell

You needn't be surprised to see me safely back in Atlanta any day — I don't believe I was born to

live in this great city. But of course if I go back to Atlanta, every one of any consequence will immediately come up here. You are sure to come, aren't you? Do you think you and I will be overpowered by New York, or are we made of sterner stuff?

I feel too low-spirited to be sprightly, but tell Ellen I have found two rooms and a bath and a kitchenette on West Twelfth Street for eighty dollars a month, and that if my spirits rise, I may take them.

Yours mournfully

FRANCES

TO JOHN W. CRAWFORD

[*The first paragraph of this note was written for a symposium in the International Book Review, at Mr. Crawford's request.*]

[*New York, October 9, 1925*]

Since a good many more than three thousand books have been published this fall, I can hardly hope to choose the peerless volume — not when I remember that the incomparable Athenaeum reviewed The Ordeal of Richard Feverel without distinguishing it above half a dozen novels of its week, and that it reviewed The Origin of Species without suspecting that a world had fallen about its well-stopped ears. But among the two or three dozen books of this fall that I have read, I cannot put one above Sherwood Anderson's Dark Laughter. Its beautifully deep and rich emotion and its beautifully fine craftsmanship must, I think, put it above the perfect union of a most enviable talent and a most enviable erudition and a most enviable elegance that make up The Venetian Glass Nephew. I would

rather have written The Venetian Glass Nephew, and erudition and elegance are sadly needed in American fiction, but talent and erudition and elegance have always bowed to genius.

FRANCES NEWMAN

I hope it will do — I'm at Mrs. T. D. Semple's, 241 Central Park West, if you want it changed. I'll hope to see you next week. F.N.

TO H. L. MENCKEN

6110 St. Andrew's Lane, Richmond
November tenth [*1925*]

Dear Mencken

John Wade wants you to come to the University of Georgia and let his students behold you, and he asked me to add my solicitations to his — I'm afraid that's a slightly improper word, isn't it? I hope you will go, if you go south, because, as you know, I think you have a stimulating effect on southern literature.

I got sick in New York, languished all alone for a week or so like an O. Henry heroine, and then came down here to be sick with poor Margaret. I hope to see you when I go back — I made a mistake in choosing an apartment, and I will have to crawl out of the lease when I get back. I hear it's not difficult.

Salutations —

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO DELIA JOHNSTON

[*Richmond, November 12, 1925*]

Dearest Delia

As usual, I caught an awful cold and sore throat in New York — it was that awful night I went to the Hippodrome that I wrote about in the paper. I was so miserable all alone and sick that I came down here to Margaret. I am still in bed, but much better.

There is a big Bourdelle show at the G. C. Galleries and I hope it will be on when you come. And you just must see The Glass Slipper — there is something in my story for November twenty-second about it. My apartment is tiny but I'd love to have you. I've left the library, as I couldn't get anything done. Did I tell you that Current History had asked me for a 4,000 word article on some recent changes in the short story? I'm reading for it now and hope to write it before I go back. Then I'll try to do Virginal Succession for Dr. Canby and a story to eke out my income. I'll do the HBV when I'm fresh, of course.

I'm sorry Genie is having a bad time — I'm sure she is homesick, and so am I.

Love to your mother and lots to you.

FRANCES

[*New York, December 19*]

Dearest Delia

I've had such an awful neuralgia in my right shoulder that I couldn't write. I could hardly move. I've had so many kinds of colds that I'm subletting the apartment tomorrow and going to Richmond. I hate not to see you, but it's snowing and I can't stand the exposure of going out for food, so I think I'll try a

hotel for the winter and get another apartment later. I can't write any more, except to hope that you'll have a lovely Christmas.

Love from

FRANCES

TO SUSAN LONG

[*Richmond, December 23*]

Dear Mammy

Louis got here this morning, and little Jack and I met him. I think he looks fine and he seems to be having a good time in New Orleans. He says you have a cold, but I hope you will be well before Christmas, so you can enjoy yourself. He also says that you and little Billy seem to be having a grand time together.

The Pattersons are all flourishing, and Peg is coming tonight.

I don't know just how long I will stay here, or where I'll go when I get back to New York. If Louis could come back to Atlanta, I think I'd come, too.

I sent you some white stockings, and I hope they will fit.

Lots of love, and Merry Christmas!

TO HANSELL BAUGH

[*Richmond, December 29*]

Do you mean to tell me that Apostolic Succession is no more potent nowadays than it was in the days of Leo the Twelfth?

Probably I will come back to New York about next Sunday — I am doing a good deal of work, but I am

very much bored, and strange to say those two states seem to go together. If the Sherwood Anderson book comes off, I think perhaps I will go down to New Orleans and stay with Louis and survey Sherwood — if, again, he is back there from the west. I think all that, but probably I won't go. I will go to some little hotel when I get to N. Y. — one cheap enough for me to feel unhurried in seeking an apartment. Can't you enquire into these for me? — and try to persuade the agents to take less money? I will certainly go to the boat — if only for the pleasure of seeing a since short trousers acquaintance sail first class on the Majestic. Please answer all these inquiries by return mail, and tell me if you know when you'll be sailing.

VI

THESE harried movements from New York to Richmond, during the autumn and the winter of 1925, were caused in part by her horror of suffering illness alone; but her several returns from Richmond or Atlanta to New York must have been caused by some charm that New York continued to hold for her, in spite of its climate, in spite of its being "no place for writing." Though she might condemn it for a labyrinth in which "promising youths and maidens offered themselves up" and became "intellectual air-plants, instead of profiting by the example of those eminent novelists who have remained where they had roots" — she could not herself escape it. Another passage in her niece's already quoted biographical sketch narrates it thus:

"When the pull of New York and all its advantages finally became too strong, she yielded to it. She had first deposited her furniture, a few knives and forks, and a cocktail shaker in a little apartment in the correct section of New York for young writers, and there she had existed for two months. But 'the Village' was far from the center of things; from the theatres, the library, and Fifth Avenue. She became restless, and with her furniture, her silver, and her cocktail shaker, she travelled uptown to the Roaring Forties, and there again she laid down her bed and her belongings."

That too — even with her lavender curtains in place

— was to continue for only three months. In April, perhaps a week after a paper on The American Short Story had appeared in the April Bookman, and not much longer after she had suffered three attacks of grippe in three months — she went to Atlanta to wait for the other two months which must elapse before she could go to the MacDowell Colony in New Hampshire. Before she had arrived in Peterborough, on June 18, "about seventy pages" of The Hard-Boiled Virgin had been typed and were "definitely finished except for one last ironing." Two months later, the book was done — ironings and all.

In September, again in Atlanta, she moved into the apartment that was to be her home, and her nephew's, and their mammy's, for their remaining two years together.

TO DELIA JOHNSTON

51 West 49 Street, New York
February sixteenth [*1926*]

Dearest Delia

That was such a darling letter of yours, and I was so glad to hear from you. You see, I am now in the Roaring Forties, and I am wild about living right here. I can go right out of the door and walk nearly anywhere in five or ten minutes, and there are seventeen or eighteen restaurants in this block, so I needn't starve, as they are all very reasonable. I hope I won't get sick or anything like that again, and if I am still here in June, you must certainly come and stay with me. This is one of those nice old houses turned into two apartments on each floor, and my living room is long and high and has a white marble mantel, and I like it very much. The bed-room is just hall-bed-room size, and there is a kitchenette and a bath and a closet and a tiny entrance hall, but it is an enormous improvement on Charles Street, and I am much happier than I was down there.

I never have written the article for the Saturday Review. The short story article turned out too highbrow for Current History, and John Farrar took it for the Bookman. Did you see my review of the O'Brien collections in the Times on the seventh? I have just done the O. Henry collection for Dr. Canby and I suppose it will come out in about two weeks. I have the Dial edition of darling Jane Austen's letters to do for the Tribune and Three Kingdoms for the Post, so perhaps I won't starve just yet. I am afraid you are having a very tedious time at Tech and I can't say I long to see the place again, but of course everything

depends on the Virgin, which is coming along slowly but satisfactorily. I hope to finish it early in June. About every two days I get so homesick that I think I will come back to Atlanta as soon as I live up my month's rent, and then I see a copy of the Atlanta paper and feel that I never can stand it again — just such things as that Supreme Kingdom clipping you sent me.

Of all the people I have met, I think I like Dorothy Ogburn best — she is George and Isobel Stevens's sister, you know. I go to their apartment a good deal and we go to picture exhibitions together. Lamar is taking them and me to Carmencita and the Soldier to-night. I wish you could have seen the Moscow Studio do Aristophanes' Lysistrata — it was awfully funny and very Russian and interesting scenery. Dorothy and I went yesterday to an exhibition of Foujita's paintings — you remember his pictures in Paris, don't you?

If I can ever do anything for you about books or anything else, be sure to let me do it. And do write to me again. I miss you all the time. Please give my love to your mother. Lots and lots of love for you —

FRANCES

I'm sure that I won't have enough money for Europe this summer, but I hope you'll go anyway. I spend everything on just living, and of course I don't make so much since I'm struggling along without a job.

TO H. L. MENCKEN

51 West 49 Street, New York
March twenty-seventh [*1926*]

Dear Mencken

Will you be an angel and write a note to the Edward MacDowell Association, Peterborough, New Hampshire, and say that I am a woman of extraordinary

creative gifts? I have an idea of going up there, and I must have two eminent sponsors.

You are making a great mistake not to call on me — I am bursting with ideas for Mercury articles, which I can't write until you approve. However, it is now too late, since I have had grippe three times since January, and propose to go South next week.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

I hope you'll read my article in the April Bookman, and be deeply impressed.

FROM JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Dear Frances:

A note not at all unworthy to have harbingered Sappho or Harriet Beecher Stowe has gone to Mrs. Ritchey and will, I trust, serve your turn. I dwelt upon your gifts: I charitably did not dwell upon the truism that gifts unemployed are less than worthless.

Anyhow, I read this morning your article in The Bookman, and I liked it tremendously. Your manner becomes charmingly serpentine; and lacks, indeed, not one ophidian trait.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

2 April 1926

TO LAMAR TROTTI

Telegram

[*Atlanta, May 18, 1926*]

Can you write two hundred fifty word description of Virgin for catalogue and give Liveright by tomorrow? If not please ask George. How are you?

[*May 19*]

Mr. Liveright's letter was forwarded twice and his telegram was delayed because Mammy's sister was ill and I was out late, so I was afraid his catalogue might go to press without anything much about the Virgin, and badly as I felt about bothering you, I was afraid to send George Stevens a telegram at Mr. Knopf's with Mr. Liveright's name in it. I hope I didn't give you very much trouble and that you weren't awfully busy. Of course I sent something myself special delivery. Many thanks for your telegram and for taking this trouble.

I'm sending you this review [of Aldous Huxley's Two or Three Graces] because you'll see from it that Half-Holiday is just a little like your Hindlegs, though not nearly such an original idea. If you'd like to have it, I'll be delighted to send you the book for keeps.

TO HANSELL BAUGH

75 East Seventeenth Street, Atlanta
[*June 10, 1926*]

But you should have had two letters from me long ago. However, your mother says you probably didn't get letters sent to that first D. E. I. address. I shall probably never remember what I said in them, and I shall always be able to attribute anything I haven't told you, and should have told you, to one or the other of them.

Anyway, here I am in the cradle of my infancy and of your adolescence. I met your brother on the street two or three days ago. He invited me to come and behold his daughter, and said that she would certainly be

an inspiration for my book. I then told him the name of the book and he proved that he was your brother by laughing as uproariously as I did. I came down here after half a dozen more influenzas, but I am leaving Monday if my present cold allows me to go. What is more, I am going to Peterborough, and you simply must get back to Yaddo so that we can compare our two homes for genius. I'll just be in New York two or three days going up — long enough to discuss the jacket and see the incomparable Alfred [Lunt] in At Mrs. Beam's and do a few more things.

The Virgin is coming on very nicely but still not rapidly. About seventy typed pages are definitely finished except for one last ironing, and I hope to get it done by August if Peterborough is just boring enough. I think Mr. Liveright can probably cope with printers and binders. At least I hope so, since the book is already announced in his fall catalogue.

I hope you have discovered a seductive lady since you wrote to me. If you don't fall in love soon you will certainly go to perdition and your style will be ruined. I have now decided that Aldous Huxley is the Anglo-Saxon hope of the literary world, and I shall go on thinking so until he writes another book or you fall in love. The Silver Stallion is a marvellous book, I think — Mr. Cabell's finest, I also think, though without the gusto of Jurgen. I am also much taken with Lolly Willowes, written by a Miss Warner who is Arthur Machen's niece. I have tried to read No More Parades, but I cannot.

Those are all my new literary opinions, but I have quite a lot of new clothes that I like very much. I propose to stay in Peterborough until the end of August,

and I hope that we can be reunited in New York after that.

If this gets to Sumatra in time for you to write to me again, you might as well write to this address — 75 is right, not a misprint for 73 — but I will tell your sister Margaret where I am in case you should land, of which I have little or no hope.

Did you see Percy Lubbock's novel, which proves the effect of poor dear Henry James?

TO HER SISTER

MacDowell Colony
Peterborough, New Hampshire
June nineteenth [*1926*]

Dearest Margaret

This place is really beautiful. There are small mountains far away, something like Arden, only nearly all around, and the lawns and flowers are lovely. The lilacs are just in bloom and there is a border of them — not stiff like a hedge — by the cottage where I stay. I have a bedroom, a bath, and a room to write in, which has a fireplace with a wood fire burning right this minute, so I ought to get along all right, though it is still pretty cool — about as cool as Nantucket or a little cooler, but they say it will be warmer soon.

The village of Peterborough is charming and I wish you and Peg could see it — the geniuses here would amuse her so much. There is a very nice place in the village called The Tavern, and if you and she come to New England in August, I wish you could come by here. It is three hours direct from Boston, but I had to change at Worcester coming from New York and it

was a very tiresome trip, so I slept all day yesterday.

Edwin Arlington Robinson, the poet, is the only very eminent genius here right now, though I have heard of some of the others. There are prose writers and poets and composers and one sculptor. I hope I will be able to write. Let me know what you are going to do.

The Randolphs are coming to Richmond soon. Mrs. Randolph took me out to Stone Mountain last week, and I wrote something about it for the Journal. Tell Peg I ordered a book called Roundabout for her birthday — it is by Nancy Hoyt, who is Elinor Wylie's younger sister. I hope she'll like it and that she'll have a swell birthday.

Lots of love —

FRANCES

TO LAMAR TROTTI

[*Peterborough, June 21*]

Will you tell me what you *really* think of this episode. I've written all of it in two days and a page of the next, which is a lot for me, as you know. But I'm not sure it's good enough, and I want you to tell me the *truth* about it so that I won't stay here if New Hampshire is bad for the HBV.

[*June 22*]

I've just had the idea of making the next episode in Charleston at Sarah Rutledge's wedding to an army officer — really a part of the same love affair, with another officer going on with James Fuller's unfinished part. Like a second actor taking the part of the lame hero. What do you think of it? Please do tell me the truth about all of it, and is it dreadfully dull?

TO DELIA JOHNSTON

[*Peterborough, June 21*]

Dearest Delia

The trip up was horrid and I am glad you didn't come. I got here in the rain and felt terribly discouraged, but now I'm quite pleased and I've finished a five page — nearly six page — episode.

I hope you enjoyed and had a good time your last days in New York. Peterborough is a darling little town and has a Gothic Cram church that I wonder if Alex Hoyle designed. I'd love for you to see it all.

[*June 26*]

I haven't seen anybody from Camden — perhaps Mrs. —— was there before she was from Cincinnati. The way she does her hair looks as if she might be even from Summerville. I saw her last night when we had dinner at the Nubanusit Tea Barn, which is lovely. We ate on a screened porch right over a stream. I am beginning to like it very much. Paul Green is here from Chapel Hill — he was editor of The Reviewer, you remember. And some of the composers play at night now and then, and I like the Englishman very much except that he takes the war seriously. I have done fourteen pages of Virgin, though the last two are still awfully crude, so this must be a good place to work and it is quite warm and lovely weather and I feel very serene — temporarily at least. I hope you do.

[*July 2*]

Your letter with Sam Stoney's address seems to have disappeared, and he is the only person I can think of who will know something or find it out — I want

to know the day of the week and month of the first Saint Cecilia ball in 1912. I suppose it was January, but I must have the exact day of both week and month, because a whole episode revolves around it. I suddenly remember the holiday coming, and he won't get a letter from you any sooner than from me, if you can answer this right away, so just send me his address, kindly.

I have written nearly thirty pages here, and I distrust them because they came so easily, except just last Saturday and Sunday, when nothing would come. I like the place better and better and I almost wish you had come, even though it is a nasty trip. It is a lovely smiling country and a perfect place to work. I hope you are feeling happy and that Chautauqua will be the right place for you — be sure to send me your address there. I am reading No More Parades in small snatches and I really think it is wonderful though dullish in spots and hard to read. I will mail it to you at Tech by the time you go back.

Lots of love and apologies for bothering you —

FRANCES

TO LAMAR TROTTI

[*Peterborough, July 7*]

I am now on the Virgin's ninety-sixth page — please be astonished and pleased. There are three sentences in it that I could jump over the room about — you'll see what they are. I've been waiting to write you until I can make a carbon and send all ninety pages to you, but I've been waiting a week for some paper I ordered to make the *fair copy* on. I hope you'll also be surprised and pleased to hear that I never before felt so serene. It's almost exactly like being on a boat

without the misery of being seasick, and I wish you could try it next year. If I have written thirty-five pages here, you would write a whole novel in less than a month.

[*July 14*]

There are nearly two more episodes, but if I go on waiting to copy final versions, I'll never send it to you, and I want to know what you think of it. If you think the last one too bad, please say so. I know page ninety-one is like something in Rachel, but it has to go in. When I wrote that episode, I couldn't calm down until I went out and walked in the woods and got bitten by mosquitoes.

There is one very amusing man here. His name is Thornton Wilder, and he has just published a clever book called The Cabala, which is about high life in Rome. He is very good looking and he even has beautiful ears. He thinks I don't realize that the Virgin is likely to cause an uproar. I can't believe it will, because too many people will be bored by it. Anyway, I have twelve more episodes and I hope it will be finished inside of three weeks. Please send it back unfolded, as I am going to send it on to Mr. Liveright with what goes before. I'll wait and take him the rest when it's all done. Won't it be a marvellous feeling if it's ever really finished?

TO FRANK DANIEL

Peterborough, July fourteenth

Dear Frank

You are an angel, and I will try not to ask any more questions so that I won't discover that you aren't

an angel — but, is the Georgia Road called the Georgia Road without any mention of Rails? I am sure that georgette must have come in by 1913, though it may not have reached Atlanta, because even the frivolity of the French would not go so far as to invent such a fragile fabric during the War to End War.

Katharine Faraday has had her heart broken three times, and I wrote you about the terrible effect the third break had on my own. She is now in the Blue Ridge Mountains discovering that one may be born in the South and still write something, and she has just read Carnival. One of her brothers has died and left her four thousand dollars and she will shortly be embarking for the Mediterranean. All of that may sound like an Action Story, but I hope and believe the action is well hidden. I hope to leave her forever in less than three weeks, and I hope to fly homeward long before the swallows — in fact, before the great upheaval in apartments the first of September — by the twentieth of August, for instance.

The Cabala is as near a Peacock as necessary, and it would be at home in The Parlours, I think. If you would like a signed copy of it, order one sent up to me and I will get him to sign it for Frank Daniel. Having bought you a green lamp, I cannot afford to buy a two-fifty book — it is published by A. and C. Boni. I suppose a signed Edwin Arlington Robinson would feel ill at ease in those Parlours.

Mr. Liveright sent me a design for the jacket, but it was awful — fortunately, he didn't like it either. His artist thought Pallas was Artemis and gave her a large bow and a quiver and a wounded stag obviously copied from the Manship in the Metropolitan, and the Diana

was obviously an adaptation of a very Mycenaean painting. You should be here to sit down with me in a meadow and eat wild strawberries, or to walk among these Hiawatha birches —

FRANCES

TO HORACE LIVERIGHT

July sixteenth

Dear Horace

About ten days ago, I got a copy of Mary Glenn from your office — a copy without any lettering on it. I have wondered a little about it, and before I remembered to thank you for it, I began to think that perhaps it had been sent by mistake, and instead of the dummy you spoke of sending. I never have received any dummy — just the design for the jacket. By Tuesday, I hope to send you about a hundred and thirty or forty pages of the Virgin, and the rest by the first week in August — will that do? I really think it is good, and although I am sure you know I will want to change anything you dislike, I haven't put a word into it without days of pondering and searching for a better one. I do hope you'll like it — Thornton Wilder, who has just published The Cabala with the Bonis, thinks I will be horrified by the amount of wicked publicity it will get, and two of my friends tell me that I will never be able to go back to Atlanta again, but I can't expect anything like that. However, I am not a magnolia blossom to turn brown at a cross word.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

Postscript

I have been taken with two ideas for next books — one a sort of history of sophistication, which is so fashionable just now — Petronius and decadent Rome and Alexandria and then periods in Italy and France and the English nineties and our present — a lot about our present. Don't you think that might do rather well? The other is for a novel in a very light and glittering style about a man who was terrified of being married against his will — full of conversation and of course a mistress and tea and muffins and champagne. It might become a comedy of manners in time if it turned out well. But of course I'd better be finishing this book.

TO LAMAR TROTTI

[*July 24*]

All this week I've been revising and copying the earlier part of the Virgin, and today I'm sending a hundred and thirty-eight pages to Mr. Liveright. I have worked so long every day that I was aching and exhausted and I haven't dared let myself think of anything else or write one letter. I have written about twenty new pages which you haven't seen and I probably have thirty or forty more to do. Please burn a candle to help me through. I'm nearly distracted.

I'm planning just such a light comedy of manners as you want. Have you seen Mencken's review of The Advancing South, where he said "Cabell and Miss Newman" — just like that? Isn't this [booklet about Stone Mountain] funny? Perhaps I'll be Miss Rutherford's successor.

TO H. L. MENCKEN

July twenty-fourth

Dear Mencken

Thanks to your recommendation, here I am. And here I have worked so heroically that The Hard-Boiled Virgin will be finished in about two weeks, deo volente. It is, of course, either the best fiction ever written or the worst.

I was very much pleased to be called sceptics like Cabell and Miss Newman — it's too bad the necessity of writing like a modest gentleman didn't allow you to say that you dug all the violets out from the Sahara's sand with your own Corona. Perhaps I can manage to say it myself before long.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

There is one very taking young gentleman here — Thornton Wilder, who wrote The Cabala, which I am in process of reviewing for the World — the others are distressingly harmless —

TO MRS. FRED McCORMICK

[*Peterborough, August —, 1926*]

Dearest Ada

You'd rather be able to read this letter than have it politely written with a pen, wouldn't you — impolite comments have taught me that my writing is only legible to men who are deeply though temporarily attached to me.

I miss you pathetically, and I really don't see how you had the heart to go and leave me. I don't exactly

know why I was so frightened of Mr. McCormick, but I was sure that I would bore him, and I am far too proud to do that if I can help it. We really must do our [convent] retreat together, and then my third book and I will both have charming souls.

My sister is coming today or tomorrow, and I am sorrier than ever that you and the armadillo are gone, because there isn't a human being here now whom I could take to lunch or dine or even tea with her. I believe you and I are both snobs in a way — a very nice way — and that's one of the smaller bonds between us. And speaking of that —

You remember that Katharine Faraday was born to enjoy a small circulation among human beings? — so was I. And this is one of the places where I do my best circulating. In lots of places I bore people frightfully, and I probably rather bubble here because the atmosphere seems to be encouraging.

The armadillo and Mrs. Dalton departed simultaneously but separately at about three o'clock Sunday afternoon. I have had one very intimate and yet very remote letter from him — you can easily imagine it.

Mr. —— is back and I think he must really be a genius, because he says he told his wife that he would like to have me come and live with them for a while — I am sure no man except Shelley ever had such a ridiculous idea before. The new man is terrible — poor white, no less. He is a reforming poet, and he is working on a novel. Mr. Ward is leaving on Saturday, but he is going to have a party Friday night. We have taken to singing on the Eaves' porch, and Mr. Harris and Mr. Gatch are the stars. Nan Stephens, from my town, has come, and Willa Cather is coming Saturday.

Do write to me again — I miss you pathetically — and give my salutations to Mr. McCormick —

Love from

FRANCES

TO SUSAN LONG AND LOUIS RUCKER

[*Peterborough, August —, 1926*]

Dearest Mammy and Louis

Your letter came this morning, and I am very glad to know that you are both flourishing. I hope you will enjoy yourselves on Cherokee Road and that you will be cool and that the Studebaker will continue to run. I am not only cool, but I have a wood fire in my studio this minute, and feel very pleasant. It was nearly hot here two afternoons week before last, but not hot as I fear you were in that poor apartment. Don't think about saving me a little money — if the Virgin makes the splash everybody thinks it will, we'll have lots of money.

I have only nine more little episodes to do — each about three pages, except the last, which will only be about one page, so I hope to finish in about two weeks. Also I am having a very good time, and Mammy will be pleased to hear that my beautiful manners are the wonder of the place, which I suppose will only convince her that New England manners are not picking up. Tell her I am well fed and very well amused. There was one man I was rather taken with, but he went away yesterday, so I got a good deal more work done today.

Louis, I do hope you will stay in Atlanta with us for keeps, and I don't mind your marrying — she must be very clever from everything Henrietta used to tell me,

and I don't mind your marrying anybody who isn't dumb. I hope that you will find a regular job in Atlanta and that we will get a real apartment. Don't let Mammy work too hard. Love to you two and to all the family and folks.

TO THORNTON WILDER

[*Peterborough, August 14 (?)*]
Saturday

My boy friend came up yesterday, and he reports that *the* review [of The Cabala] was elegantly placed in the World last Sunday. He doesn't know whether Mr. Hansen kept all my felicities, but perhaps you know by this time. The other news is that Miss Cather came last Saturday, that she was housed in Mrs. McCormick's room, between Miss Blanke's and mine, and allowed to use *your* studio. Today she had to be moved upstairs because the Eaves are talkative too late, and moved to Mrs. McCormick's studio because the Players annoy her. Louise Driscoll is here and she is as anxious to know what you are like since The Cabala as I am to know what you were like before — therefore we are very congenial.

Mrs. Colum is coming tomorrow — why don't you come down next Sunday and see all these eminent ladies? I'll probably leave a week from Monday. Katharine Faraday is no longer a virtuous woman and I expect to finish her history by Wednesday. Mr. Ward left last Saturday and my sister was here five days.

I miss you terribly — no one will discuss the refinements of English prose with me now.

Salutations.

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO MRS. FRED McCORMICK

[*Peterborough, August 16, 1926*]

Dear Ada

The finger next to my thumb is sore and I can't write any more on the typewriter today and I have kindly lent my ink to Miss Ralston. But I *must* shout out to you that I have just written the last episode of the HBV, and although I have to revise and copy about fifty pages, it could be published if I should die tonight. I hope you won't hate it.

Many thanks for the little prayer-book — you were a darling to send it and I am already reading it, but I'll *really* begin reading it about next Sunday. I *love* your photograph, but I can't love mine. The armadillo says he misses "the blessed" in his camp of boys and he may come down to dinner next Sunday. I suppose I'll leave about Monday. If you feel inspired to come up, and I *wish* you would — write to me chez Boni and Liveright. Do write to me — you haven't any idea, I fear, how much I love you.

Salutations to Mr. McCormick.

FRANCES

Louise Driscoll says she remembers you in such a beautiful evening gown that she can't recognize you in a smock.

TO LAMAR TROTTI

[*August 16*]

The paper you wouldn't have is now being used to tell you that The Hard-Boiled Virgin is now a book. I wrote three episodes this morning and rewrote

the two indelicate episodes and I am about to begin copying the last fifty pages. I'll copy the last three episodes and send them to you about Wednesday, deo volente.

TO HER BROTHER

Wednesday [*August 18*]

Dear Henry

Look what the bank did to me, which I think was brutal. I have just written to Margaret to ask Jack to send the bank the $140 which is due next week, so I suppose it will be all right. I thought I had about a hundred dollars — if you can, will you see about it, and get me a hundred dollars if necessary? I will have to get some money before I leave here. I will get $250 from Mr. Liveright as soon as I send him the rest of the HBV, which I hope to do either tomorrow or Saturday — I wouldn't dare to send it Friday. I am still copying frantically. I hope Louis is all right — I wish he could find a job in Atlanta, because I don't think he wants to leave. Love to you all —

FRANCES

TO HORACE LIVERIGHT

MacDowell Colony
Peterborough, N. H.
August nineteenth

Dear Horace

Well, the HBV is finished, which is more than I ever thought it would be and probably more than you

thought it ever would be. You didn't seem to be exactly enraptured with the first half, and if you don't like this I don't want you to feel obliged to have it. However, I really think it is a good book or I wouldn't want to publish it, and I do think it is about the first novel in which a woman ever told the truth about how women feel. I am enclosing this scrap from Thornton Wilder, whose Cabala I like so much that I value his good opinion — he says that he feels like a woman as well as a man since he read it. And Arthur White, who did that play called The Virgin, thinks it is a great book and remarkably *poignant,* which I hope will cheer you up. I expect to leave here Monday and I will mail the manuscript in time for it to be in your office Monday — I may go by Gloucester for Sunday, so don't bother to answer this letter. I almost forgot to say that I am sending the rewritten chapters Mr. Smith objected to, and that I think the manuscript ought to be ready for the press. But remember that I don't want you to publish it unless you think it a good book.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO ALBERT H. GROSS

MacDowell Colony
Peterborough
August 19, 1926

Dear Mr. Gross

If all of you think the other binding would be more attractive to the booksellers than one like the Mutations, of course I don't want to set my inexperience up against your experience. I suppose you mean

a binding like that on Mary Glenn. I don't think it ugly, but I don't think it suits the spirit of this book. If I can talk to you on Tuesday morning, perhaps we could settle it all at once.

But I am not so much bothered about that binding as I am about the jacket. I like the lettering and the general arrangement but I don't like the picture at all and I think Pallas Athena is too dignified a goddess to be presented in such a skirt. I am afraid that with such a title and some of the things in the text the book might get rather a black eye from such a jacket. If it's too late to do the Botticelli Pallas I suggested, perhaps we might just do without a picture and have a violet and fuchsia lettered paper. And if we use the Mutations idea, it should be fuchsia and violet rather than this red and blue. The book is finished — I hope it can go to press before next week is over. I hope I am not being an unbearable nuisance, and I'll call you up Tuesday morning.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO A. B. BERND

Peterborough, August twenty-first

Dear Aaron Bernd

The Hard-Boiled Virgin, I grieve to tell you, is already deleted of the passages Lester Hargrett doubtless heard about from Frank Daniel — Mr. Liveright's Mr. T. R. Smith said they wouldn't go through the mail. But I hope there is enough left to cheer your November, and I hope you'll like it — which is more than I do just now. Nevertheless, I hope that its inspirations are so many and so well mixed that they won't stick out

scandalously. This is a great place to work and also very diverting — you must try it some summer. What a phrase — some summer — I apologize. I am going to New York Monday and I'll ask Mr. Liveright to send you a very early copy.

TO THORNTON WILDER

1039 Peachtree Street, Atlanta
August thirty-first

You remember that Katharine Faraday could not walk down Peachtree Street except in her best hat? And that she liked a scenic back-drop? Therefore, you wouldn't be surprised to see me on a little green balcony of an apartment exactly like a setting for Don Quichotte.

I am just moving in, but I cannot wait any longer to say that I did not leave Katharine Faraday until the day when she realized that she was hopelessly virginal — until she was boiled hard, so to speak. I hope you will agree with me when you read the last episode. My boy friend was moved to tears, and a new colonist called Sylvia Bates was so depressed that she came down with a cold.

Mr. Liveright's production department speaks of mid-October, so don't you think you might shortly address yourself to Dr. Canby? But please don't feel too obligated to civility. I have talked of nothing but The Cabala since I left the Colony and I have written to the Bonis for a photograph of its author to use in an article about the Colony for my Journal here. Of course I'll send you a copy, if you'll tell me where you are.

1039 Peachtree Street, Atlanta
September fourth [*1926*]

This is the absurd apartment next to the Christian Science Church — the one that looks like a setting for the first act of Carmen, but not as done in Moscow even for people who get their tickets at Gray's. It's the only place I could find that will hold us all. Atlanta is enjoying a very troublesome prosperity — and I'm just as hot as you were on your Jacksonville boat. In fact I'm so hot that Frank says I'm a changed woman since I accomplished the feat of finishing the Virgin. Perhaps I am. He read the last five episodes in my presence, and laughed instead of shedding even one icy tear.

Can you send me a few chapters of your Young God's triumphant college career? If you don't, how can I tell how good it is? Of course, I realize I may not be right even after I read it. I'm planning to leave here on Tuesday for Mrs. Frank Ellis's cottage at Lakemont, and I hope you can send me some of it by the time I come back. I am very glad you are going on with it. I'm very much bored here, but I'm not unhappy.

Via Ellisia, Lakemont
[*September 7*]

All the week I was in Atlanta I was so hot I was at least half insane. I believe I'm beginning to like the country. Isn't that ridiculous?

Mr. Liveright says he thinks I've done something no one in America ever did before, which isn't a very exciting belief. He says I'll have to make a few changes to save it from suppression. I hope to do all that here. Also

— you won't be surprised to hear this — poor Henry is engaged in trying to get me out of my lease, since I've already taken a hate to the apartment. Do you suppose I might like New York if I lived in a remote literary suburb like Westport?

TO H. ARMSTRONG JAGGARD

1039 Peachtree Street, Atlanta
September fifteenth [*1926*]

Dear Mr. Jaggard

Your letter went up to the MacDowell Colony at Peterborough, where I've been all summer, and then came down here — this is my native town, as you probably don't know.

This is to say how much your letter cheered my low spirits, that I bought two Saturday Evening Posts just to read That Last Infirmity, so I won't be reading it or reviewing it now, that Carl Van Vechten has ruined my taste for poor Firbank, and that the Virgin will be out about the first of November — and in a jacket I can't abide.

I do hope you'll like it. And will you be sure to tell me whether you do or not?

Yours, with many thanks

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO LAMAR TROTTI

9 West Eleventh Street, Atlanta
[*September 25, 1926*]

The new apartment is lovely and I pine for you to see it. It has a living room twenty-five feet long,

quite a dining room, three bedrooms, a front porch, a screened sleeping porch and naturally a kitchen and a bath room. Katherine Daley is painting some dining room furniture for me, and she is also painting me a spare bed and a chest of drawers and a mirror and chairs just a little more lavender than this paper. I fear I am being corrupted by a taste for *things*.

Yes, I got The Cabala, although you addressed it to 1930 instead of 1039. I'm pleased you liked it. I've also got the first proofs of the Virgin — a few shocking phrases deleted by Mr. T. R. Smith.

TO ALBERT H. GROSS

9 West Eleventh Street, Atlanta
September 25, 1926

Dear Mr. Gross

The proof has just come and I will mail it back to you early Monday morning. There is such a complete change of my spelling that I would like to see the page proof. I used the spelling of the Oxford Concise Dictionary throughout — honour, not honor, for example; theatre, not theater; panelled, not paneled. Apparently the printer has used Webster's standards. I do not think that suits the style of the book's prose at all, and I want to be sure he follows my copy.

Also, I do not like the numbers at the beginning of the episodes — they look so H. G. Wells. It is meant to have each new episode begin quite low on the page, exactly like a long chapter. With each episode one whole paragraph, I do think the reader will be badly in need of the relief which those empty half pages will provide, and of the new episodes beginning low, so that there

won't be such an effect of solidity. The numbers make a mental interruption, and my idea in making each episode one paragraph is to get a perfect sequence, and — if possible — a perfect sequence of the reader's attention. Will you please give the printer the correct instructions. I do not want THE END written at the end. The whole idea is to avoid all possible mechanics.

Yesterday, I sent Mr. Liveright a sketch for a jacket and I hope it will be possible to use something like it. I feel very strongly that the present jacket will certainly endanger the book's dignity — which is already endangered by the title. I hope I am not the most troublesome author you ever had, but I feel exactly the same about the book's physical appearance that I do about my own clothes.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

This dedication is to my mother, but I don't want to say that, and I hope no one will think I am dedicating it to myself. If you can't send me the page proof, will you have some one be sure about correcting a word in the chapter about the war, where the printer had the Belgian women "breathless" instead of "breastless" as I wrote it.

TO HANSELL BAUGH

9 West Eleventh Street, Atlanta
[September 28, 1926]

Well — the Virgin was finished and sent to its publisher on the twenty-first of August. I have just corrected the proofs and sent them back, which was quite a job, since the printer had decided to change all

my Oxford spelling to Webster spelling. I am charmed with your jacket, and I sent it promptly to Mr. Liveright, with urgent prayers to use it, even if he deducted the extra moneys from my potential royalties. Aren't you surprised that I finished it — and in nine weeks of Peterborough, which is the most delightful spot on earth. You must go there — why shouldn't we both go next year? I find that inhabitants of Peterborough look down on Yaddo as an upstart, and moreover, Yaddo has not studios in birch woods, which are the chief charm of Peterborough. If you don't hurry, I shall have done the colonial Peacock.

Louis is here for this winter, and I am going to stay until Christmas anyway. In fact, I shan't ever go back to live in New York unless you'll live there too. Of course, my future life doubtless hangs on the Virgin's fate, but I can't seem to be excited about it. I seem to be through with her, and I never think about the book except in some more or less practical connection. I find that my new story is fermenting pretty well, but I'm not going to begin anything until after Christmas — after a spring is dipped dry, I believe in waiting for it to fill up. But in such a fecund land, you should be pouring out works as long as Nostromo. I am sure I have remarked on Conrad's bad English — I think it was just the natural ignorance of a Pole, don't you? And I don't mind that as much as I mind the toughness of his texture. Lamar came up to Peterborough for a few days, and he is determined to become a genius and a resident there. I have assured him that I knew you in short trousers. I saw your mother and father yesterday, and they both look extremely well and serene. I am almost their neighbor now, and as soon as I get up my

curtains, I hope they will come to tea with me. At last I am achieving a lavender bed.

FROM JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Dear Frances:

Were it not for your manhandling of pronouns, I would in full form and publicly withdraw the restriction as to Elinor Wylie. . . . To get over first with the bitterness, I have agonzied over those unprepared for "and who's" and "and whiches," and have raged over your willingness to let the reader work it out for himself whom "she" and "her" may happen to refer to. I cite the second and third sentences of chapter four as atrocities probably equalled nowhere save further on in the proofs of The Hard-Boiled Virgin. . . . For the rest, I am all whole-hearted admiration. You have arrived with the unreticence and the amiability of a thunder-bolt. I can think of no book ever written by any woman which I like better. In fact, I feel perturbedly that your book cannot possibly be as good as it now seems to me to be. . . . But I am enclosing, anyhow, a copy of the sentiment which I am to-day submitting to Boni & Liveright.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

5 October 1926

This appears to me the most brilliant, the most candid, the most civilized, and — always within the limits of its chosen field — the most profound book yet written by any American woman. You have here — for, to be

sure, the discerning and the tolerably tolerant * reader alone — a small masterpiece.

* As to pronouns.

TO LAMAR TROTTI

[*Atlanta, October 9, 1926*]

Peg will be here Thursday and she's going to stay with me, so I'm in a great state of paint-scrubbing and floor-polishing and curtain-hanging. You wouldn't believe how domestic I've become.

I'm enclosing Mr. Cabell's verdict on the Virgin — Mr. Liveright sent him a proof. The first one was addressed to Boni and Liveright and the second was in the letter in which he enclosed a copy of the first to me. He doesn't like darling Jane Austen, which explains the extravagance of his remarks.

Do come down for the Georgia game. I can't possibly go, because I can't bear to see either Tech or Georgia lose. I also hope you are all cheered up.

[*October 17*]

Last year I remember you went out to Colonel Joy's for your birthday, and if they are still in Rye, I suppose you'll be going again. Anyway I hope you enjoy your birthday somewhere, and I hope that before you have another birthday, young Mr. Steed will be selling thousands of Young Gods.

Mr. Cabell didn't take the words out of your mouth. You said it long before he did, and I never should have written the book if you hadn't goaded me. I certainly could never have gotten the same emotion into it if I hadn't known you. But you know all that. I dedicated

it like this: "To Frances Percy Alexander Newman, the charming lady who gave me a great deal more than her name." That's my mother.

It will be formally published November tenth, but they hope to send me some copies on the first. Of course, I'll be delighted to sign copies for any one you commend. I had a telegram from Mencken last night and he'll be here in the morning. So, with Peg, and the art gallery opening, I'm being very busy. Karl Anderson, Sherwood's brother, is here and I'm very keen about meeting him at the dinner tonight. I got a Georgian Sunday to read your story about the Yale-Georgia game. You seemed to be entirely sober.

[*October 31*]

When Mencken asked about you, I told him you seemed to be rather fed up with New York. He said that proved your good sense and that no civilized man or woman would live there long. I wish you had been here to see the absurdity of Mencken, with his hands in his pockets, gazing with the yokels at the Great Memorial to the Late Confederacy. And buying a half dollar for his little niece. Here is his pronouncement about the Virgin, sent back from El Paso in a very amusing letter. I hope the public will be impressed by it.

TO ALBERT H. GROSS

9 West Eleventh Street, Atlanta
October 23, 1926

Dear Mr. Gross

Mencken was here last Sunday, and he took the position that he had been neglected because he had not seen a proof and Mr. Cabell had — he came here from

Richmond. So I lent him my carbon and I have nothing to refer to, but the chapter which begins on page 93 of the proof should be preceded by the chapter which begins on page 103. I don't know how I failed to notice it in the first proof and I think surely it must be right in the manuscript. The chapter which begins "If Katharine Faraday had not brought herself up on the literature of the Beardsley period," that is, should come immediately after the performance of Parsifal, which ends with a sentence beginning "When the curtains closed on the last bowing line." . . . I think the type is very pretty and I particularly like the spacing of the page headings, but if it's possible, I wish the brackets around the page numbers could be taken off. As I told you, I would like to get rid of every unnecessary piece of machinery and I do not think they are at all decorative.

Besides my own personal fondness for purple, so many people associate me with the color that I think it has a real commercial value. If the book has a second printing, which Mr. Steed seemed to think probable, can't you make it purple?

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

Mencken has gone to California, and I don't know when I'll get my carbon, so can't you send me a set of page proofs that I can keep for reference? I'd be very grateful.

FROM JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Dear Frances:

The title, since you ask, is unspeakably misfitted to your book. It in itself is a good title. But here it

creates a pre-supposition of flippancy which your text, now, has the unnecessary onus of dispelling before your reader is oriented. The Canteloupe Seed, for instance, would have been a very nice title, to my way of thinking. But there is, now, I imagine, nothing to be done about this.

My congratulations upon your provisional engagement. It reminds me that there seems — as yet — no impropriety in my asking for a good picture of you, including an autograph, for installation in my private hall of fame. I would value it.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

23 October 1926

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

9 West Eleventh Street, Atlanta
November first [*1926*]

Dear Mr. Cabell

Your letter was a great relief to me, since I had brooded over your distressing failure to say that I might send a photograph for your gallery. I have been waiting to see some pictures Mr. Liveright's publicity department was sending for me to sign. They have come, and although they are not elegant examples of the photographer's art, they are a great deal better looking than the original photograph was. Naturally, therefore, I am sending one of them, and I shall hope to be allowed to come and see it in situ.

Mencken took my carbon copy with him, and he wrote me from El Paso that he goes "all the way with Cabell, and even beyond." But of course I don't believe

that he really likes the poor Virgin as well as Willa Cather. I can't, speaking of eminent lady authors, bear up under the dullness of The Orphan Angel, but I am afraid of William Rose Benet, and I am writing a very polite review for the Post. I think it will be my last review — the combination of ships and American Indians and poets is too much for me.

Heinemann, I hear, has taken an option on the Virgin for England, and if it is published there, perhaps it can be called The Canteloupe Seed, which is a lovely name.

A great many thanks for everything —

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO TOM Y. HORAN

[*Atlanta, November 7, 1926*]

Dear Tom

The virtues of the Virgin will be heralded to an unfriendly world by the celebrated editor of the American Mercury and the even more celebrated author of Jurgen. Mr. Cabell says, and in print too, that the Virgin is a small masterpiece, by which he implies that it is not a masterpiece in the respect that the Divine Comedy is a masterpiece — but what he more nearly means is that it is not a masterpiece in the respect that Jurgen is a masterpiece. Some day I may inscribe my autographed copy of the English Jurgen to you. Think how much more valuable it would be inscribed on the fly-leaf from the author of Jurgen, to the author of The Hard-Boiled Virgin, to the author of The Shadow within the Flame. But I suppose that I really must leave

it to Louis as this seems to be the only way of his ever becoming a millionaire.

Your idea [of carving a set of chessmen, using characters from Mr. Cabell's books for designs] is most diverting. Start today carving Kalki and Nessus for the white knights and don't stop until you've finished the whole set. I'm sure that Mr. Cabell should like to see your clever designs for the Poictesme chessmen, but I shan't send them to him until I have your permission. Write me a long letter soon and tell me what you are doing and what you are thinking.

FRANCES

TO NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

November twelfth

Dear Mr. Crawford

The Virgin, I'm delighted to tell you, is an actual fact — I had a telegram Tuesday that five thousand of her were present at Boni and Liveright's office. Nobody except me is astonished, but I had it in hand so long that I never expected it to be finished, much less printed.

Please don't desert Dr. Redfield — though when I think how tired I was of Katharine Faraday's name, I can easily understand how you feel. Mencken was here a few weeks ago and we conversed about Dr. Redfield and you. But the day was too mint julep for very serious conversation, even about a career of *service*.

I wish I had some more conversation to hand over to you, but I can't think of anything except a certain trip to Europe and certain views concerning the more ancient

universities over there. Has Dr. Redfield come home a better American from the inefficient countries of Europe? I'll try to get you some direct *reactions*, unless you already have them.

I've got two ideas that I'm thinking of combining — the man who was afraid of being married, and a woman who lets herself be eaten up by love, and has nothing left. But I can't seem to begin anything yet. I don't see, myself, how people write so much. I don't think many people can — well, I mean.

If the Nation or the Sun doesn't send you a Virgin, please let me know. I was *very* glad to have a letter from you.

Salutations

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO TOM Y. HORAN

[*Atlanta, November 15*]

Dear Tom

Of course, I vastly prefer Figures of Earth to Jurgen since Jurgen has come to be regarded as so monumental and impressive a work as to obscure its really tenderer and more admirable qualities. And, too, Jurgen has no episode quite so diverting as the incident of the five black stars.

The Virgin appears to be causing the correct amount of indignation among its Atlanta readers, so you really must go on with your book about Quetzalcoatl and his twenty years of vicarious living among the Toltecs. What you had to say about the Virgin's reception in Dalton was very amusing.

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

9 West Eleventh Street, Atlanta
November fourteenth [*1926*]

Dear Mr. Cabell

Isn't it too bad that you and I have never been photographed together? I know your clipping bureau will tax you for this, and for any other *publicity* I may accomplish, but I'm very impatient for you to see how pleased Mencken obviously is with Stone Mountain and how pleased I obviously am with Mencken.

I mailed you a Virgin yesterday, much improved by your gallant service in covering Pallas Athena's legs. Many thanks.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO LAMAR TROTTI

[*Atlanta, November 15, 1926*]

The Virgin is all tied up and ready to be mailed to you — though I don't suppose you want to look inside it again any more than I do. But it ought to look nice on those book-shelves we quarreled for so persistently. I hope you know that I'd never have finished it except for your spurring me on, and I hope you don't think you made a mistake not to let it die in three episodes.

You are evidently still a good New Yorker. You can't believe that I don't want to see New York and that I shiver at the mere idea of going into the Pennsylvania Station.

TO EUNICE COSTON

9 West Eleventh Street, Atlanta
November sixteenth

Dearest Eunice

Hearing from you again is lovely — I had been thinking for months that I would write to Birmingham and find out if you were still at home. Evidently you're one of those lucky people who are always brave enough to try the high road again. And evidently I'm not, because I think I am here to stay. Louis and Mammy and I have this apartment on my same ole street, but just off Peachtree. I am charmed to have some space again and some family, and I don't mean to roam any more unless The Hard-Boiled Virgin annoys my fellow-citizens too much. I suppose you know it's been out since Monday and I've been very much entertained by the telegrams and letters and flowers it has brought forth — it has even brought a young man who was so excited that he invited me to marry him and on the first night he came. He is twenty-four, which is only one of the reasons I didn't accept.

And what are you doing in the way of amorous interests — after all, the most absorbing thing there is, don't you think so? I'm sure you have found something exciting in Florida, being so romantic and so full of men — Florida so full of both, I mean.

I haven't begun either a new love affair or a new book. I want to write about a woman who lets herself be entirely absorbed by love — lets it eat up everything she has in her, simply sinks down into it. I could do that myself, I feel sometimes, though it's too late now, and I believe you could, couldn't you?

Do write me a lot about yourself, and whatever you

know about Martha Anne. I wrote to her from Peterborough, but I haven't heard anything more from her.

Lots of love

FRANCES

FROM JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Dear Frances:

All my thanks for the portrait. The installation ceremonies were most impressive, and you are now, more immediately, chaperoned by Hugh Walpole and Theodore Roosevelt.

Your news is excellent. I vastly liked the Journal article,— chiefly, perhaps, for its reassuring "and Mrs. Newman" in the account of your origin. I think, too, symmetry demanded there should have been in the lower left hand corner a picture of you and me and three strings of beads.

Meanwhile, I question that "Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins" on page 13. Katharine at that period could have heard only of Anthony Hope. And, two lines above, would not more gracious "waters" be better?

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

20 November 1926

TO M. L. BRITTAIN

[*Dr. Brittain, President of the Georgia School of Technology, had requested a presentation copy or two of The Hard-Boiled Virgin from its author, who had resumed her duties as Librarian of Tech. with the opening of the autumn term, after a year's leave of absence.*]

[*Atlanta, November 22, 1926*]

My dear Dr. Brittain

Many thanks for the polite extravagance of "brilliance," and for what I take to be the polite reticence of "breath taking." But I don't think the boys would be likely to find the book readable, and one or two copies would probably give us more trouble than none, so I think I won't give the Library a copy for the present.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO LAMAR TROTTI

[Atlanta, November 26]

You'd be amused by the personal pride the Tech boys feel in the Virgin. Atlanta is almost in convulsions over the book and it is selling here by hundreds and apparently the — case has ceased to be talked about. I'm beginning to be awfully bored with it all and I'll probably be annoyed into flying away among perfect strangers. Lots of people like it, lots of people are shocked, but every one seems to think it's clever. Anyway, Mr. Cabell likes it and you like it. I don't seem to care much what the reviewers say — they're all so stupid, you know. But don't ever write me that you've seen a review. I want to get it all out of my head so I can start something else after Christmas. No, I don't think you would enjoy the Virgin more if you were a woman, because of course you understand it in a way no other man can. But I think women ordinarily will get a feeling men won't get from it. Anyway, I think you must know how very much pleased I am that you like your handspring.

Yesterday morning I mailed the books back to you and I hope you won't find the sentiments silly. Writing them for unknown people is a little hard. I'm annoyed with Atlanta, but I'm even more annoyed with New York. I'm enclosing this review of The Orphan Angel — Ellen says you are crazy about it.

TO JOHN W. CRAWFORD

9 West Eleventh Street, Atlanta
Saturday [*November 27*]

Dear John

Your letter was an extremely pleasant Thanksgiving delicacy. I feel very much comforted to see that I must have come somewhere near doing what I was trying to do. Undoubtedly, Peterborough is the place to write, and I do wish you would think about going next summer. I know you have a great many friends more eminent than I am, but I would be delighted to write to Mrs. MacDowell if you will think about going, and if she doesn't disapprove of the Virgin. Some of my fellow-citizenesses are horrified, as I was hardly surprised to discover, but since Mrs. MacDowell has housed Maxwell Bodenheim several times and since she overlooks Elinor Wylie's somewhat adventurous past, I don't suppose she will be put out by Katharine Faraday's one lapse.

I didn't know you had taken a wife. Sometimes I think of taking a husband, temporarily at least, just to find out the sensations of a married woman. I would like to understand the extraordinary complacency which seems so strange to me, but which must be so comfortable. But I don't suppose it exists except in what I

suppose must be called bourgeois marriages, and I don't like the idea of that kind.

I have just agreed to write reviews only for the Post among newspapers. Dounce, the new editor, offered me a regular number of books at twice as much a word, so I thought I'd better take it, even though the Post is a very private place to print a review. He writes very intelligent letters, and wants me to carp as much as I like, and Mrs. Van Doren always asked me not to carp about verbal infelicities, which was quite hampering. But mostly, I am taking his offer because asking for books always made me feel a little like a tramp asking for a hand-out, and I won't have to do that at all, except to express preferences now and then.

I was awfully amused at what you said about I. M. P. At Peterborough this summer, —— said he asked Mrs. Van Doren not to give her his book, and I had asked her exactly the same thing, which may not have had any effect. I'm awfully surprised about Horace Liveright and the novel, because I was sure he would like your work. Probably T. R. Smith didn't like your hero.

Your feeling about books in books is very like mine, but since Katharine Faraday never quite learned the difference between life and books, of course she had to read. I am awaiting your review with great excitement, because I am sure even your objections to the book will be good for the next book.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

I saw your article in the International and I felt a little surprised to see the HBV called a realistic novel, but I suppose it is.

9 West Eleventh Street, Atlanta
November twenty-eighth

Dear Mencken

If you've seen the public prints, I suppose you know that your amiable letter came duly to hand, and that I duly transcribed it for the House of Liveright. I don't suppose you had much hope that I could keep such polite sentiments to myself, or that they could, so I hope you don't mind. I suppose they have sent you a Virgin or two — of course I want to send you one tenderly inscribed, but I suppose you haven't room for more than one or two.

Atlanta is still echoing with your visit, when it isn't echoing with rumors [about me]. I'm sending you this enclosed evidence.

Mr. [Hamilton] Owens wrote me a very nice note, and also told me that you were just back — which is the occasion of these thanks, delayed only by ignorance of your address. I suppose I'll read in the papers and the Mercury about your wild adventures on the Coast.

Yours —

FRANCES NEWMAN

[*undated*]

Dear Mencken

If I hadn't — out of vanity — transcribed those sentences of your letter for Mr. Liveright, he couldn't have used them, so of course it's my fault. But I never thought of his using them on the jacket, naturally. I am covered with confusion and mortification, but you did a gallant deed when you covered Pallas Athena's legs.

Anyway — the book is being so seriously abused that I'm beginning to agree with Mr. Cabell myself.

I consider Gerald Johnson was libellous when he said I was deliberately trying to shock people — I never thought of shocking any one — certainly not ——. But there's a sentence in the book about the offspring of two celebrated English novelists, which she had no right not to take to herself. Martin Secker is going to publish the book in London, which may be a mistake. I don't so much mind being abused by my compatriots, but the lofty abuse of Miss —— and Mr. Boyd revives the Spirit of '76 in me.

Please forgive me — I am really in tears.

FRANCES NEWMAN

I'm just finishing Democracy and I wish it were longer. I liked the last half of Lippmann on you — the first half was very New Republic. I think I'll be going to New York just after Christmas, weather permitting. Merry Christmas.

TO MRS. OSCAR GIEBERICH

November thirtieth [*1926*]

Dearest Mable

The Virgin got itself out on the twentieth, and I hope you will get the copy I sent you, and long before Christmas. Until I saw your Journal letter today, I was afraid to send it, as I thought you were still in Spain, or perhaps in Italy, and I've had such bad luck with parcels. But apparently you're going to be in Paris for a while, and I hope you'll get it — even more, I hope you'll like it. I saw the letter just after it had come in, when I went by the Journal magazine office to leave a

book review, and Angus and Medora and I were very much excited over your news.

I am awfully pleased with my apartment here and with having Louis and Mammy back, so I don't know what I am going to do. Another story is fermenting nicely in my brain, but I don't want to begin anything until I am sure my spring has filled up again — I think I wrote you that before. Anyway, so many second novels show the effect of being dipped from empty springs — like a Monday morning paper. I really want to go to Peterborough again, since I've never done a tenth as much work anywhere else. I think perhaps I'd better go there and finish another book, and then go to Europe when I've accumulated a little more principal. Then I can stay a long time, and get a little house, perhaps, in some nice warm place. I don't feel at all sure about the effect Europe would have on my writing — but the second book is going to be light and frivolous, almost in my Elizabeth manner.

Why don't you write a novel yourself? They are the easiest possible things to get published, I'm sure, and to make money on — much easier to get started with than short stories, which seem to be for an entirely different and much lower class public.

Apparently the Virgin has worked love out of my system. Atlanta, by the way, is shocked almost into convulsions over it, and I haven't a particle of character left. Lots of people apparently think I've done everything in it, and although I point out that Hawthorne was never the mother of an illegitimate daughter and that Dreiser has never been electrocuted and that Kipling wasn't brought up by an elephant — it doesn't do any good. However, all of it sells the book, I gather, so I try to bear up. Do write me what you're doing and

how you are and how Oscar is and even what you're thinking —

Lots of love

FRANCES

TO LAMAR TROTTI

[*December —, 1926*]

You'll be glad to know the Virgin is going to be published in London, I know, and I'm delighted that Martin Secker has taken it. His books are always beautifully printed, I think. Apparently my book is either detested or liked a great deal. Atlanta is still raging — I'll probably have to form a public relations department myself. I've had lots of letters about the book, which I'll keep for you. But I haven't read any reviews. Every one insists on telling me about them in spite of all I say.

The idea of poor Philip's story is *very* good indeed, I think, and I also think you've worked it out very well indeed. But at the very end, I think Helen should have a little more justification for leaping to the idea of marriage. And I should think Philip, being unaccustomed to embraces, might get excited and show some real feeling. Don't you think he very probably would? Of course, I think you ought to wait for your own phrases instead of accepting them ready-made, because your own phrases are so awfully good. Anyway we'll talk about it when you come down and about your idea for another Georgia story.

This party — Ellen "wrote it up" of course — just arrived gradually and uninvitedly, and fortunately I had a whole fruit cake. I'd like to have a tea on the twenty-sixth if you can stay. When are you coming?

[*December 13*]

In that very diffuse letter, I forgot to say that Ellen Wolff wants us to meet you and take you home unless your family are going to do it. Of course, they probably are. But if we can come, you'd better get off at the Peachtree Station. Send me a little note and say if you'd rather we didn't come. I had another involuntary tea yesterday afternoon. People who wanted to "bring people," you know. I hope we can go to La-Grange next Sunday. Be sure to come.

TO HORACE LIVERIGHT

[*December 26, 1926*]

Dear Horace

Your red roses were magnificent on my Christmas dinner table, and on an egg-nog table this afternoon — which I wish you'd been here to drink with us.

Virgil Steed sent me this first telegram Friday, and I telegraphed him that you and I share the movie rights, and that he'd better talk to Mr. Messner. Then he sent me the second telegram, which I'm also enclosing. Apparently he is a good salesman. Of course, I'd like to have the money.

Many thanks again for the roses, and a happy year to you.

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO A. B. BERND

December thirtieth

Dear Mr. Bernd

Many thanks for your nice letter — and let's hope you are right about the HBV. I've steadily

avoided the reviews, but my friends and relatives like Elmer Davis in The Saturday Review. Harry Hansen's point of view is usually a little too solemn for me — and as for the New Yorker, it was Ernest Boyd who laid me out, as usual, and he had just succeeded Dounce, who has taken over the Post's Literary Review. How can you believe in the New Yorker, no matter who its literary editor is?

I'm sorry about Coleman Hill's taking off. However, I don't want to be called Russian — I used both of Katharine Faraday's names so formally because I wanted to do the whole thing as remotely as a relief — not to be intimate or biased for any of my characters. There still seems to be lots of talk — I marvel at the altruism of people who can be so stirred up about something so disconnected from themselves.

TO HANSELL BAUGH

[*December 30, 1926*]

Here I am, just a brief block from 45 [the Newman residence of six years earlier], and feeling remarkably serene in spite of my town's slings and arrows and dirty looks. If you'll call up or on Lamar, he'll be able to give you a circumstantial account of me — he was here for Christmas and went back last Monday. By this time, you've doubtless heard that the Virgin is in her fourth printing and in her second jacket. Apparently it has been damned and praised heartily enough to make it sell pretty well for a book with no conversation and only one seduction and our usual long sentences. Do write me where you are, whether you are coming down here, and all those things.

TO JULIA COLLIER HARRIS

January third, 1927

Dear Mrs. Harris

Many thanks for sending me Lester Hargrett's notice, and also many thanks for publishing it. Of course I am awfully pleased to have had such a very polite notice in the [Columbus] Enquirer-Sun, and one which understands so well what I was trying to do. I have made a point of reading very few notices, but so far as I hear rumors, practically no one has taken the book as I meant it both technically and emotionally. I suppose you've heard what a bad character I now have in our native town.

When you come up to Atlanta, please do telephone to me — I'm in the new telephone book, and I do want to see you.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

My brother Henry will be so pleased — he is always asking me if you have written about the HBV yet. I hope you sent a copy to Mr. Liveright.

VII

In the last months of 1926, there had begun to be much talk at 9 West Eleventh Street, Atlanta, about the civilizing effects of a tour through France and Italy. And in the first months of 1927, while the tour discussed was being made, there continued to be much pondering on two characters for fictions — an elegant celibate of a hero, and a heroine drowned in love — two characters who might perhaps come to know each other within the covers of a single novel. While her nephew was driving her in their French Ford over the roads of southern France and of northern Italy, and while they were pausing to gaze on "the antique theatre and the great wall" of Orange, or on the Sistine Chapel's far-famed ceiling — while they drew up before shrines of *le tourisme* and *le Fordisme* to buy *essence*, and continued on the ways marked Sens Obligatoire: ideas and phrases were being accumulated for the book that was at first proposed to have been called The Armadillo, and a first sentence — unhappily not preserved — was discovered for the same novel, which, finally, was to have been called There's a Certain Elegance about Celibacy. The Elegance, as she familiarly spoke of it, was to have been of a favorite genre — "the Peacock novel"; and (according to an article by Mr. Frank Daniel in the Atlanta Journal, on Frances Newman's Unwritten Books) "Katharine Faraday was to appear

therein, along with several other women who were authors and playwrights. They were to assemble about a brilliant literary figure, himself unmarried and with no intention of marrying." He was to have "written one great novel, everywhere acclaimed upon its publication. But to its author it seemed so faulty that he was spending the remainder of his life revising it. There's a Certain Elegance about Celibacy was to be written lightly, with bright conversation and short sentences." As in all "Peacock novels," these characters were to have been modelled recognizably after contemporary writers, and they were to have foregathered under the lavish roof of a host whose "house-party" would have lasted for as many weeks as events and their developments required.

TO LAMAR TROTTI

[*Atlanta, January 4, 1927*]

Every morning I read about the awful weather in New York and rejoice that I'm not feeling it. Of course, I'm sorry you're feeling it. The tea is slowly fading into a merely uncomfortable memory. Louis is not so awfully in love, I suppose, because he talks of nothing but Europe.

The HBV has now gone into its fifth printing, which means twenty thousand sold. I have not done, seen, or heard anything exciting, or even interesting. But I've read The Sun Also Rises and liked it a lot. Henry is very anxious for me to leave the library and every one says I look terribly, which is true, so if I go on feeling so poorly, I may leave as soon as decency will allow.

[*January 5*]

Mr. Dounce sent me Shoot, a translation of Pirandello's Si Gira, to review and that's why I telegraphed you to send me an Italian copy. I want to be able to compare the translation and quarrel about it, if possible, as you've guessed. If Brentano's hasn't Si Gira, there are some Italian shops, one on Sixth Avenue about 46th Street. I hate to bother you.

[*January 8*]

You must think me awfully stupid not to have telegraphed you that I wanted Si Gira in Italian. I don't know why I didn't. I'm sending back the English copy and I suppose the shop will take it back or exchange it for something else. I'm sorry to cause you so much trouble. I think I'm going to Richmond tomorrow and then up to New York for a while. Henry is

nearly distracted over some rumors he has heard and I don't feel that I can make him go through with anything that distresses him. I got a check yesterday for $1,764.13, which is some comfort. The book is third in Brentano's six best, and first in Womrath's library.

TO DOROTHY MURRAY

[*Richmond, January 12, 1927*]

Dear Dot

Henry says Dr. Brittain was "just as nice as he could be," so I hope all is well, and that you'll soon be settled down with a highly efficient library staff. I wish Delia could help you out for two weeks, but I suppose she'll be too excited to do anything like that.

I don't know why I forgot to take the tall Jurgen and the black anthology to you, but please run by and get them from Mammy any day, if you really want them. I'm going to have dinner tonight with Mr. Cabell and Mr. Hergesheimer, who also says the HBV is a very good book, which is very magnanimous of him. I'm going to be interviewed by a reporter from the News-Leader this afternoon. I suppose I'll go on to New York next week — to the Algonquin.

Lots of love from

FRANCES

TO M. L. BRITTAIN

[*Richmond, January 15*]

Dear Dr. Brittain

My brother Henry has told me about your great kindness, and the kindness of the trustees at your sug-

gestion, and I want you to know how very much we both appreciate what you have done for me. I am sure you will find Miss Murray completely competent, as I have noticed that she has an unusually orderly and businesslike head for so young a girl, and I am sure she will administer the library well, and that you will find her an unusually capable cataloguer.

With many thanks, and many good wishes for yourself.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO LAMAR TROTTI

[*Richmond, January* —]

Here I am, you see. I think I'll come on up to New York on the nineteenth — if you can do anything about the weather. I may go to Paris the next week, but that's very uncertain.

Your Jurgen hasn't come, but it should be here tomorrow and I'll get it signed and bring it up. I had lunch at the Cabells' Saturday and he really does like the Virgin. He cherishes dozens of the little phrases that I cherish and he's actually mentioning it in the preface he's writing for a Papé Cream of the Jest which is to come out next fall. Of course we must both have one. But he says he doesn't want to wait for your *fourth* book. He'd rather have an earlier one, and he is willing to have my next. He even likes the name which I thought of last week, and which I'm saving to tell you when I can *see* how you like it. I propose to leave here Thursday at 12:01 and to be in the horrible Pennsylvania Station at 8:10 P.M. Perhaps we'd better not try

to see a play that night. I want to see darling Alfred [Lunt] in the Brothers Karamazov, so it will have to be this week, but I don't want to see The Captive or An American Tragedy — no horrors.

TO SUSAN LONG AND LOUIS RUCKER

[*Richmond, January 16*]

Dear Mammy and Louis

After all those other requests, I have just remembered that Louis's famous pictorial Life of Christ is in the bottom of the secretary, and you'd better put in it some safer place, since I regard it as our greatest treasure. Perhaps you can lock the secretary's lower half, and leave some things in it. Also, please, Louis, look in the upper half and bring me the "Best French Stories of 1926." I forgot the book, and I haven't reviewed it yet.

I haven't been having such a bad time. Mr. Hergesheimer was here and I went to a dinner he had Wednesday night, to the Cabells' to lunch yesterday, and conversed with Mr. Cabell for a good while afterward about something he wants me to write. He really thinks the HBV is a good book, evidently. I am going to a party at Miss Glasgow's today, and I have been interviewed by reporters from both papers, so I feel quite important.

I hope you aren't freezing. There is snow over everything here, but the sun is shining today. I see that Atlanta is about five above, and I hope the apartment is warm and that Mammy has moved into my room.

Love to you both and to the Newmans.

TO H. L. MENCKEN

January sixteenth

Dear Mencken

Perhaps Nancy Hoyt and Sara Haardt distracted the immortal Hergesheimer from telling you that I'm about to proceed to Italy. My tall nephew and I propose to sail January twenty-seventh on the Rochambeau. I'm going up to the Algonquin about Thursday, and of course if you are going to be in those parts I'd like to kiss you good-bye. If not, then —

Auf wiedersehen

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO SCOTT CUNNINGHAM

January sixteenth

Dear Mr. Cunningham

The day after your book came, I decided to leave for France on the twenty-seventh of this cold month. So I had just time to mail the book back before I set out for Richmond to see my sister, and no time for an accompanying note.

I had lunch with Mr. Cabell Saturday and he had just signed eighty-four rare editions of his books that some man had collected! As he said, that was the least he could do for a man who had taken so much trouble about things he had written.

I'm sorry not to have met you. I've never been asked to a Van Vechten mixed party. Of course I don't know any new negroes, but I'm far from disliking negroes — in fact, I suffer tortures over their sorrows, because I don't see what can be done about them.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO HANSELL BAUGH

January sixteenth

Deo volente, I'll be in New York about Friday, or maybe not until Saturday. It depends on the weather. I want to be in New York long enough to look at you thoroughly and to look at a few other things and people. I am taking Louis over to civilize him, since I think that's about the easiest way to do it, and we propose to stay three or four months. I'd like to get back in time for Peterborough.

I had to search the HBV for Dick Crawford. He was purely imaginary, but so were Neal Lumpkin and Alden Ames and several of the other gentlemen, although some of them had one characteristic taken from life — Neal Lumpkin, for example, got his habit of walking on his tiptoes from an admirer of Margaret's. I wonder who you thought all of them were. Even Edward Cabot was nothing like any army captain I ever knew. I can only explain the absence of Virgins on the street by supposing it's read by people who ride on buses, because Pelops heard from the Ninetieth Street Womrath's that it's their best renter. Perhaps they do as I hear they do in Atlanta — wrap the wicked thing in a page of rotogravure. Anyway, I have already had two thousand dollars, and that was only pre-publication royalties, so let us be hopeful. Please leave me a note to say when and where I can call you.

TO DOROTHY MURRAY

[*New York, January 26, 1927*]

Dear darling Dot

Your letter was so sweet and I feel lots better just reading it. I've been to several literary parties and had swell attention, first at the "Bunk" Woodwards' — Sinclair Lewis and Elinor Wylie and the Van Dorens and Van Loon and all kinds of people were there — and then I went to tea at Elinor Wylie's Saturday and to a party down in Mencken's suite yesterday. But I like you and Delia much better, as Henry observed — he and Kathrine are at the Plaza. Louis sends you his love. And I send you my love —

FRANCES

I forgot to give you a big green book of music on my piano that belongs to the Tech library. Will you get Mr. Keech to bring it back to you?

TO FANNY BUTCHER

[*Undated*]

My dear Miss Butcher

When you pointed your famous question mark at Mr. Cabell, three or four years ago, he said that of all the books ever written, he'd like to have been the author of Henry Esmond. The next time I saw him I told him that I thought it was extremely odd to aim at Henry Esmond and to hit Jurgen. All of which is a prelude to the absurdity of saying that I'd like to have written The Republic, which was written by Plato, and that I realize the absurdity of aiming at The Republic and hitting The Hard-Boiled Virgin. So, if it would be more seemly to have aimed at something more

like a novel, I'd be perfectly satisfied if I had been able to write Candide.

TO HORACE LIVERIGHT

À bord, Rochambeau
29 January, 1927

Dear Horace

Your Radio, which happened to be delivered in the smoking-room, made me look very important, which is always nice. It was sweet of you to send it, and since the basket seems to have been too late, it was nice to know that you were conscious of my departure. I've been in bed most of the time, in a sort of pleasant coma, thinking mostly about the new book. There's only one possibly interesting man on board — Copeau, but not, I should say, as a man. And at least one passenger has a copy of the HBV, the most interesting sight I've seen. X——, speaking of sights, was overcome by your good looks, which gave me some satisfaction. It was very pleasant, seeing you.

FRANCES

TO DELIA JOHNSTON (MRS. M. HINES ROBERTS)

[*Avignon, February 19, 1927*]

Dearest Delia

You and I should have done [in 1923] what Louis and I are doing right now. We got a Ford and we have driven here from Paris in three days. Tomorrow we will go on to Nîmes and Arles and Tarascon and then to Monte Carlo and into Italy by Genoa. Of

course you're too happy to want anything now, but some day you and Hines must do this. It's grand never catching trains or shrieking for a porter or chasing a taxi, and the roads are grand. I had a very gay time in Paris, not at all like before, but the weather was awful and I was delighted to leave. I had my hair bobbed there and it looks very mild and gentle. I got a lovely Botticelli Pallas for ninety cents.

TO HANSELL BAUGH

[*Rome, March 10, 1927*]

This is the first place we've stayed long enough for me not to be too tired to write any kind of a letter. And that is only because the road to Naples is too bad for motoring, and Louis has consequently gone down on a train to survey the improprieties of Pompeii and the Blue Grotto and I am reposing here while he is gone. Dorothy Ogburn — George Stevens' sister — and her husband are here, and they provide me with just enough human society. Louis and I bought a French Ford in Paris, and motored down through Provence to the Riviera — I hope you received and cherished the extremely classical postal card I sent you from Orange or Nîmes or some such Roman outpost. I've had my hair cut and it's considered a great success and I am "something between K. Mansfield and J. d'Arc" in appearance.

The harvest of this journey, I fear, will be something like this — that my travelling days are over for ever. I believe I have already garnered everything I can use of the ancient world and the middle ages and the renaissance, and that in the future I will have to get

everything either out of myself or out of a very few people. Scenery of any kind, whether made by God or man, will only be useful to me according to the Stevensonian formula — whether it is going to be used in my own personal drama. I can no longer take a detached interest even in Botticelli, and the Sistine Chapel's celebrated ceiling has interested me only because I deduced a rather handsome phrase from it. Louis will be cultured enough for the present very soon, I think, so we have engaged passage on the Republic, sailing April tenth, and we ought to be in Hoboken by the twentieth and probably in New York the same day. Of course, I would like to see you as soon thereafter as possible. If you want to go to Peterborough, write to Mrs. Ritchey. You can tell her that I consider you the most choice young man of my acquaintance, and all that — you *have* been the nearest thing to a permanent interest I have had in the way of an acquaintance — and I'll write to Mr. Cabell about commending you if you like. You might write to me on the Republic at Cherbourg. Anyway, salutations.

TO SYLVIA CHATFIELD BATES

Florence, March seventeenth

I wish you were here, where I am sitting in a room that opens into a garden, down two steps from me only, and where a very pale and romantic peach tree is blooming and long chairs and little tables are sitting among palms and banana trees — all for fifty-four lire a day. That, I suppose, is why so many elderly spinsters and widows make Florence so depressing, in spite of the rose-vines covering the little arbors. Anyway, I have

discovered that the Renaissance apparently gave me all it was going to on my last visit, and except for the pleasure of being warm, I wouldn't be sorry that we are starting back to Paris in the morning — by way of Venice, Bolzano, Innsbruck, Munich, and Strasbourg. I haven't been in Italy since the June before the war, and my chief interest has been in finding that I need never trouble to cross the ocean again. I wrote to Mrs. Ritchey — you remember my asking you for her address — and I expect to go to Peterborough as soon as they are open and stay until they eject me. Can't you come for July, if your university doesn't close sooner? I do hope that you can, that we can both stay in the Eaves, and that I can see you a great deal. And I do want to know the fate of the twin story and what you are thinking and doing. I may sail on April the tenth and I may not sail until May the fourteenth — depending on how the weather is in Paris, whether I can find a satisfactory place to stay, and whether I can begin the new book there. I haven't done anything over here except a few reviews for the Post and a few silly letters for the Journal in Atlanta. But of course I am gradually accumulating ideas and phrases for the book that may be There's a Certain Elegance about Celibacy. I had the experience of turning over in an automobile yesterday — right off the road, down a little bank, and over on the side. And nothing and nobody was hurt, except the wind-shield and a tear in the back, and the glass had the kindness to fall out instead of in. But I never expect to feel at ease in a car again — just as I've never been on a horse since I shot over the head of a horse when he stumbled.

I'd love to hear something from you, but if I sail in April there won't be time — if we do, we should land

about the twentieth, as the Republic is a slow boat. I suppose we'll go to the Algonquin, and of course I'll call you.

Love from

FRANCES NEWMAN

This card has been laid against the tomb of Saint Francis, but since we turned over coming from Assisi, I don't know whether our unbelief got us turned over, or whether his magnanimity saved us from being cut to pieces —

If I spend May in New York, I wonder if any one in St. John's colony might want to sublet an apartment, or take a lodger?

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Strasbourg [*undated*]

This is sent to the author of Figures of Earth, not to the author of Jurgen, and to inquire about how big storks come by little storks.

I have been turned over in a ditch with my arm caught under an automobile, stranded in ice and snow in the Black Forest, mashed by a gang-plank in Venice, and I have experienced various other natural consequences of travelling. This will be my last sight of Europe.

Salutations

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO TOM Y. HORAN

[*Paris, March 30, 1927*]

Dear Tom

Now that the Virgin has displeased an Irish Catholic policeman, I ought to become rich enough to buy a little house at once. So be looking about for one, and also look into the matter of bean-seed. We are sailing for America on April tenth. So, can't you choose that time to look New York over? — since you'll have to look at it sooner or later.

I can't write at all over here, and I'm aching to get back. I've gone through great perils, but I returned alive to Paris yesterday and found your letter. You really can write, so do really write this glorious new book.

from

FRANCES

FROM COMPTON MACKENZIE

Isle of Jethou
Channel Isles
Feb. 23, '27

Dear Miss Newman,

I have meant several times to write and thank you for wise and witty criticisms of my books, but finding one or two references to myself in your own wise and witty book The Hard-Boiled Virgin I'll write to you about that instead.

Last autumn I was talking to Charles Evans of Heinemann's about a book of my own which he thought was the best book I'd written so far, but which he was frightened to publish. Then he said 'I've another book

here which has been offered me, and which I've enjoyed from beginning to end. But I dare not publish it.' This turned out to be your book. So, I went round to Martin Secker and suggested he should make an offer for it. I see that he has cut one or two sentences, in which my hard-boiled mind failed to find anything that could shock anybody. However, the excisions did not amount to half-a-page, and I do think that he has managed to give a charming book the charming exterior that it deserves.

I hear that the book has had an immense success in America. But you must not be disappointed if it is not a great financial success over here. Frankly I don't believe it will be. But I hope I'm wrong. Brains are much thicker than water in England, and I fear that the wit will not carry across the Atlantic for the majority over here. I think the book is adorably witty. I'll send a copy to Max Beerbohm, because I fancy he will like it, but whether he'll write and say so is another matter. It's harder to extract an opinion from him than a tooth.

I'm afraid this letter sounds as if I were trying to play the patron. Please don't think that; but think instead that you have captivated somebody with the sound of a laugh, somebody who would expire of mortification if he were considered capable of patronizing a tinker.

I wonder if you're likely to come to England in the near future. I hope you'll let me know if you do come, because I don't suppose I shall come to America again. I do not covet the apostolic wealth of the lecturer, and I have no desire to appear upon the platform either as a monkey or a stick.

Enough of this scrawl. All good things to you.

Yours

COMPTON MACKENZIE

I mentioned a book of mine that had frightened various publishers. It's called Vestal Fire. Doran brings it out next autumn in America. I hope you'll read it, because I hope it will make you laugh.

TO COMPTON MACKENZIE

[*London, April 8, 1927*]

Dear Mr. Mackenzie

If Mr. Secker had happened to think of sending your letter over to Horace Liveright, I'd have had it in Paris, and perhaps I might have had a chance of seeing you. But he only gave it to me today, and I'm sailing for New York tomorrow. I'll no doubt be coming over again in a year or so, though that's a long time to wait for all the things I want to say to you and all the things I'd like to ask you.

Just now I'm in the terribly depleted state in which the Imperial Airways leave most of their passengers, but I must tell you that I'm delighted for my book to owe its English publication to you, that the amiable things in your letter make me quite indifferent to the book's English sales,— I've an idea, anyway, that English people don't buy novels, which I've gathered from English novels,— and that I'm delighted you have a book coming out this fall.

I'm doing reviews only for the New York Evening Post now, and as soon as I land I shall ask Mr. Dounce to keep Vestal Fire for me, and I shall ask John Farrar to let me see a galley proof as soon as he can. I'm hurrying back to go on with a book about a man who is afraid of being married — if you live a spinster to my age you see hundreds of them. I hope you won't

mind if I send you a copy. You are, as you ought to know if you've seen my reviews, the only writer who has been steadily interesting to me for fifteen years. Interesting, that's not quite it.

With a thousand thanks

FRANCES NEWMAN

Would you, I wonder, mind being quoted on the jacket of my next American edition of the Virgin? I'm supposing it will have another, since it was banned from Boston by the police about three weeks ago, and I suppose you know that's very attractive to Americans. If you don't mind, will you send me your kind permission in care of Boni and Liveright, 61 West 48th Street, New York?

FROM COMPTON MACKENZIE

April 12, 1927

Dear Miss Newman,

It's sad that I've missed seeing you. My mother is the only American woman I ever knew that did not invariably sacrifice London to Paris. Secker asked me to write something about the book that he could quote and I produced an addled sentence, which the printer addled still more. So I hope you'll find something in my letter to you more quotable. And of course I shall be honoured by your using it. Yet I'm afraid I don't cut much ice as a literary adviser. If now you were a phonograph record. . . .

The reviews I saw of The Hard-Boiled Virgin were very dreary. The reviewers all read the stuffy little notice in The Times Lit. Supp. and copied that. They have an unhealthy passion for unanimity in England.

The pack bays. There'll be no individualists left soon. D. H. Lawrence circumnavigated the globe to find some, but without success. It was that fearful unanimity which made the war so depressing. Had it not been for that I should have enjoyed it.

I hope you'll like Vestal Fire. Anyway, I wanted to write it, and I'm not terribly anxious to write novels in these days. I shall turn to plays as soon as I can get some time in hand.

Good luck to your new book and to you.

Yours

COMPTON MACKENZIE

TO H. ARMSTRONG JAGGARD

S. S. Republic
April fourteenth

Dear Mr. Jaggard

Influenza wasn't my only opportunity for departing this life. But here I am, starting home, perhaps with a few new ideas and at least with a first sentence for There's a Certain Elegance about Celibacy — a first sentence I am very much pleased with, and that I hope you will be pleased with. I am also pleased because Compton Mackenzie, for whom I've long had an admiration that survived even Coral, admires the HBV and was responsible for its English publication — he wrote me a very amusing letter about it. Like all literary young gentlemen, I suppose you've had your day with Michael Fane. I don't know exactly how long I'll be in New York — perhaps until I go to Peterborough, or perhaps I'll go down to Atlanta for a few weeks. Anyway, I'll be at the Algonquin there, and they'll have

my address if I leave. And speaking of Peterborough — I don't bounce up and down with eagerness, but I do lie on a Peterborough couch and writhe with the agony of imperfect sequences. Surely you're doing a novel yourself —

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO DELIA JOHNSTON (MRS. M. HINES ROBERTS)

[*New York, May 2, 1927*]

Dearest Delia

Of course the ocean gave me a cold, and I've been sick with it ever since I landed. But I'm about all right now and very comfortable and serene in this hotel. I thought of the terribly hot trip you and I had from Atlanta to New York last June. So, since I'm going to Peterborough the very first of June, I think it's better to stay here and try to get some writing done. I've changed off to a novel about a library, so Dot can warn the Carnegie to tremble in their shoes, though the library in the book will just be The Carnegie Library, of no particular town.

You know how glad I am that you're so happy.

TO TOM Y. HORAN

[*New York, May 9, 1927*]

Yesterday, I wrote you a long and tender letter concerning various things and particularly concerning your remarks about a book called The Hard-Boiled Virgin and its author. Then when I took it down to mail this morning, I found the fuchsia-covered docu-

ment, and it looks so different all bound and printed that I feel like writing an entirely different, though equally long and tender letter. I won't deny anything except that I have never said a kind word for The Blind Bow-Boy, and that I vastly prefer Mr. Van Vechten's Peter Whiffle to all of his other books.— Which you know perfectly well. I wish you would come up — no woman ever believes that a man can't do something, because, as you must know, nothing stops them from doing what they want to do.

TO SUSAN LONG

[*New York, May* —]

Dearest Mammy

Henry's letter about Little Sis has just come, and I am very much distressed. I hate to think of all you have been through with, and I would like to come straight down to be with you. But I don't like to make Mr. Keech and Mr. Chapin move for a month. If you are worn out, can't you just give them breakfast for a while and let them go out for dinner? I know you must feel that Little Sis is in a happier place, but Rebecca was a comfort and a pleasure to you, and I know you miss her dreadfully. You must remember that Louis and I are your family, and that we both love you more than anybody in the world, and I am sure Henry feels like your family and Margaret, too. I never realize how much I love you until I am away like this.

I miss Louis terribly, and I hope he is in Atlanta by this time.

Lots of love, and do take care of yourself.

FRANCES

VIII

On the return voyage, the celibate elegant who was afraid of marriage, and who devoted his maturity to perfecting a work of art already given to the world in its imperfection, became somehow displaced by ideas for another novel that was at first to have been called The Golden Lover, but that was called, finally, Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers. Its original plan included but small emphasis upon the triumph of widowhood. A beginning was made at the point which was, in the final writing, deferred until the one hundred and fifty-second page of the published book. The following letters will show that difficulties arose from the point of view first chosen for presenting the narrative; that the "other" woman in the story was originally to have been the lawful wife; and that — at least in the moment of writing one letter — the author almost abandoned the tale of her bridal heroine for the less introspective history of a hero's bachelorhood. The final version, as Mr. Daniel has written, "was an elaboration of a story Miss Newman had thought of writing, called A Crape Hat from Crocker. In the beginning [the wife] was to be an unsympathetic character, but her plight became more and more unfortunate until she won her author's sympathy. Miss Newman was particularly interested in [this novel's] construction, which confused a good many readers. It was to be about two women who were

in love with the same man, and the story was to be told from their separate viewpoints. The most obvious method was to divide the novel into two parts, indicating these divisions by signs and symbols. The obviousness of this method was reason enough for Miss Newman to reject it. Also, it was not in accordance with her belief that a story should be told like a 'ball of thread being evenly unwound.' She conceived the viewpoints of Evelyn Page Cunningham and Isabel Ramsay as being in different musical keys, and she effected the change of key musically by finding a common chord. Thus the story modulates from Evelyn's mind into Isabel's, and back again into the mind of the wife returning with her dead husband who will henceforth be faithful to her."

On the first possible day of the season, early in June, she went to Peterborough, where the novel had its second and third beginnings. Before she returned to Atlanta, after two months in Peterborough, she had written "the wife's half" of Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers, and she was preparing her harmonies for the first modulation into the key that might be called the subdominant of the book, since one minor tonality may have no relative minor.

TO H. ARMSTRONG JAGGARD

New York, May tenth [*1927*]

Dear Mr. Jaggard

Your letter has just come back here from Atlanta, and it arrived, oddly enough, just when I am about to talk to a short story class at New York University — as a polite attention to a very nice woman who is its teacher, and who was at Peterborough last summer. I am going to tell them that I do not admire untutored geniuses and that all of us have to learn from what has been written before us — all of which is desperately dull — just as the young French painter always has a severe academic training at the Beaux Arts, and then becomes a Matisse or even a Cézanne. But I think you can do much better by reading Maupassant and Henry James and Chekhov and Huxley and Sherwood Anderson for yourself, even if you do it with the help of a book on the short story's construction. I think ——, for example, will never recover from the slick competence of style she learned from Blanche Williams — if you had read all that review, you would know I didn't admire the book enormously. The publishers quoted a review I wrote for an Atlanta paper, as a polite wave of the hand to an old friend — another member of her family is the original of Mildred Cobb in the HBV — but even so, I did nothing more than say other people liked her first novel, and that this is a better book than her first novel, which is true, I think.

My own literary experience has been unusual, I suppose. I began by writing notices about the new books, when I was a librarian. Clipping bureaus sent them to Mr. Cabell and Mencken and Mr. Huebsch, who was my first publisher, and I first wrote articles for a little magazine called The Reviewer, which was published in

Richmond and in which Mr. Cabell and Mencken took a fatherly interest. Then I told Mr. Huebsch, at dinner one night, the idea for the Short Story's Mutations, and he said I must do it and he put it in his catalogue and was selling it when only two chapters were written. Then I sent Rachel to Mencken and he liked it, and The Reviewer published the first three episodes of The Hard-Boiled Virgin, and Horace Liveright saw them and offered me a contract for the book, which was signed when they were all that was written of the book. The moral is, I suppose, to begin by writing for papers which give you completely free expression, if no money. But I think it is much easier to get a first novel published than a first story, since the public for books is much more intelligent than the public for magazines, and since publishers are not hampered by advertisers as editors are. So why don't you write a novel? — and put in your own innermost emotions, which are all any of us have to give the world. After that, it will be easy enough to sell stories, if you still want to write them. I hope this isn't bad advice, because I really want to help you — and I can realize how you are feeling.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

The first thing to consider is something I am sure you know already — to be sure every phrase is your own.

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

[*New York, May —, 1927*]

Dear Mr. Cabell

A girl and a youth from the Post — obviously wanting to make enough money to get married — persuaded me to do one of these and to send one to you.

It's for a book A. & C. Boni are publishing at once, all made of these pages filled out by eminent persons like you and me and Walter Damrosch and Gene Tunney and Charlie Chaplin. I was a complete failure on baseball players, but very good on army titles and European cities and methods of illumination. The youth's name is on the back and you mustn't use anything but your own memory and a pencil.

It was awfully nice of Mrs. Cabell to call me up and we had a grand gossip. I was having dinner at Isa Glenn's Friday night when Mrs. Balch telephoned her arrival, but I have not seen her.

T. R. Smith wants me to edit a collection of love stories, "*very* realistic," and of course we'll want one of yours, if you have one sufficiently shocking.

I'm struggling with a novel about a library, not The Goldfish Bowl, which I think had better come before There's a Certain Elegance. The heroine is slightly stupid and I don't like her at all. When you see it, you may decide that you'd rather be the dedicatee of my third novel than of my second.

You'll be distressed to hear that I'm afraid I'm falling in love again — don't tell poor M. Of course I am anxiously awaiting Eve, and I'm sure Mr. Dounce will let me make it the occasion for a summary of your literary virtues.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

FROM JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Dear Frances:

Since I do not know any really quite nice way of telling a lady to go to hell, my Southern chivalry re-

moulds the matter of any natural response into a politely regretful voicing of the fact that some while ago I swore off on all symposiums. Moreover, that last question as to what you may see in a barn is too captivating, and allures me toward answers which would get any symposium suppressed.

I do not understand about The Goldfish Bowl, but your next novel is very important. It might well be wholly "proper"; Liveright, in any case, should be under heavy bond not to advertise it with one half-syllable that hints at the book's being "unconventional" or "daring" or with any other of those typographic nudges. This next book ought to assume your perfectly well-founded claim to be regarded everywhere as an established and serious writer. About this I speak with no hesitancy: it is a thing which I, who have been through a success of scandal, know. . . . Oh, yes! and it ought, of course, to be quite dialoguish.

For the rest, a re-casting of the male rôle in the comedy cannot hurt you. It is only fidelity which costs.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

13 May 1927

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

May twenty-second [*1927*]

Dear Mr. Cabell

The new novel isn't The Goldfish Bowl at all — it hasn't even one of the same characters, though of course it is about the same library. I am trying to do it from the point of view of a certain librarian who has

no admirers of her own, and who gets a sort of ambidextrous emotion from the young librarians and their admirers. I chose her because through her mind I can get at a dozen little stories, and show the unfortunate effect of too feminine libraries on the librarians. Just now, I am proposing to call it The Golden Lover. I am not giving up There's a Certain Elegance about Celibacy, only giving it time to ripen a little more — to accumulate, so to speak. I am going to Peterborough the first day of June, and since E. A. Robinson will doubtless be my only companion at first, I should get a lot done. Don't think I don't realize the horrible importance of this book — I weep about it, on some unfortunate man's shoulder, about twice a week. Horace Liveright is just back from Europe, and in bed with an ailment which he elegantly attributes to caviar eaten on the Leviathan. But I confided your views about advertising to Julian Messner, one of Boni and Liveright's two vice-presidents, and he agrees with you heartily about the impropriety of "daring" and such adjectives.

I had L—— down to meet V—— and he is already very anxious to marry her — both because of her own charms and because he fancies receiving a bride from the hand which wrote The Cream of the Jest. Both of them annoyed me by insisting on having that work for their favorite book. You're very hard-hearted about the Guggenheim book — I'm sure you would relent if you saw the pair who are doing it. He stutters very touchingly.

Please give my love to Mrs. Cabell and to Ballard — and for yourself the assurance of my most distinguished consideration.

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO DOROTHY MURRAY

[*New York, May 24, 1927*]

Dearest Dot

Your letter was a darling letter, and I was very pleased to hear from you and Lamar was very pleased to hear about you. I expect to go up to Peterborough the very first day of June and I hope I'll get something done there. Here I've done nothing but begin again, and now I'm about to change the whole plan. I've still got the same theme and the same chief characters, but I don't think I can write about a library. I simply can't write words like "locker" — they spoil the whole thing — so the librarians can breathe easily. If they were breathing hard, that is.

I think I'm in love again, but I'm not sure yet. I'd seen him before, but I hadn't really talked to him until I went to lunch with him just after I got back. I suppose I won't be sure until I get away and find out how much I miss him.

I had a letter from Mammy yesterday, and she says "Miss Delia still seems to be enjoying herself." I have your Fra Lippo Lippi Madonna, and I'll send it down to you — probably by Lamar, who expects to go down for his mother in June.

Love to Delia and lots to you — and do write to me at Peterborough.

TO H. ARMSTRONG JAGGARD

[*26 Gramercy Park, New York*]

Dear Mr. Jaggard *May twenty-eighth* [*1927*]

About two weeks ago, I decided to come up here and look out on a little park full of blooming chestnut

trees. I didn't like to tell the hotel I was coming somewhere else in town, so I have been getting amiable acquaintances to bring my mail up, and this time I hadn't been able to send down since Tuesday, so I have just come into possession of your letter. I am leaving for Peterborough on Tuesday, and I want to stay there as long as they will keep me, which will be two months at least. I have entirely changed my plan for the new novel, and I have been in a state of real agony about it, but now I think I have finally found the way that will use whatever literary virtues I may have, and that will — I hope — hide my many literary lacks. I'm going to wait another year for the elegance of celibacy, and I am trying to do a certain type of man, first from the point of view of his wife, and then from the point of view of a girl with whom he falls in love about ten years after he is married. I wouldn't think of trying to do a man at any closer range, because although I know what they will do under certain circumstances, I have no idea why.

I shall hope very much to see you later on, but don't wait to see me before you begin your own novel. If you haven't already tried reading Percy Lubbock's book called The Craft of Fiction, I think you will find it the only intelligent book on the subject that has yet been written. My only theories are that a writer must choose people and places he knows all about, that he must be painfully careful about choosing his point of view and sticking to it, that he must be sure every phrase in it is his own, and that he must go down deeply enough into himself — to the point where he becomes different from every other human being. I say this so often that I've doubtless said it to you before — our own emotions are really all we have to give the

world. And since there are so many novels published now, I don't think a book has a chance unless it has a very definite individuality. If you'll do a few chapters, or even one chapter, and send what you do to me at the MacDowell Colony, Peterborough, New Hampshire, I'll be delighted to tell you precisely what I think about it, though when I think of Mr. Cabell's first novel, The Eagle's Shadow, I don't suppose the first work of a quite young man is definite evidence — not against him, though of course it may easily be evidence for him.

Please tell your father how very much I hope I can see you both later on — he must be a particularly charming father to have.

With a great many thanks and a great many good wishes —

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

[*26 Gramercy Park, New York*]
Saturday [*May 28, 1927*]

Dear Nelson Crawford

Because I went out to Babylon, I was about a week late getting your review — a review which pleased my publisher only less than it did me. You are a darling to have done it, no less, and I send you my best thanks. Can you send a copy to my brother? He cherishes them tenderly in a book.

I hope you are coming back to Peterborough, but I fear you and Christopher Ward are too mondain and that we'll have nothing but untutored geniuses, who are very depressing to me.

Do tell me about Dr. Redfield, and if you come up to New York next week, be sure to call me.

Yours, with at least a thousand thanks —

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO DELIA JOHNSTON (MRS. M. HINES ROBERTS)

[*New York, May 31, 1927*]

Dearest Delia

Just a note before I set off for Peterborough. I really hate to go and freeze again, but I know I won't get anything done here. I have been seeing a good deal of a man, and such things are very disturbing to writing — for me, anyway. I know I will go crazy for lack of a good library. I have changed all the book again, and I am going to begin with the man's wife instead of with the library girl.

I hate to ask you to do this, but if you are in Rich's, will you see if they have any of those lavender canvas shoes they had last year, and have them send me a pair to Peterborough? I wear a five and a half, A last, and have them charged to me. If they haven't, see if they could dye a white pair. Up here, they hardly have any canvas shoes at all, and no colored ones.

I love to think of you so happy.

TO SUSAN LONG

Peterborough, June second [*1927*]

Dearest Mammy

Here I am, and very much pleased to be here again, but I am awfully sleepy, just as I was the first day last year, and this is just a line or two so you and

Louis and Henry will know I didn't get lost on the way. I have the same bedroom, but a very much nicer studio to write in. It is in a little clearing in the woods, with pines and birches around and a lovely view, and a screened porch with a swing something like Henry's on it, and a big fireplace and lots of wood. In spite of being so sleepy, my mind seems to be going to work much better than in New York, and I hope I can get a lot done. I hope Louis is having a nice birthday, and that he got the letter with a check that I sent him.

Lots of love to you and Louis and to the Newmans. Don't you think you ought to take a little rest, and let Louis go out to dinner?

TO LAMAR TROTTI

[*Undated*]

After another unhappy struggle with an awakening bride, I decided to go back even further and I'm sending you the first chapter in its present state. Do you think you can tell me *honestly* what you think of it and what you think other people may say about it?

I have a very pretty studio — the one with a little blue fence and a yard full of lilacs — and a big porch at the back where I'm writing on a day which is completely perfect. There's one woman I like and two men who are very amusing, so I'm feeling serene except for the awful gnawing of the book. Please tell me the truth. After all, I don't just *have* to write a book.

[*About June 10*]

No sooner did I read your letter than I realized I *must* begin with the returning bride. I'm sending the

re-written chapter along, and I'll be very grateful if you'll tell me whether you think there's so much remembering that it's heavy, and whether I'd better put some of it in later. Be truthful, please, and not quite so polite. Of course this chapter is still rough in a good many spots, particularly the introduction to the remembering.

The Colums have come and the colony is picking up. I have a very noble-hearted admirer. I don't know why I'm so attractive to lofty souls. This one has four children and writes plays like Aeschylus.

I might have known you'd sympathize with The Silver Cord mother, but I think the younger girl was very charming and touching. Dounce wants me to do a "critical essay" on some of the new sex novels. Don't you think that would be amusing by the author of the H. B. V.?

TO MRS. M. HINES ROBERTS

[*Peterborough, June 11*]

Dearest Delia

Don't bother about the shoes — I'll just do without any more up here. But if you can, will you go to the Carnegie and get W. H. Mallock's The New Republic and Huxley's Crome Yellow and Charles Brackett's Week-End (if they have that) and get them on Vacation Privilege and send them to me? I am going to do my Peacock, I think, and they are all good models. If you can get the first two, or Barren Leaves, instead of Crome Yellow, don't wait for the other. The New Republic is in the locked book-case by the biog-

raphies. I have decided that another introspective book would be a mistake now, so I'm going on with There's a Certain Elegance about Celibacy.

Louis is back in our apartment, so I hope he and Mammy are happy. I'd almost like to be there too, though I'm happy and amused here. I don't think I can have been really in love. I would be pining for New York if I were.

TO JULIAN MESSNER

[*Peterborough, June 12, 1927*]

The book was to have a golden-haired lover, as you may possibly remember. But I couldn't take any interest in him until he began gradually to become darker and darker. Two men in the colony assure me that no gentleman would wear scarlet or violet pajamas — please tell me what you think about that, and what you think about the little chapter as a beginning. It's just for you, not for the House. Of course people will either say — "She doesn't know how a bride feels" or "*How* does *she* know how a bride feels?"

I suppose I needn't tell you anything more except that there is one nice woman here, and that there are two very amusing men, that I went up on a mountain with them last Wednesday night and was run down by a wild-cat. Really a wild-cat. And that I'd be feeling fairly serene and happy if the book didn't gnaw on me all the time.

And how are you?

TO MARGARET PATTERSON

[*June 22*]

Dear Peg

Time is nothing at all up here, but I've suddenly thought that tomorrow's your birthday. I'll try to get up courage to ask Mr. Robinson about [signing] Tristram — he's been away for a week-end and just got back. Everybody is pursuing the poor man with copies, so don't be surprised if I get up courage slowly. Anyway, felicitations, and I hope you'll enjoy becoming twenty and being twenty. I am now on page twenty-six of my book, having changed the book and the beginning and everything else. I'm getting interested in the wife, with whom I'm beginning, and I didn't intend to. Lots of love to you and to the family.

TO HANSELL BAUGH

Peterborough, July ninth [*1927*]

Of course your letter was a sad blow to me — besides wanting badly to see you, I badly want to show you what I have been doing, and I badly want you to agree with me that conversation between two of my sentences looks like a patch. I might say a calico patch on a satin quilt, but perhaps that would be a better line from you than from the author of the quilt. Just at this fairly warm minute, there are about fifty pages done. Well — not *done,* exactly, but in fairly good shape. Of course they will be re-written more than once. At this rate, I ought to finish the wife's part before August, and the whole book by November or December. When I come to do the Peacock, full of talk, I think I will

have to change my sentence structure entirely. I am sending you a copy of the first episode, about which you will please express yourself candidly and promptly and then send it back, thank you. Also please put your mind on a title which will suggest Safe in a Crape Veil at Last, A Husband Safe in Heaven, Triumphantly Widowed, or something like that — the idea, as you know, being the relief of a safely dead husband, and a marriage saved from Reno or even Paris.

Aren't you likely to be away until Christmas at least? I am afraid I can't stay here much after the first of August. Anyway, let me know where you will be. And what about conversation.

TO LOUIS RUCKER

July fourteenth [*1927*]

Dear Louis

Henry wrote me yesterday that you were talking of going to Pittsburgh. Of course I hope you won't go away, for your sake as well as mine, but I don't want to stand in the way of your getting on in the world. I expect to get home about the seventh or eighth of August, so be sure you don't go away before that. It's hot in the middle of the day even up here, so I am afraid you will be awfully hot there. But you seem to take weather more heroically than I do. My book seems to be coming very well, and if I finish it by November and College Humor takes it for a serial, we will be rolling in money shortly. Lots of love —

FRANCES

TO HANSELL BAUGH

94 Eleventh Street, N. E., Atlanta
August seventh [*1927*]

As you see — and as you had perhaps already gathered — I had left Peterborough before your letter arrived there, and I only stayed in New York a day and then shot down here to see Louis, who is threatening to take a job in Pittsburgh, which you must think a strange threat, judging by your letter from the Hotel Pitt. Altogether, I thought I'd like to be with him. So here I am. I haven't a plan, not a plan, except finishing this book.

About your strictures — I can't find myself able to agree with you, although I don't doubt you are right. If you will imagine that the groom is lying on his right side and the bride on her left side, his hand will be turned upward across the soft upper part of her arm. And she can easily clutch what she doubtless calls her stomach without moving her arm more than two inches, from the elbow down, and turning her hand. As for your ellipses and litotes, I am not upset by them, although I doubtless should be. Several gentlemen and ladies have found themselves very much heated up, I am pleased to say, by that page and a half. Which does not extenuate inelegancies, I admit, but which is a comfort.

The book can't be published before February, even if it isn't a serial, so we can discuss my writing and yours then — I think I'll take this apartment again, because I can always sublet it, and I hate so much packing and unpacking. Let me know how far around your circuit you've swung, and when you think you may be a settled New Yorker.

After — not *propter* — I wrote this, I fell sick of a

fever and I'm still in bed and very poorly, but not so melancholy as if I wasn't in my lavender bed with Mammy to tend on me. Do write to me.

TO HUDSON STRODE

[*Atlanta, August 10, 1927*]

Dear Hudson

Here are the pictures at last — and I'm distressed that you and Julia [Peterkin] look so much handsomer than you and I do. Evidently Mr. [Powell] Weaver isn't a good photographer, since the three of us didn't even show.

A friend of mine here was born in Birmingham and I'm going to dinner at her house tonight, expressly to hear more tales about your celebrated deeds in Alabama. You seem to be almost a legendary hero.

Tell Julia that I've put Boni and Liveright and Doubleday both after her — no one need ever call me a mean-spirited female after that, when I have every literary and feminine reason to be jealous of her. I miss you all terribly —be sure you come to see me —

TO LAMAR TROTTI

[*Atlanta, August 19*]

For about ten days, I've been poorly — with fever around a hundred and one, which is nothing for you to have, but which is a lot for me to have. So I was late in getting the book copied. I'm sending it today, to your apartment, for fear it might get lost in the vast office mail. Don't bother to read it unless you

really want to read it. But after you do or don't, will you re-direct it to Julian Messner and leave it for him at 61 West 48 Street? — so they can decide whether or not to send it on to College Humor.

[*Undated*]

Please do write the article. Unless you "commence author," as they say in England, I'm afraid you'll settle down to a comfortable life of prosperity.

I hope you really do like the first half of my book. You know how much I've suffered over it. The day after I sent it, I had a letter from Julian Messner written in Vermont, so Horace Liveright read it first and telegraphed me that he thinks the new title is "wonderful," and that he likes the book "tremendously," but that he questions very much whether any magazine will dare to publish it. That doesn't worry me. I'll be satisfied if I can feel that it's good writing — and if it sells fairly well.

TO HUDSON STRODE

94 Eleventh Street, N. E., Atlanta
September second [*1927*]

Dear Hudson

Here is a little photograph of my mammy taken on the porch here — it looks much darker than she is, which is a gentle yellow. I think she must be mostly responsible for my lack of a southern lady's traditional illusions. When I was a little girl, she used to tell me about slavery times, and I thought Miss ——, her old mistress, was a woman and the devil was a man, and that was the only difference between them. If you grow

up hearing of mistress's sons who set dogs on a little girl three years old to see her run, who beat the slaves, and who didn't tell them they were free, you can't admire the ante-bellum south completely. But even that didn't depress me like the tale about how she ran away because Miss ——'s daughter threatened to have her mama whip her for losing a string, how she got away to the nearest town and was protected by the Freedmen's Bureau, and when Miss ——'s husband couldn't take her back, he took the little yellow-spotted dress that was the pride and joy of her life — she can't have been more than about eight, though she doesn't know just how old she is. Which must be very pleasant ignorance.

The ménage is just Louis Rucker, my nephew, and my mammy, and we are all terribly attached to each other. I think I told you that Louis's mother died in the Philippines when he was a year old, and my mother brought him up, so I am a curious combination of aunt and sister and something maternal to him, I suppose. I went to Europe this time for him, you remember, and we just went to the places you must see on a first trip. Apparently Greece and the Renaissance and most of the past have done all they can for me, and I can't take in anything more from them. I don't enjoy any music before Beethoven's third symphony, or any books written before Voltaire. In fact, my mind wanders off on phrases and ideas whenever I go to a concert or an opera, as I think I told you, and music has ceased to be anything more than a stimulant for my own work. Like Katharine Faraday, I am only interested in my own ideas and my own emotions, and the people who stimulate both. Of course, I like clothes, and if I ever have a lot of money, I shall doubtless spend most of it for frocks

and hats. I am not much disturbed by surroundings if I have plenty of space — for instance, I can't stay in one hotel room. I get depressed, and I simply have to take a suite. If you want to know more about Mammy, who can play the faithful retainer perfectly with our friends, and who keeps Louis and me both in our places, call Lamar Trotti. He's the man who said that your university is the only state university our university considers its social equal. He and Mammy are great friends.

I'm sure you can see Mr. Cabell next summer — I'll write him about you shortly. And if you go to Richmond, you must see Ellen Glasgow. She would be crazy about you. Also, there's Laurence Stallings, if he ever comes back from California, but Southerners who don't live in New York would be better [subjects for a projected series of literary portraits].

I wish you could come by on your way home — but be sure to come before long. You might come with the football time. I've met two people who tell me how awfully important you are and how popular and all that. I still miss you a lot —

I am enclosing a page I almost sent John Farrar *in re* something in his department in the September Bookman — you might look at it.

This little picture of Julia Peterkin and me in the garden at Peterborough is to show you how very wrong you are about us — we like each other very much and we like each other's books, though I suffer greatly from her physical horrors. She is a remarkable woman and really charming, and she manages to look completely classic with very modern features and magnificent red hair.

Moreover, Maxwell Bodenheim hasn't been at Peterborough since some time before my day there.

Moreover, you think my taste in books is even narrower than it is. Within about a year I have publicly admired books by Sherwood Anderson, Elinor Wylie, Thornton Wilder, Ernest Hemingway, DuBose Heyward, Ellen Glasgow, Charles Brackett, Glenway Wescott, and Manuel Komroff — among Americans, I mean. Of course, I do think Mr. Cabell is the most delightful and the most important living prose writer, but it's Voltaire who is my standard of perfection. I want a book to have wit and profundity, and I don't like dull, solemn, pompous writers like Hardy and Dreiser and O'Neill and Willa Cather, or thin, dull writers like Bromfield. And you know how much I like Compton Mackenzie's earlier novels. I have a grand passion for Max Beerbohm, Aldous Huxley, Joyce, and Lawrence, and I like Rose Macaulay and Virginia Woolf. I like Morand and Giraudoux and Madame Colette and a dozen other French writers, and I bow whenever I mention Pirandello's name. I admire Mencken as everything but a literary critic, and I admire most of Joseph Hergesheimer's earlier work. And I nearly forgot to say that I think Bunk is a marvellous book, and that I am speaking only of living writers and not even of admirations so lately dead as Proust and Katherine Mansfield, and that I read every word Ring Lardner writes. In short, I like writers who know how to write, and I don't like writers who don't know the meaning of all the words they use, and who don't know how to put them together. Which is why I don't like Carl Van Vechten and Scott Fitzgerald.

TO MRS. OSCAR GIEBERICH

[*Atlanta, September —, 1927*]

Dear Mable

For about a month, the new book wouldn't march at all, and I was in despair and only cowardice kept me from jumping out of a window. The reason, I suppose, was that I changed coming back on the boat, and I began a book I hadn't meant to do until two books from now. It's a story of a woman who was so much in love with her husband that she spent her whole married life dreading the day when he would love her less. And of course the day came. The second half, which I've just begun, is in the mind of the girl he falls in love with after about eleven years, and it goes back to the wife when he is dead and she is triumphantly widowed. The title, I think, will be Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers. Lamar and Frank both think people in general should like it better than the other and I think it seems to have a sort of glow the other book didn't have, but I don't expect to like it nearly so much — not enough to hate the people who can't see its virtues.

Louis and Mammy and I are settled down here fairly peaceably. Louis is engineering again, with a contractor, doing something called estimating. And we have the same apartment that we sublet when we went away last winter — it's very cool and comfortable, and last winter, it was very hot and comfortable, which is all I seem to ask of a residence.

Kathrine Newman has been at High Hampton with Mary Cohen Orme, and says the little baby is lovely. I saw young Jack several times in New York. He was in a great state about a play which he had finished, and which he was about to get accepted by the man who produced

Broadway, but I suppose he didn't, or I'd have heard about it.

For no very good reasons, I didn't enjoy Peterborough as much as I did last year, and I doubt if I ever want to go back again — I was really bored very often, but I did get a good deal done. I hope you like the new summer place — it sounds much nicer than Brittany, which, having never seen, I think of as very damp and bleak and discouraging. When you get back to Paris, can you send me the Pallas without too much trouble? I suppose it can be rolled in a paste-board tube, if you have such a thing. Or perhaps you could find some one who'd bring it. Catherine Farnham is sailing on the Paris's next trip, but I'm sure you won't be back that soon.

TO LAMAR TROTTI

[*Atlanta, September 7, 1927*]

Louis is bent on going up to meet ——. He proposes to go by Richmond and get to New York early on the morning of the nineteenth. You know what a Calamity Jane I am about him. Can you be angelic and take him in for three nights, and don't let him get married or drunk or arrested? Please let me know right away.

A beautiful day. I hope to send you three more chapters, including the transposition to the girl.

[*Undated*]

I want you to see the modulation to Isabel Ramsay. She insisted on being called Isabel. I don't know why. Frank says he thinks the transition is deft — and of course I hope you'll like it. But please say exactly

what you think. Julian politely telegraphed me that the other part is "superb" and that he "adored it." Not a very critical verb. Will you give him this after you've had time to read it? Don't hurry at all. I won't send any more to you or to B. and L. until I have had a good deal. Please tell me the truth.

I hope you are working on [the article about] the South and the West — and don't take Louis, in spite of my letter, if he'll be a bother. I almost think I'd be relieved if he was safely married.

TO LOUIS RUCKER

[*Atlanta, September —, 1927*]

Dear darling Louis

Mammy and I were delighted to have your amiable night letter. Lamar says "nothing could or would give him more pleasure than to have Louis stay with him." He says he will meet you by night or leave the key with Sam the Elevator Man by day. Be sure to give my love to Bessie, the charwoman, who also charred for me. Please write to Lamar as soon as you get this and tell him the exact moment you will debark in the Pennsylvania Station, and then telegraph him if you change your volatile mind. I hope it's still dolce far niente — the operator stopped before it, and told me that she supposed the rest was code. Of course I improved her mind by telling her what it meant in what language, and she doubtless agrees with you and Italy-before-Mussolini.

Saturday afternoon Garland and I drove out in Cobb County and picked flowers — but not goldenrod, on account of his hay-fever. Yesterday morning he took Mammy to Big Bethel, where they are having Big Meet-

ing. Then yesterday afternoon he went with me to the birthday party Frank had for me, albeit it wasn't my birthday.

Mammy says "Be good." But she does not add "And let who will be clever." I say both. And if you want a table at the Algonquin, tell Georges you're my cherished nephew.

Lots of love and dozens of kisses —

FRANCES

TO HANSELL BAUGH

September eighth [*1927*]

Your mother and your sister Margaret came to see me a few nights ago. We talked about you and also about apartments which are hot in winter and cool in summer. This one is exactly that, but besides being occupied by Louis and Mammy and me, they don't consider parting with my distressing — for Atlanta — rent, until Margaret writes a book which is suppressed in Boston. Not that they made any such remark, however.

I am enclosing a laissez-passer, and I will also write to Julian Messner about your reading the manuscript. If he's out or busy, see Miss Goldman. Horace Liveright thinks the title is wonderful, as I probably wrote you, and Mr. Miller of the book-shop here also admires it. So evidently we have no commercial instinct, since I don't like it a lot myself. But I am reasonably contented with the modulation, which I finally accomplished. I am now in the library (in the story, I mean, not in the flesh) and I wish you were here to help me remember absurdities and tragedies. I have just had a bright idea — I con-

sider — about what to do with her in New York. Her name has become Isabel Ramsay, in spite of me. She simply would be called Isabel — I hope not for Isabel Archer. When I was there, an acquaintance of mine suggested my becoming librarian of the art library in the Cooper Union, and I think that would be a charming place for her. It's very Victorian and amusing, with a vast collection of ancient bird-cages, and things like that. If you can, won't you wander down there and write me some of the celebrated buildings and things that are copied in the bird-cages? And what about the pictures and sculpture? And the books that hit you in the eye? Or anything you think I would notice if I were there again. That, I think, will get me away from the ugly side of librarying, after just a few chapters of the real thing in elaborate language, with enough acrimonious portraits to pacify me.

Are you going to send me your novel's chapter, or wait to bring it? And did you see my review of Death Comes for the Archbishop in the Post Saturday? If you did, I hope you approved of it without giving yourself the pain of reading the book. Frank is praising it with faint damns in the Journal. Do write to me. I have your flask safely in my top drawer — I was afraid to send it by Louis.

TO TOM Y. HORAN

[*Atlanta, September 10, 1927*]

Many thanks for sending the manuscript so quickly. I'm very sorry I had to ask you for it — I had to send off the carbon, and I was afraid to send it until I had another here for reference — and of course I'm

sorrier because I interfered with such a beautiful surprise. But you had the title Dead Lovers Are Safe Lovers, instead of Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers. Was that a reference to my well known timidity? or have you been mistaking the adjective for two whole weeks? I find your remarks *in re* Alice rather cryptic — if you don't like it, you can save me from writing the rest by telling me so at once.

I'm about to decide that a librarian simply can't be a heroine. I think I shall have to change my idea for the whole second part. Doesn't it, somehow, seem essentially impossible for a railroad president to fall in love with a librarian? Mere facts don't seem to make it probable fiction. Please express your views quickly.

TO LAMAR TROTTI

[*Atlanta, September 13, 1927*]

Your idea is *very* good — like all your literary ideas. And, of course, you're completely welcome to Rachel, though I don't suppose that pattern is mine. I get more and more annoyed that I didn't have the advantage of a Catholic youth.

You are certainly right about this story's being the best thing you've written yet. I like it *very* much. I've marked a few places that I think might be smoother — but, as you know, in my own writing or any one else's, I always want to be changing things, and if they were the other way, I'd probably want them as you wrote them. Can't the husband be a Presbyterian instead of a Baptist? Presbyterians are horrid enough, and in New York people might not realize that in Atlanta you can be a Baptist and have a perfectly good position. I *do* like

The Widow's Cross. The reason this is so good, I think, is because it comes out of one of your complexes. I believe all good writing does. Some of the phrases are perfect — lots of them.

By this time I suppose you have the three chapters of Dead Lovers I sent you Saturday. Tell me the truth, particularly about the modulation.

TO JULIAN MESSNER

[*Atlanta, September 16, 1927*]

Your telegram and your letter *did* make me happy — *do* make me happy. But until I finish the whole book, I'll have this terrible gnawed-on feeling. The book reproaches me every minute I'm not working on it. I suppose you already have the three episodes I sent you — particularly to let you see the modulation from Evelyn to Isabel. Please tell me what you think of the way I managed that. And please tell me anything you don't like. I'll go back to Evelyn at the end, you may remember.

My nephew — the one who lives with me — has gone up to New York, so if you hear that Louis Rucker is asking for you, please let him see you.

If the book isn't a serial, when should it be published if I don't finish it before December? I'm sure I can't do better than that. Is the first of February a good time, or would it be better to wait until fall?

Will you show this picture to Mr. Schneider? — it was taken in front of the Mansfield Studio at Peterborough, where the wife's half of the book was written. I can send him the film if he thinks it could be used when

the book comes out. Or perhaps I should say *if* the book comes out.

It's terrible about your distaste for writing letters — people take on such a strange large quality when they're far away for a long time.

Yours faithfully, in spite of your brutal neglect —

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

94 Eleventh Street, Atlanta
September twentieth [*1927*]

Dear Mr. Cabell

Mr. Dounce let me do Something about Eve for the Post, and if he publishes all my eight pages the literary world will learn that it seems to me even a little more expert than the earlier volumes of its author's Biography, and that its author seems to me the world's most important writer of prose fictions. I don't suppose the literary world will be astonished. And you won't be astonished that my sexual patriotism insisted on my complaining about the chief occupation of Eve's daughters.

I hope you'll find my new book worthy of a dedication to the ex post facto justification of all Virginia's pride. I'm sure it's a better book than Firecrackers. I am thinking of calling this book Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers — every one at Boni and Liveright's likes the title, but I hope to think of a better one, though it's precisely the idea of the book. I hope to finish it about December — apparently getting one book written has a certain influence on getting more books written. When the book is finished, I'll send it to you, *if* I may, and you must decide whether you'll have it or whether

you'll wait for the History of Sophistication, which I think will come next, with There's a Certain Elegance saved for my fifth and last book.

Please give my love to Mrs. Cabell and to Ballard, and my complete but increasing admiration to yourself again.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

FROM JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Dear Frances:

You are to blame not me, but Romeike, that this acknowledgment of your fine review has not reached you earlier. I purred over it, and affably accepted Jane Austen, along with the plain implication that during social calls I habitually rest my feet upon the drawing-room table. All of it, in fine, pleased me tremendously.

I accept, also, of course, in all gratitude, your next book, whatsoever you may elect to call it. It is gratifying to hear that you are, honestly, working on it; yet I knew that with the Virgin once done, you would be committed. . . . Hereafter you are doomed. You will have to write another book, and then yet another book, all the rest of your life. And you will do it, now, whether or not you want to. . . . I, who now aspire toward that double remoteness from literature which Mr. Hardy perhaps alone has attained, in becoming the mere ghost of a genius which never existed, I can but pity you,— and stay

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

8 October 1927

TO HUDSON STRODE

94 Eleventh Street, N. E., Atlanta
September twenty-eighth

Dear Hudson

Certainly you may keep Mammy's little photograph until you know whether you'll need it — but probably I can get a better print made if you do. I sent it more to show you her type. There ought to be something very illuminating I could tell you, because I am naturally awfully flattered by your doing the sketch. I know you know that I am mentally cynical and personally sentimental, and I suppose that's about all I am.

I did Something about Eve for the N. Y. Evening Post — a long review, about two thousand words, though Dounce had to send it back for me to cut out five hundred words, so, I mean, it was about two thousand words after that. He didn't have space for it all. It ought to come out this Saturday. I looked over Jurgen again, and some of the others, and I think this new book is just a little more expertly done, and that Mr. Cabell has reached a technical perfection even he didn't quite have before. Of course, his philosophy hasn't changed, but then he regards them all as volumes of one book.

I may go up to New York next week for a few days — principally for B. and L. to have a little caricature statuette done of me by Hidalgo. I'm not sure yet.

I wish I could take your eighteenth century lectures — that's my favorite of all centuries, you know.

Salutations to your wife and love to you —

TO LOUIS RUCKER

Highlands, October fifteenth [*1927*]

Lieber Ludwig

Es giebt hier viele gebirge. Es ist auch sehr kalt. Wir waren sehr spät gestern nacht, und der Schlüssel war verloren, und wir haben platz zu nehmen am *porch* while the driver went to the village to get a man to open a door. However, we've just had Jones sausage and very hot tea in front of a large fire, and I'm in my popish black velvet. I miss you *terribly*. Call Mammy chez Mrs. Ula Kirk. Love to Newmans.

Be a good boy —

FRANCES

TO JULIAN MESSNER

[*Atlanta, October 20*]

I *am* coming, but apparently not for about two weeks. I'll try to leave here about the seventh of November. The book didn't make any progress at Highlands, but I enjoyed myself vastly — just eating a lot and talking a lot and lying in the sun looking at red and yellow leaves and drinking egg-nog in front of big log fires. All very pastoral.

TO SCOTT CUNNINGHAM

October twentieth [*1927*]

My dear Mr. Cunningham

I expect you realize just how pleased I am to know that I'm being *collected*. I don't at all know what

makes an item, in the collectors' sense. But some people have written to me about a little paper on Mr. Cabell which I wrote for the bulletin of the Carnegie Library here, in April, 1921 — it is listed in Guy Holt's bibliography of Mr. Cabell's things. But I doubt if there's one to be had. And I should think the first three episodes of the Virgin, published in The Reviewer for October, 1924, might have some interest — it was published in Richmond by Emily Clark. And of course you know my Rachel and Her Children, published in the Mercury for May, 1924, and republished in the O. Henry collection — such a joke on me.

My trip last winter wasn't very amusing, except that the only interesting man I met turned out to be a smart couturier. He'll doubtless emerge in a book some day. The new book will probably be called Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers — it's about two-thirds done, and I hope to finish it before Christmas, and to have it out by the first of February.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

94 Eleventh Street, N. E.

It's the same house, but the whole town has been elegantly re-numbered.

TO TOM Y. HORAN

[*Atlanta, October 25, 1927*]

I've just been waiting to write to you on this paper. You're the only living man who will enjoy it just exactly as I do, I hope.

You do write so awfully well, Tom, and you must go

on and write a novel. Now — tonight. And go right on and do that one novel. Don't even think of the other possible ideas except to kill them and make one beautiful sentence for this book.

Can't you come down next week to help me have my Botticellis framed? — the Primavera, the Venus, and the Pallas. I don't dare to do it without you.

Here's the review of this Eve. I do think it's more expert and I adore lots of it.

TO HANSELL BAUGH

November tenth [*1927*]

When The Figure in the Carpet finally came, I was laid by with my usual end-of-October influenza. I felt much better yesterday, but I went out last night, so I feel as if I am about to relapse and I want to write this before I do — even if I write worse than your dear H[enry] J[ames] thrown into bed with shingles.

I had a great deal of conversation with your family, and we agreed that you must have written the prospectus, though none of us thought it sounded precisely like you. Of course, I am charmed by a concern with prose as definite as the concern with poetry most of the little magazines have been dedicated to — I am always telling people, particularly the Peterborough poets, that in good prose each word is as carefully chosen and placed as it is in verse. (What awful prose that is, par example.) It's amusing, by the way, that your business manager is apparently one of this year's Peterborough poets — if she is the same Margery Mansfield.

I was depressed to see that the magazine is dedicated to the prose of young gentlemen and ladies capable of

"observer-critic" — that's as bad as the musical magazine "composer-pianist." And in the very same sentence, there is "of success of this school."

However,— it all comes down to this. The magazine is a magnificent opportunity for getting yourself known. And I hope you can be hard-boiled and use it for that useful end. I suppose you will shortly be doing reviews for one of the "liberal" weeklies, and heaven knows they need some one like you. I daresay you may know it, but I do admire your mind enormously, and I do expect great things of you.

And speaking of that — I am thinking of putting you in my book, either in short trousers or just out of them. You should do very nicely in the Cooper Union library — and why, by the way, don't you go down and look at the bird-cages et al. for me? If you don't, I may be obliged to spend two hundred dollars and look at them for myself. Indeed, I would if I wasn't sure to catch influenza and waste a lot of time. I am feeling rather pleasant today, in spite of a cold, because I got a check from B. and L. yesterday. What is more, I am promptly investing all of those thousands except two hundred dollars, and I consider myself a very frugal and practical writer. I suppose there's no prospect of your coming down here now, judging by your mother's reports. Your family seem to be very serenely and agreeably settled — it's a very nice location, just beyond Mr. Haverty's hedge.

If you can, really do look about in the Cooper Union for me. Of course, I hope you do like some of Dead Lovers, but I shall never feel about it as I do about the Virgin. I have about forty more pages written and almost finished. The whole book should be done about New Year's — deo volente, naturally.

November nineteenth [*1927*]

Dear Mable

Many thanks for sending La Pallade — she came through very well considering the length of her trip, and I shall have her framed as soon as I can get up my spirit to do it. This book seems to use me up even worse than the Virgin, and I almost hate to go out of the house. And of course I have been having an October and November influenza. This apartment is magnificently warm, and consequently I almost freeze everywhere else, particularly in the houses of my acquaintances. But the book is coming along, sentence by sentence — there are a hundred and fifty pages of it now, which is about two-thirds, I suppose. The manuscript of the Virgin was two hundred and twenty pages. It was — the manuscript — beautifully bound in Paris in purple morocco. I hope that I can finish this book in January, but it may be longer, of course.

Mrs. Cohen was out at Kathrine's having tea when little Jack and his wife were here, and she told me that the Brooklyn Museum had bought a canvas of Oscar's, but she didn't know anything about the picture. Of course I want to know about it. I am still so sorry that he gave so much good time and material to doing me and that I then had to be sick too much to get it finished.

I haven't seen anybody very amusing since I came back to Atlanta, though I patiently look at most of the people who seem to consider me a peep-show, hoping that they may turn out to be amusing. But none of them has so far. Mrs. Cohen also told me that you might do some antiquing, and if you are going to, of course I'd love to write something in the Journal and to do and

say anything I can — please let me know if there's anything to say yet. It ought to be a very good idea, because people here are simply ravenous for old things, and people all over the country are, as you know.

If Titus has Compton Mackenzie's Vestal Fire, and you haven't already read it, I think it would amuse you. I was charmed with it. I wrote a review of Mr. Cabell's Eve which he said made him "purr." And I wrote one of Vestal Fire which I hope will make Compton Mackenzie purr. He wrote something very nice for Martin Secker to use in the advertising of the Virgin in England. Log-rolling, no doubt. Louis does nothing but talk about going back to Europe, and I suppose I'll get up the spirit if it's good and hot, when I get into the Sophistication. Anyway, I can say au revoir.

TO B. B. CARSTARPHEN

94 Eleventh Street, N. E., Atlanta
November nineteenth, 1927

My dear Mr. Carstarphen

It's very nice of you to want something from me [for The Archive]. And I assure you that I'm not businesslike enough to bother very much about being paid. So, I hope you'll believe me when I say that I can't write anything just now — and that you'll believe in the reason I'm giving you.

If you haven't written a first novel — and I hope I should know about it if you had — you can't realize the horrible responsibility of a second novel. Every night I go to bed haunted by the thought of producing something as much worse than the Virgin as Angel was worse than Porgy. So, I simply cannot take my mind off the

second novel I am slowly and painfully bringing over into its last third. My mind not only has just one track — it's a very narrow gauge.

The only thing I can write easily and fairly rapidly is a book review. If you can suggest something you'd like to have done, I'll be delighted to do it in something like four or five hundred words. But in February, or whenever I get the book finished, I'll write something on some such subject as American women writers, or the horrible prose written by most American professors who try to teach young Americans to write — I don't know anything at all about deans, being entirely without a college education. And I don't want to say anything more about Katharine Faraday now.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

The Constitution — with which I haven't any connection — didn't trouble to send The Archive on to me. If it isn't too much to ask, won't you send me another copy to this address?

TO EUNICE COSTON

94 Eleventh Street, Atlanta
November twentieth [*1927*]

Dearest Eunice

Of course, you must be enjoying yourselves far too much for such drudgery as writing, and with my poor mind being gnawed on by this book, I *do* envy you. Still, you might as well go on and start a book, because you'll have to do it sooner or later, as I think you were created for that painful purpose. Unless you

behave rationally and take this more or less God-fearing man. And speaking of God-fearing men, which reminds me of Hannah More, and of Hannah More, who reminds me of it, I have just read a book called A Short History of Women, which I found very entertaining. And when you were here, had I read Compton Mackenzie's new Vestal Fire, and if I had, did I tell you how amusing it is? It's all about a collection of fairies on Capri, modern fairies, and I hear that —— talked enthusiastically about it at the Writers Club, having evidently not read anything except the jacket.

I've seen Nancy several times at Tenth Street, and had a coca-cola or two with her. But between having an awful cold and the book, I haven't been out to see her. In fact, I am miserable every minute I am writing and every minute I am not. Write me what you are doing, and present my compliments to your fellow-hibernators. Lots of love to you from

FRANCES

TO TOM Y. HORAN

[*Atlanta, November 25, 1927*]

Although Abraham Lincoln is certainly not the right president for a beautiful purple stamp, his portrait is not the reason why I've been so long about sending you my best thanks for all those strips of purple, and all those Dalton Citizens, and for your review of Something about Eve, which I like very much. Undoubtedly you do write charmingly. Do go on and write that same novel.

However, I nearly forgot about the reason. But no doubt you know it was influenza. Naturally, Dead

Lovers Are Faithful Lovers hasn't made much progress, but I still hope to finish it — well, by Saint Valentine's Day, which in a certain way would be appropriate. But why don't you write any more reviews? Have you read Vestal Fire? If you haven't, do read it this very week.

TO HANSELL BAUGH

December twelfth

In New York itself, I couldn't have had any more colds. But I suppose I could have had them worse, and certainly I couldn't have had them as pleasantly as in my own lavender bed with the ministrations of Mammy. Anyway, you can be glad I didn't have them where you might have been obliged to do some ministering, charmingly and politely as you'd doubtless have done it.

So that is why I haven't written to you, and why Dead Lovers is still only a hundred and fifty-three pages. I do write very slowly here, but I can't write at all in New York, and I don't believe I can ever bear the exposure of Peterborough again. But the book does creep along, and though I feel awfully stale, I finally get fairly satisfied with every episode. I do want you to see this part, and when I finish the scène à faire — tea in Charlton Cunningham's private car, with every word and every emotion and every gesture reported precisely — I'll begin to copy these sixty pages or so, I think. If I read it all over and feel reasonably satisfied.

Just possibly, I may go to Richmond for Christmas. And if I do, I'll run on up to New York for three or four days. If there's any prospect of your coming for Christmas, please write me this minute. In fact, you might write to me anyway. And aren't you going to send

me another Figure in the Carpet? I don't see why the Caravan isn't a very good place to be. They certainly had some good names, though nothing I liked particularly. And it seems to have prospered nicely. I don't see how anybody writes a novel with less than a whole mind and whole days, but thousands of people do, so perhaps you can. Anyway, a novel is the thing to do, instead of creeping slowly into literature through reviews and articles and stories. I am sure it's the easiest way.

Don't bother about the Cooper Union — I begin to think Isabel Ramsay won't go to New York. She doesn't seem to be a person who would, so evidently she's not very like her model. And not at all like me — she notices *things*. I really think I've invented nearly all of these people except those in the library. Did you like John Rolfe Page? — I am quite taken with him. And he grew from the memory of a girl whom I once visited, and whose father took in The Spectator. That was when I was about seventeen, and I was awfully impressed, and it's all I remember about him. Would it be bad taste to have a scene at lunch in the library, and have the librarians saying the things they do say about writers and reviewers and publishers? Do tell me at once what you think about that — it would come after the tea in the car, doubtless with Isabel Ramsay brooding between remarks. It is in the end of April, 1921.

TO SYLVIA CHATFIELD BATES

December fifteenth (1927)

Dear Sylvia

No, I haven't been to New York — surely you can't think I'd go and come back without seeing you.

I caught my usual October cold, took a serum which made me much sicker than I already was, and I still feel rather poorly. Naturally, Dead Lovers hasn't made great progress — it is now a hundred and fifty-five pages, and I suppose there will be about fifty or sixty pages more. The Virgin was two hundred and twenty pages in manuscript. At the present rate, it won't be finished until some time in February — I certainly can't write sixty pages in less than two or three months — so perhaps it won't be published until the first of September — I'm nearly sure it will be too late for Spring. I am disappointed, because I wanted it to come out in January, when nothing else much comes out. I don't like it nearly so much as the Virgin, but every one else likes it more.

I am disgusted about Another Glory. I told him that you'd had two novels published, one by Macmillan, and I wrote him about it to be sure he understood. After seeing —— as a specimen of a publisher's reader, though, I can understand anything. I expect to go to Richmond for Christmas, and I may go on up to New York. But I'm awfully afraid you'll be in Schenectady, won't you? If I go, I will only stay in New York two or three days. Will you write me to Richmond and tell me whether you'll be there? I will be leaving here about next Wednesday, I think. I'm glad you are going on with the new book, and I hope you will really put yourself into it, without too much substitution. I suppose I told you about the first novel I tried, absolutely untrue to myself in any way, or to any of my ideas, and what a mess it was — I happened on it the other day, and it is absurd, and done hardly a year before I began the Virgin. Which I may consider absurd next year, of course. What about the short stories? The review of

Death Comes for the Archbishop must have been published in September. I'll try to get it and send it to you later. Burton Rascoe said almost the same things, except for something absurd about limpid or translucent prose. I am so anxious to see [your] Moby Dick [adaptation] — do send it if you have some copies.

Love from

FRANCES

— and I nearly forgot to say Merry Christmas, and a very happy nineteen twenty-eight.

TO JULIAN MESSNER

94 Eleventh Street, N. E., Atlanta
December 19, 1927

Dear Julian

This is a very business letter — I suppose I better type it, so you can read it all. To begin with, I can't be perfectly sure that I can finish by the first of February, although I think I can if I don't catch cold again. I'll send you along another installment of seventy pages, and I wish you would get T. R. Smith to read it all and let me know as soon as possible if he wants anything changed. With the Virgin, a lot of time was wasted after I sent in the manuscript, waiting for changes. Can 'they' get it out in six weeks?

I want to have it bound in violet, not only because I like violet, but because it suits the triumphant widow idea of the book and of the title. Particularly, I'd like to have a jacket about the shade of this strip of paper I'm enclosing, perhaps with a half-suggested picture in white, of a woman with a slightly concave profile, a crape veil and a strap under her chin and a string of

pearls. But I'd rather have no picture than one that isn't very well done. Of course, you know what the trade wants and I don't.

About Wednesday or Thursday, I am going to Richmond to spend Christmas with my sister. And since I am dedicating this book to Mr. Cabell, don't you think it would make good future publicity if he will let me have a photograph taken with him? Of course he may not be willing, but he says he is pleased to become the dedicatee — it will be 'To James Branch Cabell, The ex post facto justification of all Virginia's pride,' which is certainly appropriate to this book. I want to have a chapter in a library staff room, with all the staff having lunch and talking about the things they do talk about. Of course, they talk a lot about authors and publishers. I wish you would talk to Horace and the two of you tell me if that will be bad taste — of course it's very impersonal. I suppose you'll say it depends entirely on how it's done. If I don't catch another cold, and the New York weather isn't too bad, I may run up there for two or three days, about the Wednesday after Christmas — I can get my hair cut and have a new photograph taken. And of course I'd like to see you.

FRANCES

A man named Seabrook, who wrote the Adventures in Arabia Harcourt published, was here yesterday — he used to live here. I let him read about ten pages of Dead Lovers, and he was very much pleased with it and said that he thought it should sell at least twice as well as the Virgin. But I'll never feel the same way about it, myself.

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

94 Eleventh Street, Atlanta
December twentieth

Dear Mr. Cabell

Friday, I'm leaving for Richmond, just to stay a few days, and I hope, *if* you aren't too busy, that I can see you Monday or Tuesday. Perhaps Mrs. Cabell will telephone and let me know when I can come by to see you. I don't suppose she'll have time to come out to Westhampton with you.

In the meantime, a Merry Christmas to her, to you, and to Ballard.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO HUDSON STRODE

Atlanta, January sixth [*1928*]

Dear Hudson

Your little lavender case was here when I got back from New York Monday. Of course, I had caught a fearful cold, and I was and am half dead. But even in this state, I love it, and I shall cherish it tenderly, and also the beautiful little handkerchief.

If I get over this cold and don't get sick again, B. and L. hope to publish the new book about the middle of March.

I hope you are well again, of your flu. I get one every time I go to New York, but they may be what Mencken calls "Katzenjammers."

With all sorts of good wishes for a magnificent nineteen twenty-eight, again, and lots of love —

January sixth [*1928*]

Isn't it desolating that I've been within fifty miles, or whatever it is, of you, without seeing you? As sad as Evangeline and whoever he was — Gabriel, maybe. When I didn't hear from you Thursday, I called up Friday morning and endured the necessary persiflage until I found out where you were. Then, I laid off to travel out Saturday and see you. And by Saturday, of course, I had begun a terrible cold, I crawled into bed at Florence Bradley's, took quinine, cocktails, and everything possible, arose Monday at noon, and departed in a fog of coughing, quinine, and cocktails at three forty. I am quite crushed, between the cold and missing you and not getting the thrill I need for the tea-on-car episode. However, I did get enough emotional pick-up, I hope, to see me through, and never again will I have to describe an emotion. It will be so comfortable to settle down calmly to sophistication, and I hope you will be ready to settle with me. I still hope to finish Dead Lovers in about a month, and then I trust I shall see you? Why don't you come down and get some real food? I guarantee you steak once a week and roast lamb once a week, and broiled chicken once a week, and other nourishing food in season. I am re-reading Inclinations, not so much because I want to read it as because I have a cold. And I grieve a little that I should have admired it so unreservedly. Suppose I re-read everything, and find everything unsophisticated? Mr. Cabell was still intact, though he also had a cold, and he has the hundred and five pages you read of DLAFL — I am surviving this cold merely to find out what he thinks,

and though I don't want him to like it as well as the HBV, I don't want him not to. He is considering whether to have it laid at his feet, or whether to wait for the sophistication. I don't suppose you can write, with your line still so wide and so red. But surely you can think up numbers of entirely new phrases, and similes you'd never have gotten without these anaesthetic experiences. Do write to me if you have enough ambition, and accept all my condolences, disappointments, and regard.

TO JULIAN MESSNER

Monday [*January 10, 1928*]

This is the first day I've had the spirit to put on so much as a pair of stockings. In fact, as the weather bureau would say, this is the worst cold I've had since the April of nineteen hundred and eighteen — when I went down to see my brother who was serving his country at the Villa Margharita in Charleston.

Which, of course, is the reason why I haven't written to you. And if you don't express your great distress over my poor state — even via a secretary — I'll probably never get Dead Lovers finished. You didn't ever tell me what you *really* think about this second half of it — won't you? Because I can, perhaps, do something a little different with it now.

It was nice to see you — that's stylizing. I'm about to give Charlton Cunningham a gray suit. But I haven't heard anything from Mr. Cabell, which has reduced my vitality terribly low.

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

[*Atlanta, January —, 1928*]

Dear Mr. Cabell

Many thanks for the book, which is charming as a bibliographic specimen. But, of course, I'm delighted to be able to think very poorly of it as criticism of your Biography and as prose, and to be sure I could hardly have done worse.

I didn't expect you to think Dead Lovers as good as the Virgin — I think very little of it myself. But the style and the form seem to be the only way I can express my ideas and emotions just now. That's why I put off Celibacy. Probably I'd better wait to present you with my Sophistication, for which you'll be the only possible dedicatee. But of course I want you to have this one if you will — and I do think it's a better book than Firecrackers.

With many more thanks for the book and its signature, and with salutations to your family,

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

I'm outraged by Mencken's stupidity about Figures of Earth —

TO NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

Atlanta, January fourteenth [*1928*]

Dear Nelson

All the fall, I've been very poorly, not so much with awful colds as with the serum I was foolish enough to take for them. And between those calamities and my new book, I've been on a sort of mental desert island. I

have only about twenty-five more pages to write, but I feel as if I'll never get them down, though I have them all somewhere in a mind which seems to be a rapidly sinking island.

Of course I'm delighted that A Man of Learning will be out in a month. And of course I'll try to get some one to let me do a review of it — so many reviewers are stupid, and perhaps if I can get one into print the very first Sunday it might be of some use.

I don't believe I can ever go back to Peterborough again — this summer, I suffered from a horrible sense of exposure. So I'll hope to meet you on some less inclusive plane — such as the Brevoort.

With the best wishes for you and for Dr. Redfield —

FRANCES N.

TO LAMAR TROTTI

[*Atlanta, January 28, 1928*]

Just this minute I've finished tying up the script of Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers, and addressing it to Horace Liveright. So at last I feel as if I belong to myself until I begin on Sophistication. Of course, I'll send you a copy of the book as soon as it's out — which should be about the middle of March, but which probably won't be. You'll recognize lots of things that grew out of little incidents you'll remember. The apartment on Charles Street, the night you were ill when you came to dinner — though that wasn't such a little incident. I'll never forget that you saved me from ruining its beginning, and I *do* hope you'll think the ending is neat —it's all in the very last three words.

TO HANSELL BAUGH

[*Atlanta, January 29, 1928*]

DLAFL was finished yesterday morning, and promptly sent off to its probably poor reward. I am rather pleased with the two modulations — otherwise, I can restrain my admiration for it, which is more, as you know, than I could do about the HBV.

Did you, I wonder, ever get the letter I sent just after I came back from New York? — I was laid low, as I wrote you in that letter, and couldn't write it until something like a week after I came back from that icy town of yours to find my town covered with a very thin layer of snow. There is a briefly introduced young man in this book whom you may be inclined to take to yourself. And while he has eyes like yours and while you and he have rather similar interests, he has none of your charms — I couldn't seem to allow any of the library's frequenters a single redeeming quality. In fact, I don't like a person in it except John Rolfe Page. I suppose the copy will go to press too soon for you to astonish Miss Goldman by managing to read it.

Don't you think you could get a month off this summer, by your doctor's orders, and let us try to insert you into Peterborough? Or even six weeks? You know I did two-thirds of the HBV there in nine weeks, and the first draft of a hundred and fifty pages of DLAFL there in eight weeks. And I am the world's slowest writer, unless you are. Or shall we both try Yaddo together? I hear it's much more luxurious and it's certainly less expensively and less tediously accessible. I'm quite off Peterborough for myself — as I told you, I suffered from some of the clients this summer. We can, if we

can go together, begin laying out Sophistication. Not damning out, plotting out.

Your sister came by Saturday afternoon, and she and Louis and Frank and I all went on to the Flonzaleys together. I was quite bored — I fear my musical days are definitely done.

TO SYLVIA CHATFIELD BATES

Atlanta, January thirtieth [1928]

Thousands of thanks for sending me all those nice details — I do admire a good accurate detail, and I think the fourteen by four inch sticks of wood ought to be very effective. And I was so pleased to have my memory of the [Jefferson Market] clock's fitfulness confirmed. However, I didn't get the bakery in after all — I meant, by the way, that it was a block from the end of the market where poor Isabel Ramsay got off the L. The book was finished Saturday and it has gone to its probably poor reward. Anyway, it's finished, and that's a lot. And reviewers say what they want to about a book anyway, so it doesn't matter whether it's good or bad. You'll be amused by the ending, I think, since the revelation of poor Charlton's demise comes in the very last three words of the last sentence, and technically I think you'll like the modulations from one mind to another.

I would *not* call the book Deep River. Not only because it's been used, but I don't think it's a very taking title anyway. I think Another Glory is better than that. I was brooding over the question in my lavender bed last night, and I was trying to think

of something like A Husband and Children, though that's bad — but something which expresses what she wanted and what she gave up. Of course, nobody can think of a title that really suits another writer's book, though Carl Van Vechten has given Isa Glenn all three of hers. Surely there must be a phrase somewhere in the scene in the apartment like yours, or in the last chapters, which suggests the right title. I have finally had a design for my jacket that I like — it's very widow's violet, with a white profile, veil, and chin strap at the extreme right just coming over the edge, and white letters for the title with my name and the HBV's in smaller black letters. The only trouble is that she looks too pleased with her veil. The book is supposed to come out about the middle of March, but I don't suppose it will. However, they are advertising it in the trade papers for March.

I think I will shortly do my story about the three Charlestonian sisters — unless I think of a better title, I'll call it either The Misses Blake, since the point is their joint calling card — no, I believe it should be The Miss Blakes to be really Charlestonian — or perhaps Mr. Pringle's Deceased Wife's Sisters. I think I wrote you that before. I think the first is better, but wouldn't the second be more taking with an editress? People will think I never brood over anything except crape and funerals.

Of course I was awfully amused about the girl's idea about *stories* — it's too beautifully ironic not to be used.

Lots of love

FRANCES

94 Eleventh Street, N. E., Atlanta
January 31, 1928

Dear Mr. Gross

This afternoon, I mailed the revised first half of my manuscript, registered and addressed to you. I had already mailed the second half to Mr. Liveright Saturday. With that script, I sent some requests about the printing of the book. Then when this first half came back to me, I noticed that it had been marked for the printer, differently. The script is spelled according to the Concise Oxford Dictionary, and if the printers will follow the copy, I do not think there will be any trouble, since I have been very careful about confirming usages, even in the matter of hyphens. Also, I asked them to notice that I do not want the word *god* capitalized, as it is not used in that sense, and I do not want pronouns referring to deities capitalized. And I do not want the chapters numbered, or distinguished in any way except by beginning low down on a new page. And please don't let them put The End at the end, or brackets around the page numbers — in short, I don't want anything that doesn't have to be there.

In looking over my carbon, I have just noticed that I left out a word on page 199. In line 6, on that page, will you have the word *mediatized* inserted before the word *stable*?

I hope all these desires won't give you very much trouble — but I expect you already know all about the vagaries of lady authors.

Sincerely yours,

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO EDITH STERN

Atlanta, February second [*1928*]

Dear Edith

I thought that I would write to you as soon as I could revise the first half of my script and send it back. So this is the letter I was going to write today or tomorrow, even if I hadn't found your letter when I came in from lunching down town, not half an hour ago.

Since you *are* back at Boni and Liveright's, you have probably heard that Dead Lovers is finished — they say they like it better than the Virgin, but I don't and I'm sure you won't. I don't think any women will, but all the men who have read it so far like it better. I suppose they enjoy seeing two women so idiotically in love with a man, and altogether, men don't come off so badly in it, and women do. I think it's better prose, and I think it's rather neat technically, but I don't think it's anything of a mutant. Have you heard that it's dedicated "To Julian Messner"? Of course, he assures me that he is pleased, and I hope he is. I am going to wait and dedicate my book on sophistication to Mr. Cabell, instead of this one.

Of course, also, I would be glad to get a little mad movie money, but I don't want to be sadly damaged for a couple of hundred dollars. Won't you ask the House to brood over the matter and tell you what they decide? And then tell the man whatever that is? I really think Dead Lovers might make a movie, without being changed more than most novels are — you might tell him that. The railroad president and the private car scenes and the librarian would all be rather fresh material — except that all movie railroad presi-

dents are sixty and chew large cigars and are Theodore Roberts.

You never have even told me what your new novel is about. Is it the story about the wife who wanted to make her husband a success in her way? I remember your telling me about that while we were walking from your apartment to Mark Tobey's the day we lunched at the Turkish restaurant. It's an awfully good idea, as I said then.

No doubt I'll be coming back to New York when it's nice and warm. New Year's Day was colder than anything I ever felt even in Paris, which is my idea of the most hellish climate in the civilized world. And when I do come, I'll stay a good long time. And of course I'll write to you before I come. This time, I just went for a sort of pick-up to get me through the book, and it had a marvellous effect. Naturally, I caught an awful cold. But when I got back to work, I wrote a whole episode — three or four pages — every day, and before Christmas I'd been painfully screwing out half a page. I hope Baltimore had as good an effect on you — or that Boni and Liveright's will. Or maybe you are getting a lift from your idea of turning out a little — that's the best thing. I believe that a woman can't write a book without a father for it any more than she could have a baby — I think of writing an essay on that subject some time, or maybe I'll just put it in There's a Certain Elegance about Celibacy. Anyway, all three of mine have had fathers as different as the fathers of Isadora Duncan's children. But I suppose you can have legitimate literary children, too.

Good luck to you — in the job and the book and the turn-out —

FRANCES

I don't see why Purse Strings wouldn't make a movie — the ending would be grand. However, you have no doubt thought about that yourself. I suppose selling the title — with the disclaiming line — would be good publicity for me.

TO THOMAS J. SHAW, JR.

[*Before reading The Bridge of San Luis Rey, F. N. had agreed to write for The Archive a review of that novel, in which she had hoped to present it "as an example of American sophistication in contrast to Mackenzie's Vestal Fire as English."*]

94 Eleventh Street, N. E., Atlanta
February third [*1928*]

Dear Mr. Shaw

You have been very amiable and patient with me, and I am awfully sorry to have been so very slow with this review. The Bridge has been a sad disappointment to me, as I was at Peterborough with Thornton Wilder summer before last and I like his Cabala very much. But I was a librarian too long not to be terribly honest about books, and I hope you won't mind my being disagreeable about a book I asked for so that I could be polite about it. I am also sorry to have written so much, but apparently I couldn't be any briefer — it must be about a thousand words, as my pages run.

Boni and Liveright are publishing my book, and I am sure they will be glad to send you a copy.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO HELEN ADAMS

February fifth [*1928*]

Dear Helen

Last Thursday I wrote you a very handsome letter, and then dropped it in a puddle and washed away the address as I was crossing a street to mail it. I was only telling you that on Tuesday I sent off the last pages of Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers, and that at last I could re-open communication with the world. Of course I caught an awful cold in New York — wasn't New Year's Day *fearfully* cold — and I was really ill for nearly two weeks after I got home. But all the same, I got a marvellous pick-up somehow, and I wrote three or four pages a day until I finished.

It was very nice to see you again — you're so absolute and intact, and I'm so easily invaded, that just seeing you gives me great satisfaction. Even if you weren't so good-looking.

Love to your beautiful mother and to you —

FRANCES

I've gone and spilled tea on this — beg pardon.

TO NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

Atlanta, February eighth [*1928*]

The Herald-Tribune let me have A Man of Learning, and I sent off a review on Saturday. Of course I enjoyed it enormously, although I *do* suffer over the idea of such men's existence. But you did carry out your idea marvellously — as I said in the review, your ironic surface never once cracks. Of course you'll

have a fine press, and of course I wish the book the very best luck.

My own book is finished and gone.

Good luck again —

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO HANSELL BAUGH

February eleventh

Mr. Gross, B and L's "manufacturing department," wrote me that he hopes to send me a proof on the sixteenth inst. I will mail it back on Monday and they should get it about Wednesday, so you might prepare your mind to get a look at it that day — I'll tell Julian Messner to let you go over it and correct my corrections. I don't yet know what the publication date is, but I want to depart this town before much gossiping begins, as it is very irritating to me. I propose to drive down to Charleston with Louis and stay there about two weeks, to write my Charlestonian spinster story, and then I don't see why I shouldn't come on up to New York — by the middle of April. Please be looking around for just such an apartment as you saw on Eleventh Street. But *not* a top floor — as you evidently realize. It's not only that I don't like lots of stairs, but that top floors are colder in cold weather and hotter in hot weather. I could stand being between Sixth and Seventh if I can't be between Fifth and Sixth. I got an advance which is a handsome increase over two hundred and fifty dollars, but I am such a frugal author that I am investing seventeen hundred dollars and using the two hundred and twenty dollars to pay my rent and my honest debts and not even considering a fur coat or an automobile.

Perhaps I may some day be prosperous enough to become really stingy. I suppose I might stay until the first of July. You'll be amused to know that my first research into sophistication has been your Authoress of the Odyssey, though I don't know just why. Until further investigation, I have an idea of beginning with Aristophanes, or was he too earnest? Surely Lysistrata should let him in. And I have just had an idea which amuses me very much — doing a little book of fifty or seventy-five pages on the present state of American literature and criticism, and having it published separately at the same time with the Sophistication, and saying that it's all too unimportant and ephemeral to be included in the big book, and insulting everybody in and out of sight. Wouldn't that amuse you to do? It would amuse me vastly, I think. You don't mention your health, so I hope it is firmly established and that your brain is up to its usual admirable condition. J. M. says the end of DLAFL is "delicious" — let us hope he is right. Please write me about your state and about the matter of apartments.

IX

WHILE awaiting the accumulation of ideas and notes for a history of sophistication through such ages as are known to the history of literature, she thought she might gratify her long-cherished desire to translate the stories of one of her favorite writers in any language. She went abroad once more, realizing that there was no better place than the national library of France in which to conduct her simultaneous researches into past or present epochs of sophistication and into obscure memoirs of Jules Laforgue.

The history was perhaps the earliest conceived of several works she had in project before her death. She considered, too, writing a book of brief biographies, under the title Eminent Virgins, So-Called, some (perhaps all) of whose subjects were to have been Leonardo, St. Francis, Jane Austen, Cardinal Newman, and Henry James. Her letters show that she was planning to write the story called Mr. Pringle's Deceased Wife's Sisters just before she sailed in April on the Ile de France. The crossing on that ship contributed to the idea for a play, whose three acts she had thoroughly plotted by the end of the summer: the action was to take place on board the Ile de France; a United States Senator, his beautiful young companion on the voyage, detectives, and a pseudonymous Katharine Faraday were to be the chief characters; and its title was to be a vari-

ant of the title which — according to The Hard-Boiled Virgin — Katharine Faraday gave to the moderately successful play that she wrote in Leipzig.

On her return to Atlanta — as Mr. Daniel, again, has written — "her mind was particularly active in planning her literary future. The idea for the play, an unnamed short story, and a novel occurred to her after her return from Europe. The scene of the unnamed short story was a fundamentalist heaven. There is among the newly ascended spirits that of a married woman who, curious to know how her husband, on earth, is taking his loss, loosens one of the golden cobblestones in the celestial streets and looks through. She sees with satisfaction her husband's grief, and remarks on it frequently to the other celestial spirits. She becomes quite a nuisance, boasting of the sorrow her death inspired. Then the other spirits notice, as time passes, that she speaks less often of her husband. Curious, they remove the cobblestone and look down upon earth, where they see the widower seeking consolation, and apparently receiving it, in the arms of a second wife. Both this story and Mr. Pringle's Deceased Wife's Sisters, like Rachel and Her Children, deal with death and its effect on survivors, and Miss Newman once spoke about a collection of such stories, published with the prayer-book phrase, Conceived in Iniquity, for a title.

"One novel had already displaced There's a Certain Elegance about Celibacy in Miss Newman's mind, and during the summer another attracted her greater interest. She had not definitely chosen a title for this story. First she considered something like The Widow Messiah, and later she thought of She Ascended into Hell. Her plans were not merely about its plot. She was especially concerned about the method she would

use to tell the story. Her other novels had been written from an exclusively feminine viewpoint. She wanted to write this so that a reader could not tell whether it was written by a man or a woman. To test the success of this attempt, she spoke of publishing the first edition under an assumed name. She had selected a name which would not reveal whether the author was a man or a woman, English or American, but of course she told no one what the name was.

"She Ascended into Hell was to be a novel about a woman whose life was dedicated to 'good works.' It began in Arden, North Carolina, where Miss Newman used to spend her summers. We are introduced to the several daughters of an English clergyman there. It is the wedding day of one of the daughters, Cornelia, who is to be married to a young painter of some little consequence. Immensely proud of her father's British birth, Cornelia has insisted on a strictly Anglican ceremony, to be performed during the canonical hours. And just before the wedding Cornelia's younger sister suggests that, while the hour of the wedding is canonical according to Eastern standard time, in England the proper hour is past. The bride and bridegroom go to Paris, where the artist is to study. He dies there, before his ability has achieved any considerable recognition, but Cornelia, returning to America, resolves to establish her husband's fame in America. She dedicates her life to this work. It is at first a sincere effort to honor her husband, but gradually the adulation of women's clubs and the editorial endorsement her work elicits effect a change. Cornelia is more important as a great woman than as the widow of a great man. She is raising money to establish an artists' colony as a memorial to her husband, and at the colony she rules as an implacable empress. She de-

spises the artists who are attracted to her colony, and demands a position she holds through no ability of her own. She becomes vainglorious and selfish, jealous finally even of the respect her husband receives. In the colony she meets an artist whom she might love, but the prospect of becoming a great man's wife is less attractive than being a great man's widow, and she renounces love. In the meantime, the younger sister who remarked on the difference between time in North Carolina and in Greenwich on Cornelia's wedding day has made her home with the celebrated widow, and she knows her sister's real character. This younger sister eventually marries a very wealthy man, and when he dies, leaving her a great fortune, she gives Cornelia a million dollars — the amount needed to ensure the colony's permanency. But the gift also destroys Cornelia's excuse for demanding public attention, and she sees her younger sister, now regarded a great benefactor, receiving the prominence the widow has so enjoyed."

She spoke of the novel as "a long dull book that everybody would respect," but she was told by friends on every hand that this plan for a "great" novel promised rather to become in realization a "good" novel, of whatever cubic content, to be sure, she might choose to give it, but, not less certainly, of no unendurable heaviness as to specific gravity.

TO HORACE LIVERIGHT

94 Eleventh Street
Atlanta, Georgia
February 14, 1928

Dear Horace

When Dead Lovers isn't even out, I suppose it's rather soon for me to be writing you about another book. What I want to do, as you may remember, is a history of sophistication, beginning in the later days of Greece and coming very episodically up to America of this moment. But that's a very long job — I suppose it will take me two years at least. And I have been wondering if, while I am reading for it, you would let me do the Jules Laforgue Moralités Légendaires. I talked to you a little about them the very first time I ever saw you, and one of them, The Miracle of the Roses, is in my Mutations. There are six tales, as I remember, Hamlet, Lohengrin, Salome, and two others I've forgotten. They have never been published in America, though I have a vague idea they were rather badly done in England in the nineties. I think some one is sure to do them in America sooner or later, and I think they would look very distinguished on your list. I could get them done by summer, and if they could be published in a very charming edition about the first of November, perhaps in a limited edition, I don't see why they shouldn't do well. Of course, I would want to write a sort of biographical and critical introduction, and perhaps a page of connection between the stories. Won't you think it over and talk it over, and write me what you decide?

Yours —

FRANCES NEWMAN

[*February 14*]

You'll hardly believe how pleased I am to hear of your having a nice big office — I have a bad case of what they call claustrophobia, and I have always imagined your suffering from such very adjacent walls. I hope you'll do it in an eighteenth century style, which I'm sure would be very becoming to you — like the bookcase which was a background for Charlton Cunningham's portrait. But I'm afraid I won't see you in it before April or May. If I came back to New York now, I'd have influenza for two months steadily, I know. So I think I'll go down to Charleston in March and write a little story I've wanted to write for a long time. Perhaps I've told you about it — five old spinsters who were practically one person until their one married sister died, when they all set out to marry her relict. I suppose I'll go on from Charleston to New York, if all the snow has melted by that time, and of course I'll be very much pleased to see you.

I'm writing Horace about a translation I want to do of Jules Laforgue's Moralités Légendaires. One of them is in my Mutations, and I have been wanting to do the other five ever since I did it. If you haven't read them, I think there's something about them in that big purple book of Ezra Pound's, with the other French symbolists. I'd like to be doing something soon, and my brain is too worn out for anything really laborious.

If you've set a publication date for Dead Lovers, will you let me know what it is? I'm putting in a clipping about a very depressing experience — I came home and took to my bed and was ill for three days from the sight of *justice.*

["Frances Newman, author of The Hard-Boiled Virgin, proved herself a soft-hearted Portia Thursday morning, when she appeared in the Fulton superior court, where Henry Ford, a negro, was arraigned for burglarizing three homes. Miss Newman's plea for mercy was followed by a reduced sentence of three years' imprisonment. Ford entered Miss Newman's apartment and stole sixteen cents. He pleaded guilty, declaring he was under the influence of canned heat, which he had drunk, and that under ordinary conditions he never would have dared 'to go into them white folks' houses.' Miss Newman thanked Judge Moore and Assistant Solicitor Hudson for responding to her mercy speech. 'My father was a judge and he used to tell us that he never got any pleasure out of sending people to jail. He believed that three-fourths of the people sent to jail would never break another law, whether they were sentenced or not, and I think he was right.' Miss Newman wore a hat from the rue Castiglione and a frock from the rue Cambon. Both were shades of violet. She was accompanied by her brother, Henry A. Newman, of the law firm of Dorsey, Shelton and Dorsey."]

TO HORACE LIVERIGHT

94 Eleventh Street
Atlanta
February 21, 1928

Dear Horace

Here is the description for the catalogue, which is doubtless too long. I meant to go down to the public library and look up whatever Ezra Pound said about the Moralités, but I can't today — if you think he'd be

more impressive than Huneker, please get somebody to substitute him. I do speak well of my own writing — it's a pity I can't do reviews of my books instead of Ernest Boyd and Rebecca West.

I am delighted that you and Julian are willing for me to do Laforgue. I have an idea that a picture for each story would be nice, because even the people who won't admit they don't read French could excuse themselves for buying it because of the pictures. I have a great friend in Paris who knows all the painters, and I think she could get somebody who would understand Laforgue's spirit and who would still be indigent and cheap, and who wouldn't be just another imitation Beardsley like this Alastair of Carl Van Vechten's and Alfred Knopf's. Of course, when you decide about the kind of edition, something can be added to my description. Anyway, I'll go to work on the translation at once.

TO HUDSON STRODE

February twenty-fifth [*1928*]

Dear Hudson

You know perfectly well that I'm delighted to have you write anything you are at all likely to write about me. And I'm awfully pleased, of course, that I've been talked about in Birmingham by a man who could give me all the prestige there you can. I have just finished correcting the first proofs of Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers — I'm afraid I practically rewrote the poor book. You'll be amused to read a chapter which is an odd result of the morning when we went to church

in Peterborough. Have I told you how amused I was by your hell play [The Dance Below]? Yes, I'm sure I did.

I'm awfully sorry your wife has been having influenza — please tell her that it's the one illness I'm completely competent to sympathize with. I'd love to come over some time, if I'm in these parts then, and it's sweet of her to be willing to have me. But you remember the Laforgue Miracle of the Roses in my Mutations — the one Mrs. Strode didn't like? I'm going to translate the other five Moralités Légendaires, and I may go to Paris to look about for material to use in an introduction — of course, that's just a good excuse.

Salutations to you both, and many thanks —

TO SYLVIA CHATFIELD BATES

February twenty-eighth

A Time to Love is certainly the best of your titles as a title. But I'm not sure it suits the book perfectly, since it seems to me that all your girl's times were the time for that love. I was rather struck by the other end of the quotation from Shelley — Fire for Which All Thirst. I fear I am one of those people who look for a good selling title, and I think that last is true to the book and has some pulling power. There are five words, but all of them are words of one syllable, which makes it three syllables less than my present title. But A Time to Love should also be a pulling title, and if you like it better, I don't think you'd make any mistake to use it. I hope this letter will be in time — I went to spend a day and night with a friend of my mother's,

whose husband was out of town, and who needed protection and a listening ear.

Probably you saw my review of A Man of Learning in the Herald-Tribune — I don't mean to do reviews regularly any more, but I'll do one now and then when I want to be very polite or very disagreeable. Peterborough does make pleasant acquaintances and even friends. I'd appreciate your asking at Dunlop and Lloyd's — something furnished at under $125, between Fifth and Sixth on Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, or Twelfth, not on a top floor. Which is no doubt asking for the moon. But if I can't be in Saint John's colony, I'd rather be closer to Fifth Avenue. I'd want it for about three months, and I had an idea that somebody might be going to Europe for the spring. If I can't find it, I think I'll go to Paris and look up Laforgue anecdotes and things for Sophistication.

I don't see why your novel shouldn't be sold to the movies, after it's published. I should think it had possibilities for them, and of course they rewrite everything entirely anyway. I rather think Dead Lovers might make a movie, with violent changes. And I have no such sentiment about it as I had about the Virgin, though I don't doubt I shall hate all the people who don't like it. I think the unknown soldier's fire is called Flamme Eternelle, though I couldn't be positive.

My tastes in books and people are undoubtedly pitifully narrow, but apparently I can't do anything about them. As I have probably told you, I want people to be clever and to have the kind of manners I think of as good manners — somebody I can enjoy talking to in both ways. You are one of the very few women like that. All sorts of good wishes to the new novel, no

matter what it's called — and don't suppose I don't realize the good names Houghton-Mifflin have on their list.

Love from

FRANCES

TO HANSELL BAUGH

Atlanta
March first [*1928*]

This writing-out-of-turn is caused by a desire to have you find a French dictionary for me — a large and handsome dictionary with lots of words and lots of meanings. In other words, I am beginning to translate the Moralités, at last, and my dictionary is completely inadequate for such a rarefied vocabulary. Also, have you got my copy of the Moralités? I can't find it, and I am using Frank's. If you haven't it, please get me a copy and send it along with the dictionary, just as soon as you can. Having sold Horace Liveright on the idea of Laforgue, I hope to sell him on the idea of following Laforgue up with Rimbaud, in your translation, of course. Mine is to be a very elegant edition with a picture for each morality, and yours would also have to be of the same elegance. Would you, by the way, translate the title? I suppose not translating it would be an immediate admission that the book is "untranslatable," wouldn't it?

If you go on refusing to write to me or to suggest possible apartments for me, I shall revenge myself by going to Paris. I have the nice excuse of going to look up Laforguiana, and to look up an ethereal and inexpensive young illustrator who will be able to do Laforgue pictures without imitating Aubrey Beardsley. I

pine for Marie Laurencin, to do Hamlet and Kate on the horse, but I suppose she is far too expensive.

Write me something, and ask Julian Messner to let you see the proofs if you want to — I sent back the first galleys and am hoping for the page proofs. You won't need a note this time. Mes amitiés, even in this terrible silence —

TO EDITH STERN

[*The title for Mrs. Stern's book, discussed in the first paragraph of this letter, was later changed to Scarlet Heels.*]

March first

Dear Edith

Red Heels seems to be a perfect-fitting title for your book. But I don't suppose it would be a very good selling title. Still, I notice that the very best sellers don't have exciting titles — Jalna, and The Bridge of San Luis Rey, and Adam and Eve, and Elmer Gantry. I don't, by the way, like the Bridge nearly as much as the Cabala, and I think the raptures have been comical even from such half-wits. It is cheaply sentimental at the end, I think, and the writing is as cautious as if he were walking in the dark and afraid of stumbling over a foot-stool — I suppose he was afraid of falling over an unknown fact. I don't like titles that are quoted from another writer, and I don't like quotations in front of parts of books. But I have faithfully looked through Mr. Cabell's books without finding a name for you. I hoped to find something in The High Place, in the part about the French court, and perhaps you might get something there. But I like Red Heels.

It's interesting to me that your first book was about

a frustrated man, and this is, and the idea you told me for another book was, too. I wonder just why that is, and why you don't want to write about women? I like men myself, and yet I never want to write about them. I'm sure, by the way, that the office must have a set of galleys you could read of my book, if you want to bother with anything so uncomfortable. I sent back the proofs nearly two weeks ago, and I hope to heaven they are going to let me read it again — I made a lot of changes and there were a good many typographical errors. If you read it, please look out for mistakes.

I've managed to fall out with all the literary editors in New York, and though I wrote a review about two weeks ago, I can't ask about reviewing for anybody else, because I would hardly ask for myself. But if X—— can get reviews to do, surely you can — after the reviews Purse Strings had in New York. Be sure to write me what Tom Smith says about your new book.

Good luck — and I'll hope to be seeing you in about a month.

FRANCES

TO JULIAN MESSNER

94 Eleventh Street
Atlanta, Georgia
March fourth [*1928*]

Dear Julian

The enclosed white letter will suggest to you that poor —— is wandering again. I cannot imagine Dead Lovers as a newspaper serial — my Mammy tells me about those she reads in our Hearst paper, and they always seem to be about one noble sister and one pretty and frivolous sister. I am writing this Mr. Crall that

I hardly think it will meet with this approval of which he speaks, but that I am sending his letter on to Boni and Liveright.

The green letter is meant merely to amuse you — since you have seen my back bristle when it was facing Ernest Boyd's back in Dragoni's.

My nephew, Louis Rucker, is probably going to New York this week to see his girl. I want him to see you, so tell the telephone girl that if he comes by or calls you, kindly not to be so discouraging as she or her predecessor was to him in September. Salutations.

TO H. L. MENCKEN

March fourth

Dear Mencken

Since Ernest Boyd has already slapped me on both cheeks, I haven't much of anything left to turn. But I have written him a nice polite note saying — 'If you want to go away and speak gloomily of Atlanta, you are all right with the females you are going to see. But if you are willing to enjoy yourself, I'll be delighted to show you the same people who had the honour of seeing Mr. Mencken and Mr. Patterson.' All for the love of you.

Of course I'd like to be in your Mercury again. I have been planning to go down to Charleston towards the end of this month, and stay there while I write a story about five Charlestonian spinsters who were The Misses Blake, with only one visting card among them, and not even one individuality. And who became violently separate when their one married sister died, and when they all set about marrying her relict. All the brief

action will be on the day when one of them gets him. If you don't like it when it's done, perhaps I can converse with you about something else if you are in New York in April — I propose to stay there a week or two if I go over to Paris to look up material for the new critical book on which I am about to embark. And to buy a few clothes, and maybe get my fast greying hair dyed, and maybe take a drink.

Salutations from

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO ALBERT H. GROSS

March sixth

Dear Mr. Gross

The page proof came yesterday afternoon, and I am mailing it back this afternoon. Unfortunately, I was having John Erskine here yesterday, and I am having Ernest Boyd tonight, and I am afraid constant interruptions may have made me a bad proof reader. So please have it carefully read for typographical errors I may have overlooked. And please be careful to see that the printer uses *crape,* not *crêpe,* as next to the last word in the book, and that he isn't confused by my change in the sentence about calla lilies near the end of next to the last chapter.

Will you ask the printer to send back the script and the first galleys both? And then send them to me, please, as I want to keep them both. Many thanks for your information about a publication date — I wish it could be in March.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO HANSELL BAUGH

[*Atlanta, March 8, 1928*]

During two days less than a week, I have had two rapprochements with John Erskine, two with Ernest Boyd, and two with a man named Duncan Aikman who wrote Calamity Jane and the Lady Wildcats and a lot of other things in the Mercury, and whom I like quite a lot more than his celebrated contemporaries. That, of course, is why your expensive telegram hasn't been answered. Just this minute, I have come down with a realization that Atlanta contains a wholesale establishment called The Southern School Book Depository, and since it is now only ten minutes before nine o'clock in the morning, I will wait ten minutes and call Dorothy Murray at the Tech library, and ask her to find out if she can get me some kind of dictionary there. But in those ten minutes, I can say how much pleased I would be with Washington Square North — I suppose it would be West, since East looks as if it were all owned by ancient ladies, where it isn't owned by Wanamakers and Speyers. As you now have those galleys, you have seen a remark about the view from Washington Square North, but I suppose the fiery cross won't disturb me. Please write me something fairly definite, because I want to have some idea about what I'm going to do.

Ernest Boyd did go so far in politeness as to say that Isabel Paterson's distaste for my second and last *Lovers* shows that Isabel has absolutely no idea of a sentence's rhythm. He is one of those people whose conversation is all anecdotes about other people's witticisms — deceased Irishmen like Mahaffy and Tyrrell. Kindly communicate with me.

Dorothy Murray has just called to say that she is getting me a Heath, so I will just do with it until I come up, and you can be an honest man and tear up my check.

TO MRS. OSCAR GIEBERICH

March ninth [*1928*]

Dear Mable

Your letter has just come, and I am writing now because I really may be coming over in May. I am setting out to translate Laforgue with a little something of an introduction, and I hope that I may find something new to say about him if I come over. Also, I can have a picture for each one, and I want to find a young and indigent Frenchman who will get the spirit of Laforgue. I would love to have Marie Laurencin, but I suppose she would be incredibly expensive. I have an idea of very delicate drawings, *not* in the manner of Aubrey Beardsley. I was going to write Mlle. Lavelli about finding somebody, but I asked her about November to get Delia and me two Van Gogh reproductions, and I never have heard from her so Delia and I are afraid she is ill again. Can't you inquire at her Hôtel de Londres when you happen to be passing that way?

Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers will be out the first of April, which is very late. It's my fault for having so many colds. I sent back the last proofs Tuesday, and I really have no idea what I think of it, but I don't feel any of the affection for it I still have for the Virgin. After I finish the Laforgue, I am proposing to do my history of sophistication — I don't know what I'll call it — and I hope I can find things for it, too, in Paris.

I suppose that lost letter is the reason for all that sad

missing each other in Italy. A Miss Conant, who is Mrs. Bush-Brown's sister, told me last week that she crossed with you on the de Grasse and met you in Florence last spring, and that Oscar was hating it. I didn't get anything from Italy this time, which may have been Louis, but which I think was myself. I don't believe that I can get anything much from simple contemplation any more — something I am not going to use for my own work. All of which is no doubt very egotistical.

This week has been awful — John Erskine was here, and I was asked to have him chez moi, then Mencken wrote and asked me "as one Confederate to another" to do something for Ernest Boyd, which I did without liking him any better, and then a man named Duncan Aikman, who writes a lot in the American Mercury, came along. Also, I have got myself involved in giving some talks — last Sunday night to the Jewish Alliance, next week and the week after to the Writers' Club and the Decatur Fine Arts Club. Of course, I do all these things from a vulgar realization of the necessity for publicity just when the new novel is coming along. Perhaps I can depart for Paris about the first of May — I don't want to do any more ocean-crossing in cold weather, or ever to be in Europe much before June. Of course, I'll write to you as soon as I know anything. Are there any niceish pensions around the rue Washington, where I have an idea there were once some? I would like to stay somewhere I could feel rather settled for a while, to run back and forth to the Bibliothèque Nationale, and I am terrified of staying in a place that may depress my easily lowered spirits. If I feel prosperous enough, I will sail on the New Amsterdam April twenty-first, the Rotterdam April twenty-eighth, or the France May fifth. I don't

think I can face the Rochambeau again, and you and Miss Conant seem to be agreed about the de Grasse. Your weeks in Spain sounded charming in the paper. I do want to see Spain, and I just can't seem to take the trouble to go down there.

I'll send you the new book just as soon as I get it, but if it's a little later don't be surprised — apparently my books always are.

Salutations to Oscar and everything to you —

FRANCES

I don't seem to have said in plain words that I'd love to come out to Ville d'Avray. We could sort of share expenses, I suppose, and it would be a magnificent place to work.

TO HUDSON STRODE

March tenth [*1928*]

Dear Hudson

Please tell your wife for me how very sorry I am that she has lost her father. Just a few days ago, some one was telling me how very lovely and charming she is.

If the Herald-Tribune wants you to do Dead Lovers, please accept. I think they reach more important people than any other review. I don't think it matters if you do a book for a newspaper and a magazine both. Several times, I've done a book for a newspaper and the Bookman, and I know Herschel Brickell and Isabel Paterson have too.

I do hope your worst troubles are over and I wish I could do something for you. I think I'm going over to Paris in April, but I'm not perfectly sure.

TO LAMAR TROTTI

[*Atlanta, March 21*]

Apparently I'm going to sail on the Ile de France April seventh, or rather an hour after midnight of the sixth. You'll simply have to come down to see me off this time, since they say it is a marvellous sight. Mrs. Chiles is making me an evening frock worthy of such an embarkation. Paris Bound is the only play I'm bent on seeing — although not because I am. I saw The Royal Family and I'd run a mile to keep from seeing Coquette. Don't you remember how I detest Helen Hayes? and to see her as a Southern girl would cause me to rise in the theatre and tell her what I think of her.

The Mothers is a gorgeous idea. Bringing in Barabbas's mother is nothing less than genius. I don't believe you've ever had a more magnificent idea, and you *must* really finish it up.

I'm mad about Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard, but I don't like San Luis Rey nearly as much as The Cabala. It's terribly sentimental, I think, and the last sentence is awfully soft.

Thank you for your publicity in the Georgian. I'll be in New York in time to put Dead Lovers in your hands myself.

TO HANSELL BAUGH

March twenty-first

Apparently I must feel that I can't be in America to witness the fate of Dead Lovers. And apparently I am going to sail on the Ile de France. I hope you are as impressed with my achievement as I am. You must come

to see me off in such Oriental splendor, no doubt as fellow voyager of prosperous Jews, prosperous movie actors, and prosperous opera singers. It's the only expensive thing I have ever wanted to do except have a Minerva motor car. And since I made four hundred dollars yesterday off a flyer in Southern Railway stock, I am about to invest three hundred in six days of magnificent mal de mer. Of course Mlle. Lavelli will be an enormous help, and I can probably find some elegant reminiscences for my introduction, and I can certainly get the six elegantly erudite drawings for the six moralities. Please do not make any engagements from the first of April until after one A. M. on the seventh of April — the boat sails an hour after midnight for good luck. I propose to pause in Richmond to bid my sister au revoir — she is going over in June — and I'll write you when I shall see that awful spot, the Pennsylvania Station. Can't you come to meet me? Then we can get in a good crack before I report my arrival. I am bringing your flask.

TO JAMES BRANCH CABELL

94 Eleventh Street
Atlanta
March twenty-eighth

Dear Mr. Cabell

Of course this paper is publicity for Atlanta's benefit — my benefit in Atlanta, rather,— and perhaps you haven't enough curiosity to read it.

I'm sailing for France on the seventh, on the Ile de France, which I hope will impress you and every one else. So I'll be in your town Sunday and Monday, and

I'd like to run by and tell you and Mrs. Cabell farewell, if you can let me. I have a very nice new coat and hat I want to show off.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO MRS. M. HINES ROBERTS

[*New York, April 5, 1928*]

Dearest Delia

Even you never rushed around faster than I have these two days. I went down this morning to pier 57 to get my visa and see my trunk safely on board. The boat is really exciting — the big salon is magnificent, a brilliant red with lots of red pillars, two huge modern paintings, and a carpet something like those in the Hôtel Chambord. A rug, rather, I suppose. I have a cabin alone, bigger than my bedroom in Atlanta. I do wish you were going to be lying in the other bed. (If you didn't like Hines.) I do hope you will get him away for a trip. I'll do the things you say.

There's no more paper. Goodby, and heaps of love.

TO EUNICE COSTON

S. S. Ile de France
A Bord, le 7 April

Dearest Eunice

It was sweet of you to write me that real letter. I'm awfully sorry that I just missed you in Atlanta. I hadn't time to tell anybody except my family, because I suddenly found that the prospect of publicity in the

Journal would cause this line to give me a good cabin on this boat at a low rate — being new and strange, they naturally want publicity for it. So watch the Journal in about a month, and you'll see fervent admiration of a red grand salon upheld by round red columns that make me think of the palace Mr. Cabell gave Suskind. I have a big cabin with a private bath and two real beds — lots of money must be awfully nice.

You'll be reading Dead Lovers before you read this I hope, though it's been delayed by the printers' having trouble with the vowel a and the vowel e.

I had three terribly active days in New York, with arranging money and visas and seeing interviewers B and L sicked on me. And seeing Lamar off to Hollywood and having J. go through the preliminaries of seeing me off on this boat. He took me to a party at Dreiser's apartment the night before I sailed. Write to me at the Bankers Trust if you have any literary secrets to tell me, and do go on with the novel.

Lots of love from

FRANCES

TO H. L. MENCKEN

S. S. Ile de France
A Bord, le 9 April

Dear Mencken

When I decided to sail on this boat, I didn't have time to go down to Charleston and write about the spinsters. But I expect you and the Mercury won't mind terribly. I ran into Ernest Boyd and his wife at Tom Smith's Thursday night, and Julian Messner was convinced that Mr. Boyd and I got on so well that Mrs.

Boyd was rude to me. Julian thought I was overlooking her impoliteness, as a southern lady should, but I really didn't notice it. All of which I consider very comical.

Don't succumb to Mrs. Balch's charms while I'm gone.

Tendresses de

FRANCES NEWMAN

I'm sorry not to send you a romantically inscribed copy of my Dead Lovers, but it wasn't ready before I left.

TO HANSELL BAUGH

S. S. Ile de France
April tenth [*1928*]

So far, I don't feel perfectly sure I am on a boat, and I hope I can land at Havre in the same blissful ignorance. This really is a nice boat, and you should go down and look it over. I am going to send this letter back on it anyway. I firmly expect to get back in June, and so please begin looking for an apartment in Fifty-fourth Street or Washington Square way — there should be hundreds of them for late June and July. By the time this gets back to you, I suppose Dounce either will or won't have let you have Dead Lovers — I am very much concerned to know which, because I seem to want to know what you will say about it. Julian says that he hopes it will go to fifty thousand — they printed ten thousand in the first edition, which is precisely twice as many as they printed of the HBV. There are three men at my table, and one of them is a business manager or something for McFadden of the Graphic and True Stories, one is a stock broker, and one says he wrote a history of the late World War. There are two

other writers on, one called Reginald Wright Kaufman, who is a professional and commercial writer, one is Alice Brown, who is New England culture — none of us would speak to the other on a bet, I suspect. I am reading the new Rose Macaulay, Daisy and Daphne, which does not seem to me so good as Julian says it seems to him. I wish you were here — when I have plenty of time, I never see you, and when I see you, I don't often have plenty of time, though we did fairly well last May, didn't we? If we hadn't, I should probably never have gotten (yes, got*ten*) Dead Lovers begun. So you shouldn't be too hard on a book for which you are somewhat responsible.

I have now landed. I was met by Mable and Janet Webster, and I am at Ville d'Avray for a few days. That's where Mable is summering. I suppose I can't say springing. But I am going back to Paris tomorrow — this is now April seventeenth.

FROM COMPTON MACKENZIE

Isle of Jethou
Channel Isles
April 15, 1928

Dear Miss Newman,

Yes, I did see your most generous review of Vestal Fire, but only about six weeks ago. I was going to write, but I've been fussed all this spring by having to write an extra novel owing to Cassell's funking Extraordinary Women. So too have Doran's, and after Huebsch and Knopf had followed suit, your people Liveright were going to do it, but I have cabled this week to Secker to say that on consideration they can't.

So, I don't suppose it'll appear at all in America. I expect Secker has sent you his spring list, but in case he hasn't I enclose it, and you will see that we appear together with only D. H. Lawrence between us. I'll send you a copy and I hope you'll be entertained by it. Everybody is being very much shocked by it, though why Lesbian ladies may not be written about nowadays I do not know. I'm looking forward to your book very much. Very good title.

I'm going to London at the end of this month till about May 10 and then I must go to Scotland, but I expect to be back by about June 20 in London. When are you proposing to go back to America? Would it be possible for you to come and stay here? But if you can't manage that we must meet in London. But let me know your dates. Or if you can get to London by mid-May I could wait before going north till the 15th. As a matter of fact I may have to get back earlier from Scotland as a film company wants me to do a University story for them. Anyway let me know your dates and somehow we'll arrange a meeting. I'm glad you felt like that about the Bridge book. So did I.

Yours

COMPTON MACKENZIE

TO LAMAR TROTTI

[*Paris, April 19, 1928*]

I seem to be enjoying Paris much more than I ever have before. Perhaps it's because I came by myself, and perhaps it's because I'm spending a lot more money. But you'll be more interested to hear that I had a letter from Compton Mackenzie to-day, and another from

Mrs. Mackenzie, and I'm really asked to come to the Isle of Jethou in June. Of course, I'll go, if I have to buy a boat, and, of course, I'll get a book signed for you. Did you tell me that you wanted any special one?

I loved the Ile de France and there were several men on it who enjoyed buying champagne for the author of the HBV. Of course, they hadn't read it and they hoped they'd met a wild woman. One of them took me to see Raquel Meller a few nights ago, but she's nothing to write to Hollywood about. I hope the ladies are all that could be expected.

TO SUSAN LONG AND LOUIS RUCKER

Paris, Hotel Montalembert
April twenty-fourth [*1928*]

Dear darling Mammy and Rucker

Just how I manage such a combination I don't know. But I miss you both terribly, and yet I am enjoying Paris more than I ever did before, and I am very happy. I came in here from Ville d'Avray Thursday, and maybe I am enjoying myself because I didn't like the country. But I think the Ile de France put me in such a good humor that it hasn't worn off. Or maybe I was pleased to have reporters rush to interview me, to get a letter from Louis Bromfield asking me to a party, to be invited to Compton Mackenzie's island, to be going to have lunch with Mrs. Mackenzie tomorrow, and to have bought a lunch frock, an evening frock, and an evening coat from Lanvin — if you don't believe it, you can see the labels when I get back. The models all have names, you know — the dresses themselves, not the human lady models — and my evening frock is named

Pallas and my lunch frock Cyclamen. But I didn't know the names until after I'd bought them.

I have just written a second letter for the Journal, speaking very highly of the Ile de France, so I hope Mr. —— will be satisfied. If Atlanta isn't unduly upset, I will probably sail on the Franconia June sixteenth, since they seem to mean to do right by me, owing to the letter from Curtis Patterson. I now refuse to sail without a private bath. I have a room here nearly exactly like the Littré, with the bathroom cut out of it the same way, although the walls go all the way to the ceiling around it here. But the furniture is as modern as on the Ile. You must begin making your plans to meet me — it should be about June twenty-fourth, I think. Come just the day before, so we can stay a week at the Algonquin. And let me know how Dead Lovers is getting on, and help it along if you can. I am sending you a copy of the Boulevardier, which isn't as amusing as the New Yorker. I have also got you an ash tray with Saint Emilion advertised on it, but I am sticking to Rhine wine, which apparently doesn't make me sleepy, and which seems to be a vin d'Alsace, fortunately — it's respectable to ask for Rhine wine because you can say vin d'Alsace, which makes it all right. And I have a saucer for Delia from the Deux Magots.

It hasn't rained for three days, but I am going out to lunch at Ville d'Avray, so doubtless it will. I have got on a large white Turkish towelling "peignoir" — you remember them, in place of bath-towels. I am going to bring home one for each of us. Taxis and coiffeurs are the only cheap things — I have been to the rue Edouard Sept, and I look gentille again. Heaps of love to you both.

TO ELLEN WOLFF

Paris, May fifth

Dear Ellen

This is the first time I have ever simply adored Paris — the way you do, and Isabel Tompkins does and Kathrine Newman. I don't know just why, but I have been having a grand time. For one thing, after the American papers here printed those interviews with me, everybody I knew saw that I was here and I suppose they decided that I must be more important than they had thought. And then Mrs. Compton Mackenzie was here, and I met a lot of people with her — Ford Madox Ford, for one, and I am going to a party at his apartment Thursday. And so far, I have had grand luck about clothes. I got two frocks and an evening coat at Lanvin's, which were models that fitted me perfectly, and a hat and a coat at Poiret's, which are both the colors that he and I both like.

This little hotel is too new to have had time to get dirty, and it is quite comfortable. I don't know how much longer I'll stay — I'll have to see what Dead Lovers does, and they were so late with it that I don't see how they can do much with it.

TO MRS. M. HINES ROBERTS

Paris, May fifth

Dear darling Delia

Before this, you must have had the letter I wrote on the Ile de France. I really hated to leave that lovely boat — I believe I told you that I grieved constantly because my bathroom was nearly as big as the cabin

we both stayed in on the poor Rochambeau. I haven't had a chance to write many letters since I got here, because I went to The Hague — but you will see all about that in the Journal, as I wrote them a story about the tulips et al. The girl I stayed with is from Tallahassee. I knew she married a Dutchman, but I had not seen her for fifteen years. It was interesting, going there in such a different way, but I nearly froze.

I am terribly in love with Paris. I don't do so much that is exciting, but I seem to be very happy, and not at all gnawed on. I am getting a velvet and a fuchsia evening frock from Nicole Groult, and some things from the place where I got that fuchsia coat last year. I have not found the perfect nightie for you yet, but I hope to get you at least a nightie and a step-in. Neither have I found Hines' pictures yet, and I may have to get somebody to bring them up from Italy. Mlle. Lavelli and I have been to lunch and dinner several times. Mable and Oscar don't seem much changed. I have been to the ——'s once — they asked about you, and are still discussing whether or not to have a baby. She is, that is.

I finally got some Dead Lovers, so I hope you have — I gave Julian Messner a little list the night I sailed, and I hope he realized he had it by the next morning. I am working on Laforgue, but I haven't found the perfect illustrator yet. Mlle. Lavelli wants me to have Hermine David. I've met a man who knows Norman Douglas very well, but Norman left Paris before I came.

Do write to me when you have a minute, and give my love to Mrs. Johnston and Hines — heaps and heaps of love to you —

FRANCES

Also love to Dot.

TO LOUIS RUCKER

Paris, May fifteenth

Dear darling Rucker

Strange to say, I am still enjoying Paris and myself. The weather is cool, but not so cool, and it has hardly been raining at all. I still like the hotel very well and I like all of the clothes I have bought. And I am getting a fair amount of attention, so I haven't been lonesome so far, although I am always missing you terribly when I pass some spot where I remember being with you, or eat or drink something you would like, or see Sens Obligatoire or Essence. Marie is back and really looks beautiful in Poiret and Lanvin clothes. She and her boy friend André took me to tea on Sunday at the house of a woman painter named Hélène Pédriat — she is always in Vanity Fair and things like that. Paul Morand was there, and I had some conversation with him, but nobody else very exciting. The Bromfields — you remember him — gave a party for me yesterday, with a lot to eat, which is the first literary party except mine for Ernest Boyd where I ever saw any food.

This is the day I am going to be guest of honor at the Paris American Woman's Club, which will be good publicity, I hope. Dead Lovers is now in the bookshops here, so I was told by a man I met at Ford Madox Ford's, who represents several American publishers here, in the selling way. P—— is flying to London today with some little countess she met on the de Grasse — tell her family she is telling the truth about things being so terribly much more expensive than three years ago.

I am glad you have Lawrence to stay with you, if you like him. But be sure Mammy isn't doing too much. You watch her at dinner time, and see if she isn't awfully

tired. I have engaged a passage on the Carinthia June sixteenth. I might stay in New York about two weeks, or even go to Peterborough for four weeks. But everybody here who has read the book thinks it is very mild.

Give Mammy heaps of love, and tell her for my sake not to do too much. And don't forget me, and salute our cousin for me, and give the Newmans my love.

With the complete but increasing nepotism of

FRANCES

Just rec'd your letter — thrilled about Packard. Will bring it a horn.

TO HANSELL BAUGH

Paris, May sixteenth

You should regard these two clippings with astonishment and interest. And then you might put them into one of the Rubber Company's envelopes and send them to Julian Messner, Esq., with your compliments. I looked so nice at the Woman's Club that it didn't matter what I said — I was habillée par Jeanne Lanvin, in a cyclamen crêpe frock with round black velvet collars and cuffs, and I had a little hat dyed precisely to match it, with a little feather almost completely blotting out the right side of my face, and I behaved as sweetly and ingenuously and gaily as a Lanvin frock demands. You will be astonished when you see me — I have nine new frocks, three coats, and I will shortly have two more coats. I have only two new hats, but I am en train to get three more, one of which will be the first quilted taffeta hat in New York, I hope. Laforgue is coming on, but he is suffering just now from the cause which delayed this letter and which should still

be delaying it. I have got a congested right eye, which isn't as bad as it sounds, according to the eminent Dr. Louis Borsch, of 10, rue de la Paix. But I am getting new specs, and I can't read at all or look at what I am now writing. I went to Hélène Pédriat's Sunday. Well, Morand was there, and he was quite entertained to hear about Laforgue, and he told me that glu, which had been bothering me, really means glue in our sense, that is, woman who sticks, which was a relief, as I had been thinking it was some argot of the eighties. Somehow, it seems easier to do over here. However, I am proposing to sail on June sixteenth on the Carinthia, and do see if you can find me a furnished apartment for July — I should land about the twenty-fourth of June, I think, and of course I'd like to go to it directly, though I could survive the Algonquin for a night or two. Unless I cable you to the contrary, I really mean that I would really stay a month. But don't get a top floor, or make me walk up more than two flights, or more than a block from Fifth Avenue or near the Elevated — you know all my distastes. I have been discovering the great difference between myself of five years ago and the Author of The Hard-Boiled Virgin. Isn't it odd? Katharine Faraday was right about proving yourself once and for all, wasn't she? You must do it at once. I hope you've already answered my letter "care of Sullivan."

Wasn't Harry Salpeter hateful to me?

TO HARRY SALPETER

[*Several clauses — restrictive, conditional, and result — at the end of this letter's first paragraph have been omitted for*

reasons only one of which need be given: the clauses are of interest chiefly to the correspondent. But the curious reader may find them on page eleven of the New York morning World for June 9, 1928.]

May seventeenth

Dear Mr. Salpeter

As I told you when we were talking in April, our points of view are so very different that I am afraid it is impossible for us to understand each other at all. No doubt I proved it by the things I said to you, and you undoubtedly proved it by making me say "I gagged" — a phrase which I could not conceivably either think or say or write. So I won't hold the unkindness of that interview against you.

But there is one thing that I should like to have corrected in the World — what I seemed to be saying about Mencken, whom I consider one of my friends. The subhead — "No Use for Mencken" — increased the effect of it. I suppose I must have told you what I have said in print and what I have said to Mencken himself — that by printing admiration for such crude writing as Dreiser's, Ruth Suckow's and Willa Cather's and Scott Fitzgerald's, he is encouraging people to write novels without taking the trouble to learn how to write. But I consider Mencken one of America's most valuable citizens, and probably the American whom my generation could least easily have spared. I hope you will print this — not because Mencken needs my support, naturally, but because I should not like to be thought so stupid that I could not appreciate a really big man when I see him.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

Paris, Day of Pentecost, which, being translated is May 28 [1928]

Nantucket is the only place to go, but it is far for two weeks, and cold, and I want to stay warm once I descend the Cunard pier. I suppose you'd better not even look for an apartment for me, because I do hate not to be able to rush anywhere any minute I want to rush somewhere.

My eyes are still blooey, and I still can't translate Laforgue, which is very annoying, naturally, and not being able to go to the Bibliothèque is worse. I have heard nothing of Blumenthal, and neither has Mlle. Lavelli, who still inhabits the Hôtel de Londres, and who adores to remember you.

Did you see Harry Hansen's rude remarks about me? — I wish you would write to him and tell him that Vouvray is a bastard champagne, a cheap little midinette of a wine. And why does he think he knows what Mr. Cabell likes and doesn't like? Good taste, indeed. And of course I am distressed that Dounce wouldn't let you have a try at Dead Lovers — I am sure he wrote something absurd. I also wish you would choose some odd name and write to Isabel Paterson and say that since she didn't see the point about the small letter s — that an important man's wife had no existence of her own, usually, and that Mrs. Perryman had less than most of them — it was no wonder she wrote a whole review of Dead Lovers and didn't once suggest that it contained an amusing line. Or you might sign your own handsome name if you don't fear to compromise your literary future. You see, B. and L. sent me those two clippings, and like a fool I read them.

I am still going to a lot of parties, but they have begun to pall. They are worse than New York literary parties because the people are mostly small fry — the American parties, I mean. The French ones are more interesting, but I cannot like the esprit of the jeunes, who have thrown Anatole France in the Seine, and gone in for some form of the vapours. Showing my age, no doubt. I am bringing home a printed chiffon frock, which I hope will rouse your recollections of Sumatra and fair ladies. In fact, I am bringing nine frocks, six hats, five coats, two pairs of shoes made by the Queen of Roumania's bottier and some others he didn't make, two negligees, two pairs of mules, etcetera. If ever, this is the time for the grand amour. There are also a few nighties. I have decided not to go to England — it's too much trouble. I met Jonathan Cape a time or two last week, and he is very amusing and quite a person.

X

THE alarmingly different diagnoses of a French doctor and an American doctor, in Paris, cut short this vivid stay. On her return to New York and Atlanta, she described her distressing sensations to more than ten doctors, two dentists, and to dozens of friends still less capable of help: she was conscious, without relief, of an incessant vibration behind her right eye; and at frequent times when nothing was able to give her even the mildest distraction from this constantly "roaring and rumbling eye," it caused her to feel as if the top of her skull might "go flying off at any minute." Even her distress she described thus in figures of characteristic humor.

But x-ray photographs made in New York failed to show any organic disturbance. It was thought that her teeth might be at fault; then, that there might perhaps be an affection of sinus or antrum. In Atlanta, she was ordered to "rest," to avoid bright or direct illumination, or any close application of her eyes. For these reasons, four of Laforgue's stories were translated from auditory readings, by dictation; and, by the same method, perhaps the finest of her critical writings, the introduction to Six Moral Tales, was committed to paper.

Early in October, she arrived in New York, whence she went twice to Philadelphia for two consultations

with the specialist whom she looked to as a last hope of finding "what, if anything, was the matter with this eye." Her sight was pronounced sound, but there was mention of possible intracranial pressure.

Back in New York again, she moved her trunks to new quarters in the Hotel Schuyler. In a suite whose appointments and prospect she described as conducive to cheerfulness, she waited for a few days — vastly entertaining her callers with unconfined conversation in her familiar and always inimitable vein — until she could consult the neurologist to whose care she had last been commended. She was advised to enter a sanitarium for a long rest. Displeased and disturbed by a too-clear vision of herself in the hospital whiteness even of a darkened room, she arranged, instead, for an early consultation with another neurologist.

But on Friday, October nineteenth, when she did not keep an afternoon engagement at Carnegie Hall, the friend with whom she was to have heard that music went to her hotel, and found her lying reposed as if asleep. She never recovered consciousness. Pulse and breathing, with the aid of stimulants and oxygen, continued for the three nights and days of Friday, Saturday, Sunday: — and on Monday morning, October twenty-second, 1928, Frances Newman died. Her grave in Atlanta's West View cemetery is marked by a stone on which her name is carved, with the days of her birth and her death. Beside it,— in the season of their flowering,— fuchsias bloom.

TO HANSELL BAUGH

On the train — near Baltimore
[*June 21, 1928*]

I called up about 2 to tell you I was leaving at 3:30 but you were out, and between collecting x-ray plates, B. and L., etc., I couldn't call again. Dr. Page said to come home to my own dentist — moreover, if I'm to have a tooth out, I must do it in the comparative privacy of Atlanta. I have *no* plans, naturally. But I am very much worried about your health and spirits and I wish you'd come down July 6, but I suppose Nantucket will be it. Do be a little gregarious and maybe fall in love.

[*Atlanta, July 2, 1928*]

Don't be so harsh with me — I feel quite dismal enough. I have my sinus poked every second day, and I shriek with distress every second it goes on. The idea is an infected nerve from the sinus and that hot weather is good for the sinus etcetera. I am trying to Laforgue for a few minutes every day, but the eye still rumbles and roars a good deal. Indeed, I am far too wretched to care about anything, but I manage to worry over your appearance of physical depletion. I wish you'd come down and amuse me — anyway, write to me.

TO SYLVIA CHATFIELD BATES AND HUDSON STRODE

[*Atlanta, July 10, 1928*]

No matter how much I wanted to go to Peterborough, I couldn't leave my sinus's doctor. According

to eight doctors and two dentists, this sinus is causing the trouble with my eyes. And as you both know, the colony is no place for a woman that can't read or write.

Love from

FRANCES

Brevity due to the haste of my nephew, who is writing this.

TO SYLVIA CHATFIELD BATES

Atlanta, July twenty-third

Just this morning, Dr. Warren told me that my sinus was all but well, and that I can begin to use my eyes for a little while every day. So I am using them to write this, and to make a suggestion that you must promptly decline if it isn't completely satisfactory to you. Do you think you could take me as a lodger? I think that I will have to be in New York for the reading up to begin my Sophistication, if I can use my eyes enough. And if I can't, there is a great deal more diversion there during the hours I can't read. I don't want to undertake an apartment by myself, and of course I should love to be with you. I shouldn't bother you with wanting to have guests to dinner, not wanting to cook dinner for anybody even if I could do it decently, and I shouldn't want to have night-spenders, and I should be pleased to go in with you on fourteen-inch sticks of wood. I hope I wouldn't be a troublesome lodger, and of course I'd be delighted to pay what your other lodger did or does. Please let me know right away what you feel about it, and do be frank.

I'd love to say something for your Magic Fire, for

the jacket or anything they like. But I made all the reviewers so furious with that completely garbled Salpeter interview that it might do the book harm. But let me know if you'd care to have something. I hope the colony will pick up the first of August. When do you come back to NY, and when could I come? — if I can come at all.

Love to Hudson, and lots to you from

FRANCES

TO LAMAR TROTTI

[*Atlanta, August 7, 1928*]

Just today, I finally and theoretically was put into condition to read and write an hour every morning. I have been through various afflictions with my doctors, including a week of being poisoned by arsenic in a tonic of some kind. Except for all this, I should have written you a nice bread and butter letter long ago — because I really did enjoy my evening with you very much, and I still aggravate all my acquaintances by talking about Diamond Lil.

Of course, I am delighted with Old Massa. As you always say, it's a pity I'm not the editor of a magazine. But if the NAR man liked the idea, surely he will like the way you've done it. I gather that you've polished it up a good deal on the original. There are only two or three spots I don't agree with. I don't see that Southern Charm was any advance over Little Pitchers, and I think the third paragraph on page seven should be expanded, and that the last sentence doesn't fit very well there, and that you might put it somewhere else and replace it with some remark about there being plenty

of well-bred middle Westerners but that Booth Tarkington is about the only one of them who feels called to write.

Donald Davidson of Vanderbilt wrote a very amusing review of Dead Lovers in the Nashville Tennessean, and said perhaps the South deserves me as the United States deserves Sinclair Lewis, and a Professor Dr. Howard Mumford Jones of the University of North Carolina wrote in some North Carolina paper that I write like a child of Meredith by Ouida. He meant it for an insult, but I like it as much as anything that's been said about me.

I expect to be coming back to New York about the middle of September. But I suppose you'll be married by then and commuting to Westchester and taking Mr. Will Hays home to dinner like poor Henry Hull. It was sweet of you to send me the article and I was awfully pleased to get a special from you while I was lying in a hot bath with half a box of corn starch in it, which is one of my doctor's prescriptions and the only pleasant one. I think I have a grand idea for a long dull book that everybody will respect, and I should love to tell you about it, but I can't very well in a letter.

TO JULIAN MESSNER

94 Eleventh Street NE
Atlanta, Georgia
August 7, 1928

Dear Julian

This is a business letter. To say that I have had a hellish time with these doctors, and that just today I am theoretically able to use my eyes again. If they

don't have a set-back, I can certainly finish Laforgue before the middle of September, but I certainly can't get it done any earlier. I don't want it to come out any later than the last week in November. So, if that's impossible or unlikely with such a late delivery of the manuscript, please send me a telegram when you get this, and I'll give up trying to finish the translation. I realize that it can't make any great difference to Horace Liveright, Inc., which will be prospering on the stories of the crucified and the electrocuted (having thought of that crack, you'll realize that I must use it). And it doesn't make any great difference to me, so if you think I'd better give it up, just let me know. I suppose I could go up to New York and stay a few weeks when it's time for the proofs, which should save almost two weeks. Please tell Horace that I'm very sorry about his accident, and that I would have written to tell him so if I'd been able to write. But since you've been unkind enough not to answer the letter I wrote to you whether I could or not, I can't bring my proud self to send you my kind personal regards. I'm doing very well to be able to address you at all.

FRANCES

TO SYLVIA CHATFIELD BATES

Dictated *September first*

My eyes, I'm sorry to say, are the reason why I haven't written you before and why I am not writing you even now. They are also the reason why I don't know when I am coming to New York, although I expect to go up soon after the middle of September. I am trying to finish up my translation of Laforgue by

that time, and with the enormous help of the friend who is writing this letter, I sent a little statement about your Magic Fire to Houghton-Mifflin several weeks ago and I hope that it won't do the book any harm. I can't read at all now. If I survive to finish up Laforgue, I'll let you know when I'll be in New York.

Love from

FRANCES

TO HANSELL BAUGH

Dictated *September first*

It's too bad, but all these reports about the improvement of my eyes are errors. They are still in a very poor way and this letter is being written by the same accomplished friend [Miss Adrienne Battey] who is helping me through with Laforgue. We are now on the fifth story and if our combined patiences last ten days longer the whole translation will be finished. If my eyes aren't better by that time, I am planning to go up to Philadelphia to see Dr. de Schweinitz. Then if I still have a penny and an eye I'll come on over to New York and you will have to help me through the proofs.

TO JULIAN MESSNER

94 Eleventh St., N.E.
Atlanta

Dictated *September first* [*1928*]

Dear Julian

On Tuesday, I will send you four of the Laforgue stories. In the French edition, the order is

Hamlet, The Miracle of the Roses, Lohengrin, Salome, Pan and the Syrinx, Perseus and Andromeda. But since the book was not published until after Laforgue's death, the order is not necessarily sacred, and I think that perhaps Lohengrin will be easier going for the American reviewer. And since The Miracle of the Roses is in quite a different key from the other five, I think it might be a nice bon bon for the end. But I will trust to you and Tom Smith to decide on the arrangement.

My eyes are completely unusable again. But I have discovered an amiable and accomplished friend — who is writing this letter — and with her help I am sure that I can get the other two stories finished about the eleventh or twelfth of September. I will still have the introduction to do, but perhaps you can send the six stories on to the printer and let me send the introduction to you three or four days later.

September eleventh [*Tuesday*]

Pan and the Syrinx, the fifth Laforgue story, will be mailed to you with this letter. I had three very bad days with my eyes last week, so the last story — Perseus and Andromeda — will not be ready to mail until Thursday. But I will put a special delivery stamp on it and I hope it will get to you early Saturday morning. I think that I can get the introduction dictated by Sunday, but perhaps you can send on the text without waiting for it. It can be separately paged if necessary. I have just remembered that the copyright of The Miracle of the Roses is the legal property of the Viking Press, although I made a great many changes on the copy I sent to you. If you happen to be on friendly terms with any of them, can you speak to them, or must I write? Also, since I am sure that I am going to

get the book finished, don't you think that you had better write to W. A. Bradley about the Mercure de France's copyright. He is the man who thinks he can get me some kind of recognition from the French government, and we would certainly be in a better position with the French government and with Bradley if we have the French publisher's official sanction. If I am well enough, I will go up to New York and correct the first proofs there with Hansell Baugh's help. But if I should go mad or to a better world before they are ready, please have him go over them and be sure there are no inconsistencies and no howlers.

Yours —

FRANCES

TO T. R. SMITH

Dictated *September eighteenth*

Dear Tom

As you say, the Moralités Légendaires were not published until a few months after Laforgue's death in 1887. But I bought an edition several years ago which was, I think, published in 1916 — it was one volume of the three volume edition of his prose, poetry, and letters, published by the Mercure de France. Last spring I bought a new edition of the Moralités and of the letters, which the Mercure published in 1924. Bradley hoped very much that he could get me the Legion of Honor for translating Laforgue — you know, of course, that the French government doesn't give decorations [to people] who do anything important, but to the people who do something for the glory of France. If you read my introduction, which I am mailing to

Julian today, you will observe that it is addressed to the French government. All this explains the reason why I am so anxious for my translation to have the Mercure's official sanction, and if Horace Liveright, Inc., does not want to pay them, I am willing to pay them myself. Laforgue's wife died a few months after he did, but since he was one of the older children of a family of eleven, some of his brothers and sisters are probably alive. If you read the introduction, I hope you will like it, but if you feel that my low state of health and my high state of nerves have led me to satisfy myself with something that would not usually satisfy me, I hope you will tell me. But if you decide that any of it is improper enough to shock our officials, I will immediately fall over the verge of the abyss of nervous prostration on whose edge three of my doctors say that I am hovering. If I am well enough to go to Philadelphia and see another doctor, I hope that I can come over to New York to go over the proofs even if I can't read them myself, and I hope that I will see you.

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO JULIAN MESSNER

[*September 21, 1928*]

Dictated

Dear Julian

Sam Tupper has just read over the manuscript of my introduction to Laforgue, and he found so many mistakes in the carbon of my typist that I am sending the carbon to [you] with his corrections. Please notice particularly that the word "cephalophilia" is misspelled "cephalophelia" — in other words, the

fourth letter from the end is an *i*. If this should come out wrong, it will be my death. Please be sure that the book is spelled according to the rules of the Concise Oxford Dictionary, and please bind it suitably for a poet who died young.

Of course, I hope that I can come to New York. I have an appointment with the great Dr. de Schweinitz on the morning of October the eighth, and of course all my future plans depend on his verdict.

TO HANSELL BAUGH

Dictated [*September 22, 1928*]

My eyes are still unusable, and they are still in a distracting state of vibration. But in spite of them and that, all of the Laforgue stories are finished, the introduction is finished, and all of it has gone to Julian Messner and presumably to a printer. I think that I will go up to Philadelphia about the eighth of October, and either just before or just after, I will go over to New York, and I will expect you to read the proofs to me and to make a great many elegant suggestions. In the meantime, immediately, in fact, won't you go to the reference room of the New York Public Library, and look up some brief eulogies of Laforgue which will add distinction to the jacket? As you no doubt remember, there is a chapter on him in Arthur Symons's Symbolists, in Huneker's Ivory Apes and Peacocks, and there is something in Ezra Pound's Instigations. Rémy de Gourmont, Huysmans, and various other exotic gentlemen have said polite things about him, as you know. Please find about a dozen of the most elegant remarks by the most elegant gentlemen, pleasy copy them off,

please type them neatly, and please send them or take them to Julian as soon as possible. You should be willing to do everything you can to help my Laforgue along, because its success, I hope, will lead to the publication of your Rimbaud. But I am sure you will do it just for

FRANCES

TO HUDSON STRODE

94 Eleventh Street
Atlanta, Georgia
September 22, 1928

Dictated

Dear Hudson

The letter you wrote me from Havana finally came to Atlanta after it had been forwarded around two or three hemispheres. I thought I told you about it in the joint letter I wrote to you and Sylvia Bates at Peterborough, but my mind has apparently been as disabled as my eyes. They are still unable to do anything except see, and I am dictating this letter. Of course, you know all about the misery of being in such a state. But in spite of everything, and with the help of a friend who knows French very well and who is a very accomplished typist, I have just finished my translation of Jules Laforgue's Moralités Légendaires. You said, I remember, that your wife did not like The Miracle of the Roses when she read it in my Mutations, but I do hope you will like Hamlet and Lohengrin when you read them in this book, and that you will like my introduction. I will ask Horace Liveright, Inc., to send you a set of proofs, if you don't mind reading proofs, because I should like very much to have you write a

review of it. If you don't happen to remember very much about Laforgue, there is a very good chapter on him in Arthur Symons's Symbolists. I hope you got a lot done at Peterborough, and that you had a magnificent week in New York. Last Sunday, I was interviewed by a girl from the Birmingham News who said that one of your friends suggested the idea to her. She spoke of you with the admiration which seems to be expected from all ladies. I think that I will probably go to Philadelphia about the eighth of October, but I hope you may happen to be coming over to Atlanta to a football game or something like that, after I come home.

Salutations to you, and to your beautiful wife —

FRANCES

TO HANSELL BAUGH

Dictated [*September 28, 1928*]

If possible, I will leave Atlanta Tuesday on the Crescent Limited and get to New York on Wednesday about twelve o'clock, eastern time. If I do come, I hope you will go over the proofs with me that evening — in fact, I think it would be very nice if your "boss" could see his way to giving you an afternoon off, in the interests of literature. But if I can't come, and if my doctors decide that my nerves will be shattered by reading the proofs here, I will telegraph Mr. Gross and ask him to telephone you and arrange to have you go over the proofs. In this last painful contingency, if you find any inconsistencies, please correct them and send me a night letter collect if necessary. But I hope that I will be in New York on Wednesday. I am going to stay at the Hotel Mansfield. Thousands of thanks for finding

all of those Laforgue tributes, and if you did not tell J. M. that they are meant for the book's jacket, please tell him at once.

[*September 29*]

Yesterday when I wrote to you, I forgot to say that on the fifteenth line of the eighth page — I think — the word cephalophilia was spelled wrong by my typist. She used an e instead of the i which should be the fourth letter from the end. And in the sentence about Hetty Sorrel and little Emily I think she must have left out two or three words, which are supplied on a carbon copy I sent to Julian. I think that I will probably get to New York Wednesday about twelve o'clock, and I hope to see you at once. In fact, you might come to meet me. Should there we two l's in Sorrel?

TO COMPTON MACKENZIE

94 Eleventh Street, N.E.
Atlanta
September twenty-fifth

Dictated

Dear Mr. Mackenzie

Your letter from the Island of Harris — where the tweed comes from, I suppose — was forwarded around two or three hemispheres, and finally came to Atlanta when I was in a very poor way. I left Paris a week before I had meant to sail, because I began to have some trouble with my eyes, and an American doctor and a French doctor gave me alarmingly different diagnoses. In America, as you probably know, a bad eye is always due to a malady of some remote part of the body, and I have now been looked at by ten doctors

and two dentists, and next week I am going to Philadelphia [to be examined] by the great Doctor de Schweinitz, who may never have been heard of in Harley Street. I can still see as well as I ever could, but I can't read or write at all. In spite of all this, I have finished my translation of Jules Laforgue's Moralités Légendaires, and an introduction to them. I am sure that you know the stories, and I would not think of sending you my translation except that there is a sentence about you in the introduction. So about the middle of November you must expect to receive a book called Six Moral Tales.

Of course, I have not been able to read either of your books, but all of my more rational acquaintances are in raptures over Extraordinary Women. One of the most rational of them is particularly enraptured with the part in which all of the guests are, so he tells me, perfectly visible at every moment.

If I survive, and if the top of my head ever stops vibrating, I hope that I will be going back to your hemisphere next spring, and that I will see you at last. And I hope that I will see Mrs. Mackenzie again.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES NEWMAN

TO THE PRINTER OF SIX MORAL TALES

Dictated [*New York, October 12, 1928*]

This book is to be spelled and its words are to be hyphened according to the usage of the Concise Oxford Dictionary.

Page introduction continuously with the tales.

Do not put brackets around the numbers of the pages.

All the "todays" and all the "tomorrows" should be spelled without hyphens.

Do not put "The End" at the end.

FRANCES NEWMAN

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